Christ Is Coming!

1. Christ is coming! let creation From her groans and travail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the story Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
3. Tho' once cradled in a manager, Oft no pillow but the sod;
4. Long Thy exiles have been pinning, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that "blessed hope" before us, Let no harp remain unstrung;

Let the glorious proclamation Hope restore and faith increase:
She shall yet behold Thy glory When Thou comest back to reign.
Here an alien and a stranger, Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
But, in heav'nly vesture shining, Soon they shall Thy glory see.
Let the mighty ransom'd chorus Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

Chorus

Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Words: J. R. MacDuff
Music: George C. Stebbins

PDHymns.com