

# The King Shall Come

MORNING SONG

1. The King shall come when morn-ing dawns and light tri - um-phant breaks,  
2. Not as of old a lit - tle child to bear, and fight, and die,  
3. O bright-er than the ris - ing morn when He, vic - to - rious, rose  
4. O bright-er than that glo-rious morn shall this fair morn-ing be,

when beau - ty gilds the east-ern hills, and life to joy a - wakes.  
but crowned with glo - ry like the sun that lights the morn-ing sky.  
and left the lone-some place of death, de - spite the rage of foes.  
when Christ, our King, in beau-ty comes, and we His face shall see.

5. The King shall come when morning dawns, and earth's dark night is past;  
O haste the rising of that morn,  
the day that aye shall last.

7. The King shall come when morning dawns,  
and light and beauty brings;  
"Hail, Christ the Lord!" Thy people pray,  
come quickly, King of kings!

6. And let the endless bliss begin,  
by weary saints foretold,  
when right shall triumph over wrong,  
and truth shall be extolled.

WORDS: Ancient Greek hymn; tr. John Brownlie, 1907

MUSIC: Traditional American melody; *Kentucky Harmony*, 1813

CM

# The King Shall Come

MORNING SONG

1. The King shall come when morn-ing dawns and light tri - um-phant breaks,  
2. Not as of old a lit - tle child to bear, and fight, and die,  
3. O bright-er than the ris - ing morn when He, vic - to - rious, rose  
4. O bright-er than that glo-rious morn shall this fair morn-ing be,

when beau - ty gilds the east-ern hills, and life to joy a - wakes.  
but crowned with glo - ry like the sun that lights the morn-ing sky.  
and left the lone-some place of death, de - spite the rage of foes.  
when Christ, our King, in beau-ty comes, and we His face shall see.

5. The King shall come when morning dawns, and earth's dark night is past;  
O haste the rising of that morn,  
the day that aye shall last.

7. The King shall come when morning dawns,  
and light and beauty brings;  
"Hail, Christ the Lord!" Thy people pray,  
come quickly, King of kings!

6. And let the endless bliss begin,  
by weary saints foretold,  
when right shall triumph over wrong,  
and truth shall be extolled.

WORDS: Ancient Greek hymn; tr. John Brownlie, 1907

MUSIC: Traditional American melody; *Kentucky Harmony*, 1813

CM