

# My King will soon come back again

Hope of Glory — Longing and Praying

960

1. My King will soon come back a - gain, The sky be filled with  
 Him; The u - ni - verse to be re - deemed Will see His light there -  
 in. The Lord will soon ful - fill His plan, His foot - steps now I  
 hear; His glo - rious frame I faint - ly see Be - gin - ning to ap - pear.

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.