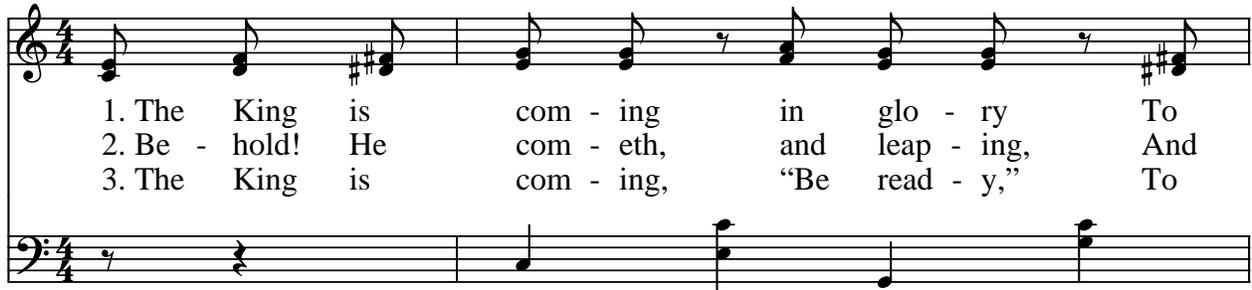


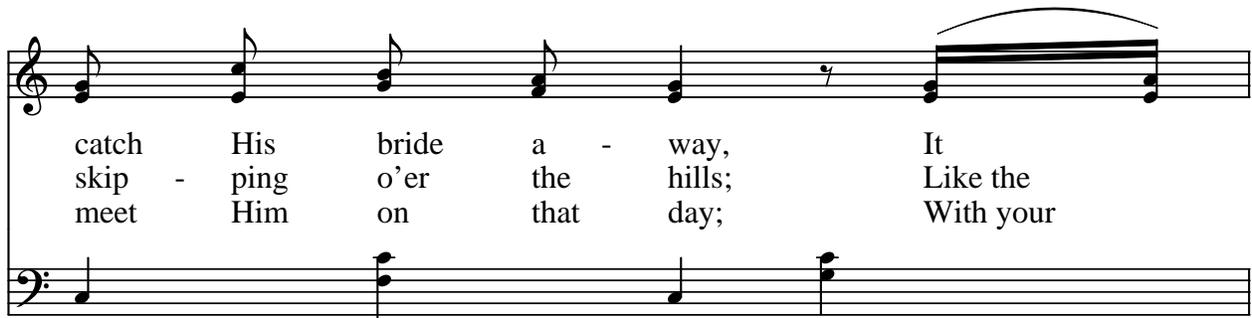
The King Is Coming in Glory

Kittie Louise Jennett Suffield (1884-1972)

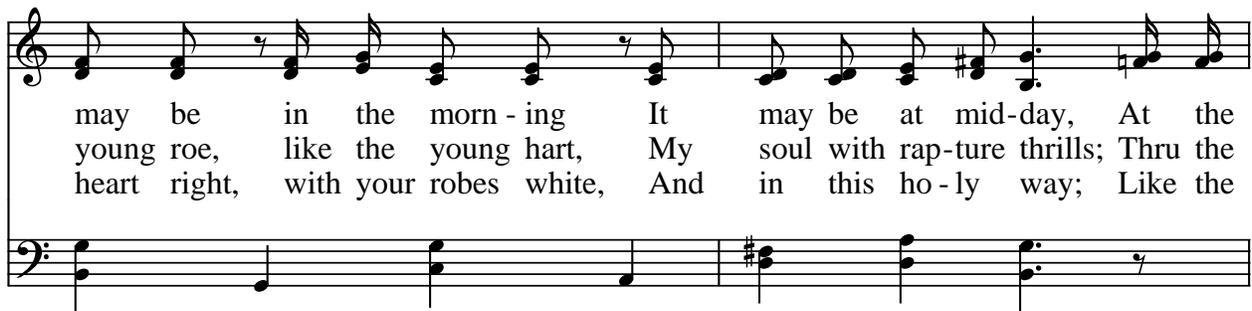
♩=110



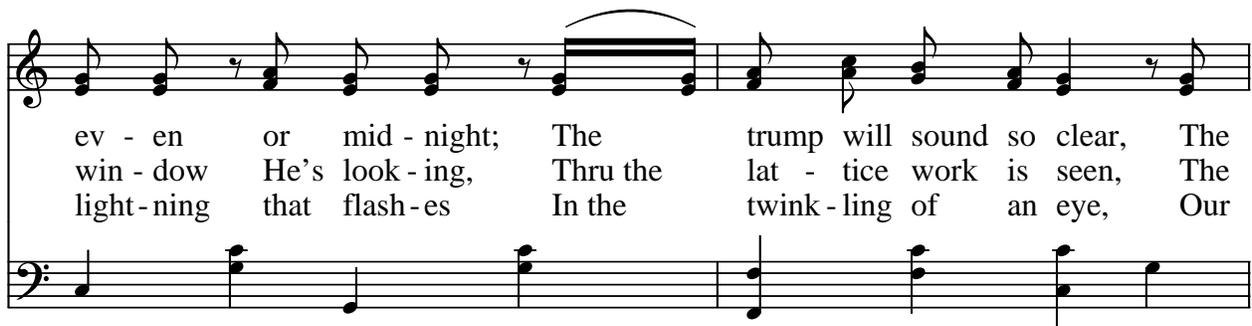
1. The King is com - ing in glo - ry To
2. Be - hold! He com - eth, and leap - ing, And
3. The King is com - ing, "Be read - y," To



catch His bride a - way, It
skip - ping o'er the hills; Like the
meet Him on that day; With your



may be in the morn - ing It may be at mid - day, At the
young roe, like the young hart, My soul with rap - ture thrills; Thru the
heart right, with your robes white, And in this ho - ly way; Like the



ev - en or mid - night; The trump will sound so clear, The
win - dow He's look - ing, Thru the lat - tice work is seen, The
light - ning that flash - es In the twink - ling of an eye, Our

Refrain

dead in Christ, and we that live, His voice shall hear. The King is
win - ter's past, the rain is o'er, The figs are green.
Lord shall come to claim His own, He's draw - ing nigh. The saints are

com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! He's com - ing in the air, The
look - ing ev - er up - ward While journ - 'ing on their way.

fig tree is bud - ding, The signs are ev - ery - where, He's

com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! To catch His bride a - way.