

# My King will soon come back again

Hope of Glory — Longing and Praying

960

(Guitar: Capo 1)

**G**                    **C**    **G**                    **A**    **A<sup>7</sup>**  
1. My King will soon come back a-gain, The sky be filled with  
**D**            **D<sup>7</sup>**                    **G**                    **C**    **G**                    **C**                    **D<sup>7</sup>**  
Him;                    The u - ni - verse    to be redeemed Will see                    His light                    there-  
**G**    **B<sup>7</sup>**    **Em**                    **D**    **A<sup>7</sup>**  
in.                    The Lord will soon    ful - fill His plan, His foot -                    - steps now                    I  
**D**            **D<sup>7</sup>**                    **G**                    **C**    **G**                    **C**                    **D<sup>7</sup>**    **G**  
hear;                    His glo - rious frame    I faint - ly see Begin - ning to                    appear.

2. I'm longing for His presence blest  
And dare not slothful be  
While waiting for my Lord's return,  
His own dear self to see.  
My only hope—that He may come  
And change my faith to sight;  
There is no other joy on earth  
Which gives my heart delight.

3. My heart is always with Himself,  
My eyes are heavenward,  
My lips would utter nothing else  
Than meeting with my Lord.  
The coming of the Lord draws nigh,  
His coming is for me;  
His promise ever standeth firm  
And soon fulfilled I'll see.

4. My Savior, all Thy holy words  
Can never doubted be;  
With them encouraged day by day,  
I'm faithful unto Thee.  
Oh, may Thy glory soon appear,  
The foe be overthrown;  
Thy promises be realized,  
And we brought to Thy throne.

5. Thy saving arm a refuge is,  
My Savior God, to me;  
Thou as the Father keepeth them  
Who put their trust in Thee.  
The sheep and shepherd are of one,  
The head and body same;  
None e'er can pluck from out Thy hand  
The child who trusts Thy Name.

6. A thousand hands won't hinder me,  
Nor will ten thousand eyes;  
The thorns upon the road but help  
Me onward to the prize.  
Arise, my spirit and my heart,  
And let the world go by;  
The Lord of life will take me soon  
To be with Him on high.

7. Thou healing sun! Thou hope of man!  
I really love Thy ray.  
Oh, righteous Lord! oh, glorious King!  
I bow to Thee and pray:  
Oh, may Thou soon ascend Thy throne  
And quickly show Thy face;  
Thy heav'nly kingdom may Thou found  
And grant all men Thy grace.

8. The truth should triumph and be king,  
And freedom should be queen;  
But falsehood, which has rampant run,  
Head of the world be seen.  
We ask Thee, Truth, to quickly come  
And bring Thy light from heav'n;  
The foe be crushed and all Thy sons  
Into Thy bosom giv'n.