Looking For Jesus

By Annie Johnson Flint

It is not for a sign we are watching,
For wonders above and below,
The pouring of vials of judgment,
The sounding of trumpets of woe;

It is not for a day we are looking,
Not even the time yet to be
When the earth shall be filled with God's glory
As the waters cover the sea;

Not for these, though we know they are coming:
For they are but adjuncts of Him,
Before whom all glory is clouded,
Besides whom all splendor grows dim.

We wait for the Lord, our Beloved,
Our Comforter, Master and Friend,
The substance of all that we hope for,
Beginning of faith, and its end;

We watch for our Savior and Bridegroom,
Who loves us and made us His own;
For Him we are looking and longing:
For Jesus, and Jesus alone.

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