

# Coming, Coming, Yes They Are

J. Wakefield MacGill (1829–1902), alt.

Edward Husband

$\text{♩} = 105$

1. Com - ing, com - ing, yes they are, Com - ing, com - ing from a - far,  
 2. Com - ing, com - ing, yes they are, Com - ing, com - ing from a - far,  
 3. Com - ing, com - ing, yes they are, Com - ing, com - ing from a - far,  
 4. Com - ing, com - ing, yes they are, Com - ing, com - ing from a - far,  
 5. Com - ing, com - ing, yes they are, Com - ing, com - ing from a - far,  
 6. Com - ing, com - ing, yes they are, Com - ing, com - ing from a - far,

From the wild and scorch-ing des - ert, Af - ric's sons a - waked from sleep;  
 From the fields and crowd-ed ci - ties, Ch - ina ga - thers to His feet;  
 From the In - dus, and the Gan - ges, Stea - dy flows the liv - ing stream,  
 From the steppes of Rus - sia drear-y, From Sla - von - ia's scat - tered lands,  
 From the fro - zen realms of mid - night, O - ver many a wear - y mile,  
 All to meet in plains of glo - ry, All to sing His prais - es sweet;

Je - sus' love has drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.  
 In His love Shem's gen - tle child-ren, Now have found a safe re - treat.  
 To love's o - cean, to His bo - som, Cal - va - ry their won-d'ring theme.  
 They are yield - ing soul and spir - it In - to Je - sus' lov - ing hands.  
 To ex - change their soul's long win - ter For the sum - mer of His smile.  
 What a chor - us, what a meet-ing, With the fam - i - ly com - plete!