I wonder, when He comes again, will herald angels sing? Will earth be WHITE with drifted snow or will the world know spring?

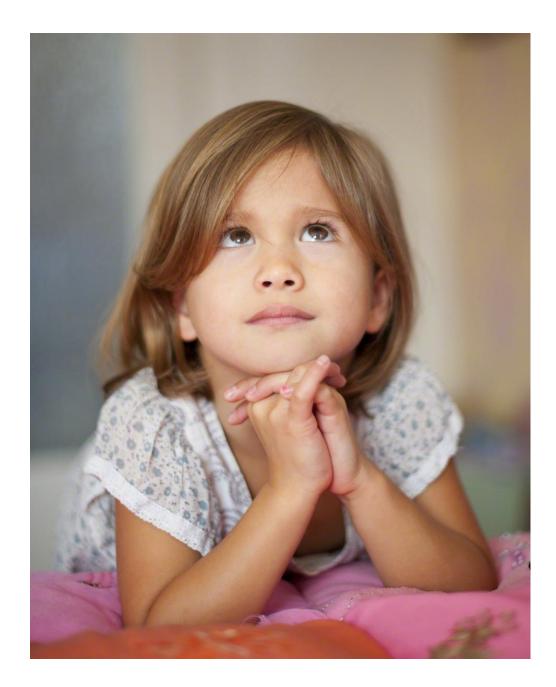


I wonder if one star will shine far brighter than the rest; will daylight stay the whole night through? Will songbirds leave their nests?



I'm sure He'll call His little **ones** together **'round his knee,**

because He said in days gone by, "Suffer them to come to me."



I wonder, when He comes again, will I be ready there to look upon His loving face and join with Him in prayer?

Each day I'll try to do His will and let my ight so shine – that others seeing me may seek for greater light divine.



Then, when that blessed day is here, He'll love me and He'll say



"You've served me well, my little child; come unto my arms to stay."