

The King shall come when morning dawns
and light triumphant breaks,
when beauty gilds the eastern hills
and life to joy awakes.

Not as of old a little child,
to bear and fight and die,
but crowned with glory like the sun
that lights the morning sky.

O brighter than the rising morn
when He, victorious, rose,
and left the lonesome place of death,
despite the rage of foes.

O brighter than the glorious morn
shall this fair morning be,
when Christ our King in beauty comes,
and we His face shall see!

The King shall come when morning dawns
and light and beauty brings;
'Hail, Christ the Lord!' Your people pray,
'Come quickly, King of kings!'