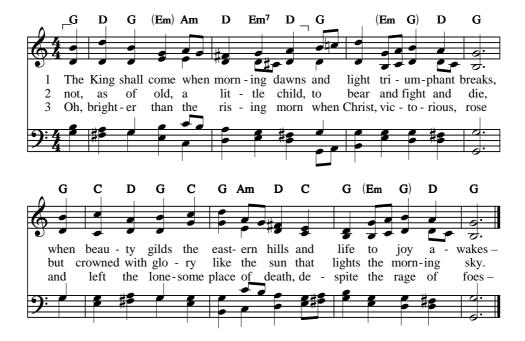
#

The King shall come



- oh, brighter than that glorious morn shall dawn upon our race the day when Christ in splendour comes and we shall see his face.
- And let the endless bliss begin,
 By weary saints foretold,
 When right shall triumph over wrong,
 And truth shall be extolled.
- 6 The King shall come when morning dawns and light and beauty brings. Hail, Christ the Lord! Your people pray: "Come quickly, King of kings."

Text: Greek; tr. John Brownlie, 1907, alt.

Tune: William Jones, 1789