

The King Shall Come When Morning Dawns

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light triumphant breaks;
When beauty gilds the eastern hills,
And life to joy awakes.
Not as of old a little child
To bear, and fight, and die,
But crowned with glory like the sun
That lights the morning sky.
O brighter than the rising morn
When he, victorious, rose,
And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes.

O brighter than that glorious morn
Shall this fair morning be,
When Christ, our King, in beauty comes,
And we his face shall see.
The King shall come when morning dawns,
And earth's dark night is past;
O haste the rising of that morn,
The day that light shall last.
And let the endless bliss begin,
By wearied saints foretold,
When right shall triumph over wrong,
And truth shall be extolled.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of hell before him burst,
The iron fetters felled.
He comes the wounded heart to bind,
The broken soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.
The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light and beauty brings:
Hail, Christ the Lord! Thy people pray,
Come quickly, King of kings.

WORDS: Verses 1, 2 Unknown, Verse 3 by Philip Doddridge, 1735
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