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Thou Art Coming, O My Saviour

Beverley. 8.7.B.8.7.7.7.7.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1873

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1875

1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour, Thou art com-ing, O my King,
 2. Thou art com-ing, Thou art com-ing; We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 3. Thou art com-ing; we are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,
 4. O the joy to see Thee reign-ing, Thee, our own be-lov-ed Lord!

In Thy beau-ty all-re-splend-ent, In Thy glo-ry all-tran-scendent;
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 Ask-ing not the day or hour, Rest-ing on Thy word of pow-er,
 Ev-ery tongue Thy name con-fess-ing, Wor-ship, hon-or, glo-ry, bless-ing

Well may we re-joice and sing: Com-ing! in the open-ing east Her-ald bright-ness
 All our hearts could never say; What an an-them that will be, Ring-ing out our
 An-chor-ed safe with-in the veil. Time ap-poin-ted may be long, But the vi-sion
 Brought to Thee with one ac-cord; Thee, our Mas-ter and our Friend, Vin-di-cat-ed

slow-ly swells; Com-ing! O my glo-ri-ous Priest, Hear we not Thy gold-en bells?
 love to Thee, Pour-ing out our rap-ture sweet At Thine own all-glo-ri-ous feet.
 must be sure; Cer-tain-ty must make us strong, Joy-ful pa-tience can en-dure.
 and enthroned, Un-to earth's re-mot-est end Glo-ri-fied, a-dored, and owned.