

The Coming of the Lord

Anonymous, 1894.

James Murray.

Fast breaks the morn, all glorious appearing,
Illumes the sky with brightening golden light;
Faint flashes glow, His coming ever nearing,
Lo! on the sky the morn dispels the night.

Refrain

Soldiers of Christ! Soldiers of light!
Watch for His coming across the golden height;
Soldiers of Christ! Soldiers of light!
Watch for His coming across the golden height.

Soon shall the trumpet's golden, awful sounding,
Wake sleepers all to meet the coming Host;
Hark! even now the hills are all resounding
With joyful sounds to those who love Him most.

Refrain

Then, faithful hearts, watch on, nor ever sleeping,
Soon shall He come to greet His waiting bride;
O faithful souls! your loving watches keeping,
Lamps trimmed and burning, watch whate'er betide!

Refrain