

Frances Ridley Havergal  
(136-79)

# Thou art coming, O my Saviour

Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)

Spes beata (87. 887. 77. 77)

1 Thou art coming, O my Saviour,  
Thou art coming, O my King,  
In thy beauty all resplendent,  
In thy glory all transcendent;  
Well may we rejoice and sing:  
Coming! in the op'ning east  
Herald brightness slowly swells:  
Coming! O my glorious Priest,  
Hear we not thy golden bells?

3 O the joy to see thee reigning,  
Thee, my own beloved Lord!  
Ev'ry tongue thy name confessing,  
Worship, honour, glory, blessing  
Brought to thee with glad accord;  
Thee, my Master and my Friend,  
Vindicated and enthroned;  
Unto earth's remotest end  
Glorified, adored, and owned.

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming:  
We shall meet thee on thy way,  
We shall see thee, we shall know thee,  
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee  
All our hearts could never say:  
What an anthem that will be,  
Ringing out our love to thee,  
Pouring out our rapture sweet  
At thine own all-glorious feet.