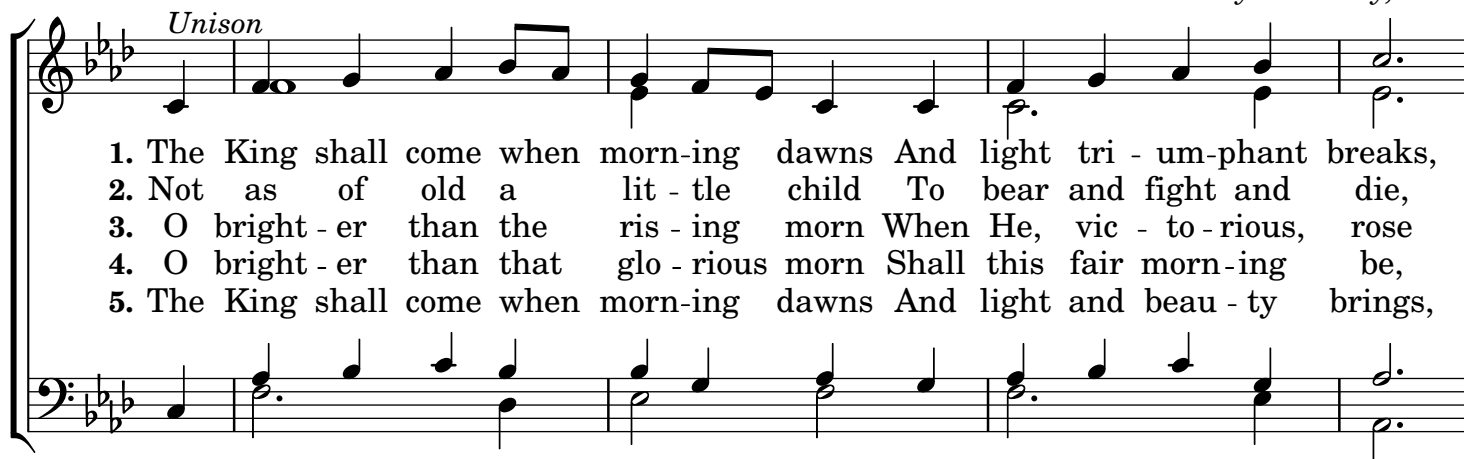
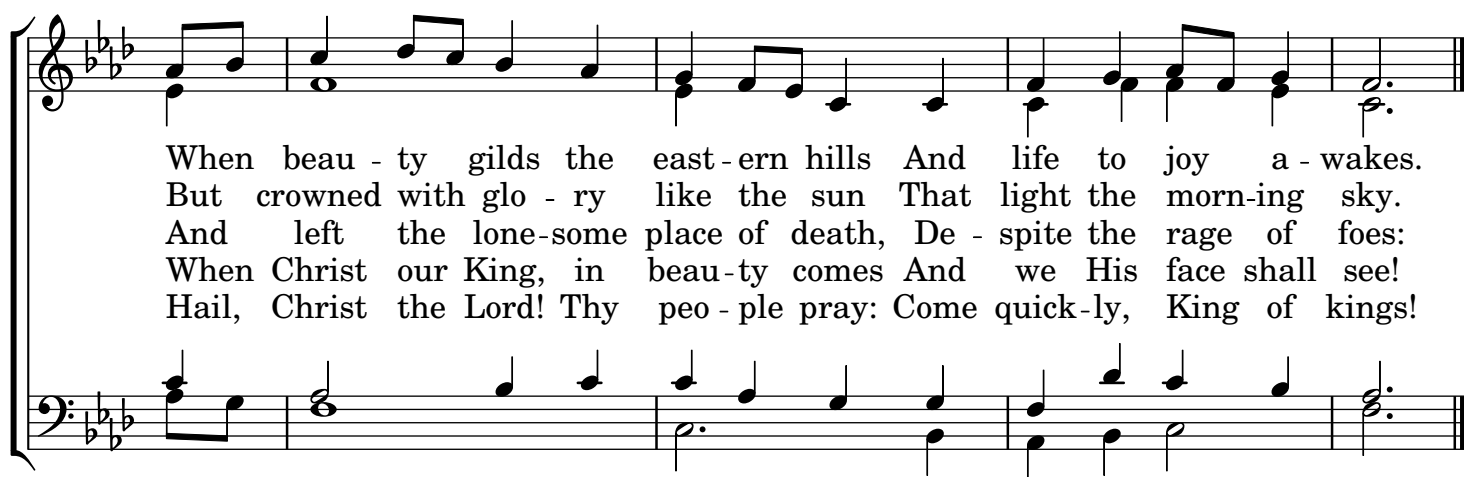


*Unison*



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,  
 5. The King shall come when morn-ing dawns And light and beau - ty brings,



When beau - ty gilds the east - ern hills And life to joy a - wakes.  
 But crowned with glo - ry like the sun That light 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!  
 Hail, Christ the Lord! Thy peo - ple pray: Come quick-ly, King of kings!