

1. The King shall come when morn-ing dawns And light tri - um - phant breaks,
 2. Not as of old a lit - tle child, To bear and fight and die,
 3. O, bright-er than the ris - ing morn When Christ, vic - to - rious, rose
 4. O, bright-er than that glo - rious morn Shall dawn up - on our race
 5. The King shall come when morn-ing dawns And light and beau - ty brings.

6

When beau - ty gilds the east-ern hills And life to joy a - wakes.
 But crowned with glo - ry like the sun That lights the morn-ing sky.
 And left the lone-some place of death De - spite the rage of foes.
 The day when Christ in splen-dor comes, And we shall see His face.
 Hail, Christ the Lord! Your peo-ple pray: Come quick-ly, King of kings.