

Christ Is Coming (Macomber)**Words and Music: William Macomber, 1890.**

In the glow of early morning,
In the solemn hush of night;
Down from Heaven's open portals,
Steals a messenger of light,
Whispering sweetly to my spirit,
While the hosts of Heaven sing:
This the wondrous thrilling story:
Christ is coming Christ my king.
This the wondrous thrilling story
Christ is coming Christ my king.

Oft methinks I hear His footsteps,
Stealing down the paths of time;
And the future dark with shadows,
Brightens with this hope sublime.
Sound the soul inspiring anthem;
Angel hosts, your harps attune;
Earth's long night is almost over,
Christ is coming coming soon.
Earth's long night is almost over,
Christ is coming coming soon.

Long we've waited, blest Redeemer,
Waited for the first bright ray
Of the morn when sin and sorrow
At Thy presence flee away;
But our vigil's nearly over;
Hope of Heav'n, oh, priceless boon!
In the east the glow appearing,
Christ is coming coming soon.
In the east the glow appearing,
Christ is coming coming soon.