

The Coming of His Feet
Words: Whitney Allen, 1914
Music: George Stebbins.

In the crimson of the morning,
In the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat;
In the midnight robed in darkness,
Or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps
By the Galilean sea,
On the Temple's marble pavement, on the street;
Worn with weight of sorrow, falt'ring
Up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster aisles of splendor,
From between the cherubim,
Thro' the wond'ring throngs with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread, with music,
Of redemption's choral hymn,
The music of the coming of His feet.

Comes He sandaled not with silver,
Gilded not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimm'ring gems and odors sweet;
But white-winged and shod with glory,
In the Tabor-light of old,
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit,
With His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete;
He is coming, O my spirit,
And His coming brings release,
I listen for the coming of His feet.