

When the King Shall Come

Fanny Crosby, 1896.

Ira Sankey.

Oh, the weary night is waning,  
And the clouds are rolling by;  
See, the long expected morning  
Now is dawning in the sky;  
When from Zion's lofty mountain  
We shall hear the watchmen cry,  
And rejoicing we shall gather  
When the King shall come.

Refrain

O Zion! O Zion!  
Great will be Thy triumph  
When the King shall come;  
O Zion! O Zion!  
Thou shalt be exalted  
When the King shall come.

When the ransomed of Jehovah,  
From the East and from the West,  
Shall return with joy and gladness,  
To receive the promised rest  
Then shall every tribe and nation  
Out of every land be blessed,  
And rejoicing they shall gather  
When the King shall come.

Refrain

May He find us, when He cometh,  
Faithful watchers, day and night,  
At our royal post of duty,  
With our armor shining bright;  
May our lamps be trimmed and burning  
With a clear and steady light,  
That rejoicing we may gather  
When the King shall come.

Refrain