

He Is Coming

He is coming, coming for us;
Soon we'll see His light afar,
On the dark horizon rising,
As the Bright and Morning Star,
Cheering many a waking watcher,
As the star whose kindly ray
Heralds the approaching morning
Just before the break of day.
Oh! what joy, as night hangs round us,
'Tis to think of mornings ray;
Sweet to know He's coming for us,
Just before the break of day.

He is coming, coming for us;
Soon we'll hear His voice on high;
Dead and living, rising, changing,
In the twinkling of an eye
Shall be caught up altogether,
For the meeting in the air;
With a shout the Lord, descending,
Shall Himself await us they are.
Oh! what joy that great foregathering,
Trysted meeting in the air;
Sweet to know He's coming for us,
Calling us to join Him there.

He is coming as the Bridegroom,
Coming to unfold at last
The great secret of His purpose,
Mystery of ages past.
And the Bride, to her is granted
In His beauty now to shine,
As in rapture she exclaimeth,
"I am His and He is mine."
Oh! what joy that marriage union,
Mystery of love divine;
Sweet to sing in all its fullness,
"I am His and He is mine."

... Unknown