

**Thou art coming, O my Savior**  
**Hope of Glory — Christ Coming to Reign**

967

*(Guitar)*

|   |   |  |                |   |   |                |                |   |
|---|---|--|----------------|---|---|----------------|----------------|---|
| C                                       | F                                       | C                                      | Am             | G |   |                |                |   |
| 1. Thou art com - ing,                  | O my Sav - ior,                         | Thou art com - ing,                    | O my King,     |   |   |                |                |   |
| C                                       |   | E                                      | Am             |   |   |                |                |   |
| In Thy beau - ty all res - plen - dent, | In Thy glo - ry all trans - cend - ent; |  |                |   |   |                |                |   |
| G                                       | D <sup>7</sup>                          | G                                      | G <sup>7</sup> | F | C | C <sup>7</sup> | F              |   |
| Well may we re-joice and sing;          | Com - ing! In the o - pening east,      | Her - ald brightness slow - ly swells: |                |   |   |                |                |   |
| F                                       | C                                       | E                                      | Am             | F | C | F              | G <sup>7</sup> | C |
| Com - ing!                              | O my glo - rious Priest,                | Hear we not Thy gold - en bells?       |                |   |   |                |                |   |

**2.** Thou art coming, Thou art coming;  
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way;  
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
 All our hearts could never say:  
 What an anthem that will be,  
 Ringing out our love to Thee,  
 Pouring out our rapture sweet  
 At Thine own all-glorious feet.

**3.** Thou art coming, at Thy Table  
 We are witnesses for this;  
 While rememb'ring hearts Thou meetest  
 In communion clearest, sweetest,  
 Earnest of our coming bliss,  
 Showing not Thy death alone,  
 And Thy love exceeding great,  
 But Thy coming and Thy throne,  
 All for which we long and wait.

**4.** Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,  
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!  
 Every tongue Thy Name confessing,  
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,  
 Brought to Thee with one accord;  
 Thee, my Master and my Friend,  
 Vindicated and enthroned,  
 Unto earth's remotest end  
 Glorified, adored, and owned!