1. The prize is set before us, To win, His words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us From on high; His loving tones are calling. While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by.

2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, Our home is bright above us, No trials dark to move us, But yield to Him who pleadeth From on high; Then naught from Him shall sever, Our hope shall brighten ever, And His faith shall fail us never, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by.

3. Our home is bright above us, No trials dark to move us, But yield to Him who pleadeth From on high; Then naught from Him shall sever, Our hope shall brighten ever, And His faith shall fail us never, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by.

‡ Horatio Richmond Palmer
Christopher Ruby Blackall, 1874

Courtesy of the Cyber Hymnal™
Public Domain