



## The Glorious Appearing

Saints of God, the Lord is coming!  
Oh, the greatness of that day,  
When from every clime and nation  
His redeemed are caught away.  
When from all earth's sin and sorrow,  
All its clashing and its strife,  
We are taken in an instant  
And begin the deathless life.

Oh, the grandeur of that coming  
For the saints who look for Him!  
Earth's sublimest, richest splendour  
'Gainst it must be poor and dim.  
Grandeur - not of things that perish,  
Striking pageant or array,  
But of peerless, matchless marvel,  
Nevermore to pass away.

Then the glory of that coming,  
When He comes as King of kings;  
When ten thousand times ten thousand  
Ransomed souls with Him He brings;  
When, with them, we stand before Him  
Clothed, but in immortal dress,  
Finite mind must fail to picture  
Such exceeding gloriousness.

*J. Danson Smith*