

Thou art coming, O my Savior

Thou art coming, O my Savior,  
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 ever 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; 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 or 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 belovèd Lord!  
Every tongue thy Name confessing,  
worship, honor, 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!

Words: Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1873

Music: Beverley (William Henry Monk, 1823-1889)

Meter: 87 887 77 77