

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,  
Thou art coming, O my King;  
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,  
In Thy glory all-transcendent;  
Well may we rejoice and sing.  
Coming on that certain Day,  
Long foretold but secret still,  
In Thine own appointed way,  
To fulfil Thy sovereign will.

2 Thou art coming, O my Saviour,  
We shall meet Thee on that Day;  
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
All our hearts could never say.  
What an anthem that will be,  
Ringing out our love to Thee,  
Pouring out devotion sweet  
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

3 O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
Thee, our own beloved Lord!  
Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
Worship, honour, glory, blessing  
Brought to Thee with glad accord:  
Thee, our Master and our Friend,  
Vindicated and enthroned,  
Unto earth's remotest end  
Glorified, adored, and owned!

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79‡*