

Behold, the Dawn!
Fanny Crosby, 1914.
William Runyan.

Behold, the dawn is breaking,
In splendor is breaking,
When all the earth awaking
At Jesus' name shall bow;
When He, who once our sorrow bore,
Shall reign supreme from shore to shore,
Triumphant now and evermore
Our coming King of Glory.

Behold, the dawn is spreading,
In beauty is spreading:
The beams of love are shedding
The light of joy divine.
From Zion's tower the watchmen cry,
Rejoice! rejoice! the time is nigh,
When we shall meet our Lord on high,
Our blessed King of Glory.

O dawn of rapture, telling
Where music is swelling
Within our Savior's dwelling
Above the stars that shine;
Where we shall breathe the fragrant air
Of yonder clime, serene and fair,
And all His faithful ones shall wear
A promised crown of glory.