Christ Coming

Walter Lomax Childress, 1917, alt.

Franz Josef Haydn, 1797

4. Come, you saints of God, be ready
For a down-the-heavenly street,
Shining angel-hosts, and the golden harps sublime,
Through the blending blue in beauty
of God's chosen, in bright majesty shall stand;
Rolling tide, and mighty deep,
Of His presence that will fill the earth and skies,
And the dawning of that morning
strew their garlands for the coming of His feet;
Triubulation and fear will pass away,
Will the heavenly host appear,
And the saints shall rise to meet Him,
To the wondering earth will bring
All the majesty, and the sovereignty,
See the overwhelming flood:
Now here will there be a refuge:
Gone the darkness and the pain,
Bars of hell will break at last,
Crying, “Jesus Christ is here.”
Of Jesus Christ, the Lord and King,
the soul, save in Jesus’ blood.
Christ has come to forever reign.

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