

Thou Art Coming, O My Saviour

Beverley. 8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1873

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1875

1. Thou art com - ing, O my Sav - iour, Thou art com - ing, O my King,
 2. Thou art com - ing, Thou art com - ing; We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 3. Thou art com - ing; we are wait - ing With a hope that can - not fail,
 4. O the joy to see Thee reign - ing, Thee, our own be - lov - èd Lord!

In Thy beau - ty all - re - splend - ent, In Thy glo - ry all - tran - scendent;
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 Ask - ing not the day or hour, Rest - ing on Thy word of pow - er,
 Ev - ery tongue Thy name con - fess - ing, Wor - ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing

Well may we re - jice and sing: Com - ing! in the open - ing east Her - ald bright - ness
 All our hearts could never say; What an an - them that will be, Ring - ing out our
 An - chored safe with - in the veil. Time ap - point - ed may be long, But the vi - sion
 Brought to Thee with one ac - cord; Thee, our Master and our Friend, Vin - di - cat - ed

slow - ly swells; Com - ing! O my glo - rious Priest, Hear we not Thy gold - en bells?
 love to Thee, Pour - ing out our rap - ture sweet At Thine own all - glo - rious feet.
 must be sure; Cer - tain - ty must make us strong, Joy - ful pa - tience can en - dure.
 and enthroned, Un - to earth's re - mot - est end Glo - ri - fied, a - dored, and owned.