## 139. LIVING IN FAITH

121, 134, 137, 138.



- 5. Around His footstool bowing As children dear are we,
  - :: And when our tears are flowing Straight to His heart we flee. ::
- 6. And when we do grow weary He bringeth us to rest;
  - :: We in our graves do tarry,
    And sleep there with the blest. ::
- 7. There freed from earthly burdens, With no more pain or ache,
  - :: Till in the glorious morning He calls: "Awake! Awake!" ::

- 8. What further shall transpire May unto us but seem,
  - :: While we are rising higher, As if but in a dream. ::
- 9. With angels upward soaring Into the realms of light,
  - :: Our Saviour there beholding, We'll share His glory bright. ::
- 10. There with the angels singing, In heaven we shall roam,
  - :: With gratitude proclaiming:We've reached the soul's bright home. ::