He Is Coming, He Is Coming

HALLSTEAD 8s & 7s D.

Words: Mrs. C. F. Alexander
Music: Caryl Florio

He is coming, He is coming, Not as once He came before,
Wailing Infant, born in weakness On a lowly stable floor:
But upon His cloud in glory, In the crimson tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise In the rosy distance lie.

He is coming, He is coming, Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on His forehead, And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon Him, And the scepter in His hand,
And the dead all ranged before Him, Raised from death, the sea and land.

He is coming, He is coming, Not as once He wandered thru,
All the hostile land of Judah, With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels Waiting round His judgment seat,
And the chosen twelve apostles Sitting crowned at His feet.

He is coming, He is coming, Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning. Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven Of our Judge and Savior dear.