The King Shall Come When Morning Dawns

1. The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light triumphant breaks;
When beauty gilds the eastern hills,
And life to joy awakes.
2. Not as of old, a little child
To bear, and fight, and die,
But crowned with glory like the sun,
That lights that morning sky
3. O, brighter than the rising morn,
When He, victorious rose,
And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes;—
4. O, brighter than that glorious morn,
Shall this fair morning be,
When Christ, our King, in beauty comes,
And we His face shall see.
5. The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light and beauty brings;—
Hail! Christ the Lord; Thy people pray
Come quickly, King of kings.