



THOU art coming, O my Saviour !  
 Thou art coming, O my King !  
 In Thy beauty all-resplendent,  
 In Thy glory all-transcendent,  
 Well may we rejoice and sing !  
 Coming ! in the opening east,  
 Herald brightness slowly swells ;  
 Coming ! O my glorious Priest,  
 Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming !  
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,  
 We shall see Thee, we shall know  
 Thee,  
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show  
 Thee,  
 All our hearts could never say !  
 What an anthem that will be,  
 Ringing out our love to Thee,  
 Pouring out our rapture sweet  
 At Thine own all-glorious feet !

Thou art coming ! Rays of glory  
 Through the veil Thy death has  
 rent,  
 Touch the mountain and the river  
 With a golden glowing quiver,  
 Thrill of light and music blent.  
 Earth is brightened when this gleam  
 Falls on flower and rock and stream ;  
 Life is brightened when this ray  
 Falls upon its darkest day.

Not a cloud and not a shadow,  
 Not a mist and not a tear,  
 Not a sin and not a sorrow,  
 Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,

For that sunrise grand and clear !  
 Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,  
 Nothing else seems worth a thought !  
 O how marvellous will be  
 All the bliss Thy pain hath bought !

Thou art coming ! At Thy table  
 We are witnesses for this,  
 While remembering hearts Thou  
 meetest,  
 In communion clearest, sweetest,  
 Earnest of our coming bliss.  
 Showing not Thy death alone,  
 And Thy love exceeding great,  
 But Thy coming and Thy throne,  
 All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming ! We are waiting.  
 With a hope that cannot fail ;  
 Asking not the day nor hour,  
 Resting on Thy word of power,  
 Anchored safe within the veil.  
 Time appointed may be long,  
 But the vision must be sure ;  
 Certainty shall make us strong,  
 Joyful patience can endure.

O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
 Thee, my own beloved Lord !  
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
 Worship, honour, glory blessing,  
 Brought to Thee with glad accord !  
 Thee, My Master and my Friend,  
 Vindicated and enthroned !  
 Unto earth's remotest end  
 Glorified, adored, and owned !

—Francis Ridley Havergal.