Coming, Coming, Yes, They Are

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

From the wild and scorching desert, 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 Scania's scattered lands,
From the frozen realms of midnight, Over many a weary mile,
All to meet in plains of glory, All to sing His praises sweet;

Jesus' 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 d'ring 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! A-men.