Coming, Coming, Yes, They Are

From the wild and scorching deserts, Africa's sons of color deep
From the fields and crowded cities, China gathers at His feet;
From the Indies and the Ganges, Steadily flows the living stream
From the steppes of Russia dreary, From Slovenia's scattered lands,
From the frozen realms of midnight, Oman's weary mile,
All to meet in plains of glory, All to sing His praises sweet;
Je sus' love has drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
In His love Shem's gentle children Now have found a safe retreat.
To love's ocean, to His bosom, Calvary their wandering theme.
They are yielding soul and spirit Into Jesus' loving hands.
To exchange their soul's long winter For the summer of His smile.
What a chorus, what a meeting, With the family complete! Amen.

Words: J. W. MacGill, 1895
Music: Rev. Edward Husband, c. 1880

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