The King Is Coming in Glory
Words and Music: Kittie Suffield (1884-1972).

The King is coming in glory
To catch His bride away,
It may be in the morning
It may be at midday,
At the even or midnight;
The trump will sound so clear,
The dead in Christ, and we that live,
His voice shall hear.

Refrain

The King is coming, hallelujah!
He's coming in the air,
The fig tree is budding,
The signs are everywhere,
The King is coming, hallelujah!
He's coming in the air,
He's coming, hallelujah!
To catch His bride away.

Behold! He cometh, and leaping,
And skipping o'er the hills;
Like the young roe, like the young hart,
My soul with rapture thrills;
Thru the window He's looking,
Thru the lattice work is seen,
The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
The figs are green.

Refrain

The King is coming,
Be ready, To meet Him on that day;
With your heart right, with your robes white,
And in this holy way;
Like the lightning that flashes
In the twinkling of an eye,
Our Lord shall come to claim His own,
He's drawing nigh.

The saints are looking ever upward
While journ'ing on their way.
He's coming, hallelujah!
To catch His bride away.
The saints are looking ever upward
While journ'ing on their way.
He's coming, hallelujah!
To catch His bride away.