

When the King Comes!
Emily Elliott, 1891.

They come and go, the seasons fair,
And bring their spoil to vale and hills;
But oh! there is waiting in the air,
And a passionate hope the spirit fills,
Why doth He tarry, the absent Lord?
When shall the kingdom be restored,
And earth and Heav'n, with one accord,
Ring out the cry that the King comes?

Refrain

What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be when He comes, when He comes!
What will it be when the King comes!

The floods have lifted up their voice
The King hath come to His own, His own!
The little hills and vales rejoice,
His right it is to take the crown;
Sleepers, awake, and meet Him first!
Now let the marriage hymn outburst,
And powers of darkness flee, dispersed:
What will it be when the King comes!

Refrain

A ransomed earth breaks forth in song,
Her sin-stained ages overpast;
Her yearning, "Lord, how long, how long?"
Exchanged for joy at last, at last!
Angels carry the royal commands;
Peace beams forth throughout all the lands;
The trees of the fields shall clap their hands:
What will it be when the King comes!

Refrain

Now Zion's hill, with glory crowned,
Uplifts her head with joy once more;
And Zion's King, once scorned, disowned,
Extends her rule from shore to shore.
Sing, for the land her Lord regains!
Sing, for the Son of David reigns!
And living streams o'erflow her plains:
What will it be when the King comes!

Refrain

Oh, brothers, stand as men that wait
The dawn is purpling from the east,
And banners wave from Heaven's high gate;
The conflict nowbut soon the feast!
Mercy and truth shall meet again;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
We can suffer nowHe will know us then:
What will it be when the King comes!

Refrain