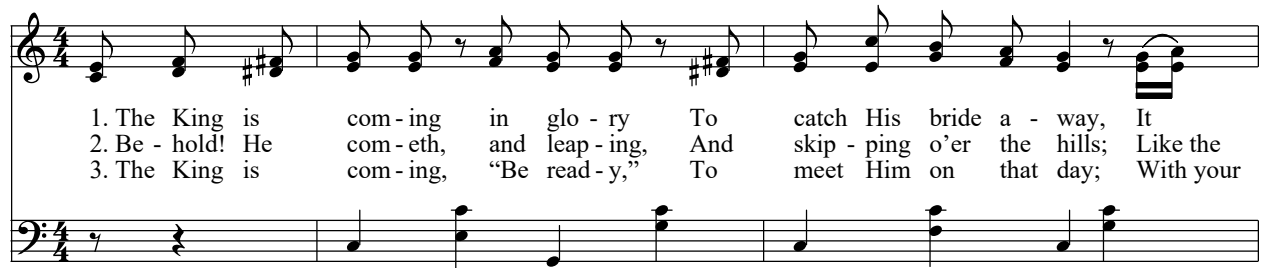


# The King Is Coming in Glory

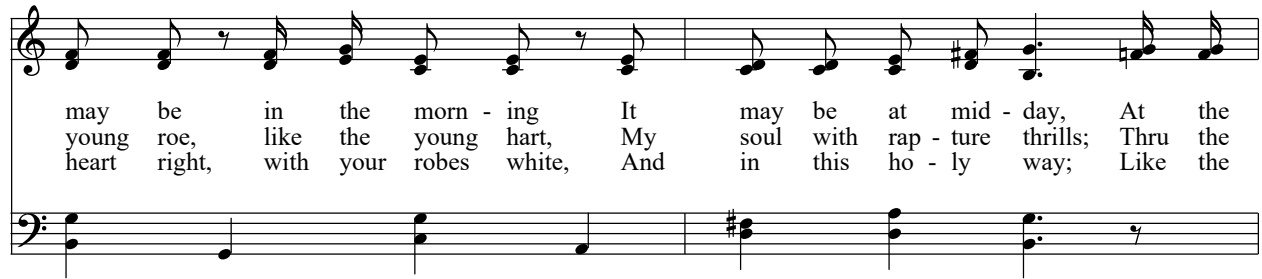
Kittie Louise Jennett Suffield (1884-1972)

Kittie Suffield

♩ = 95



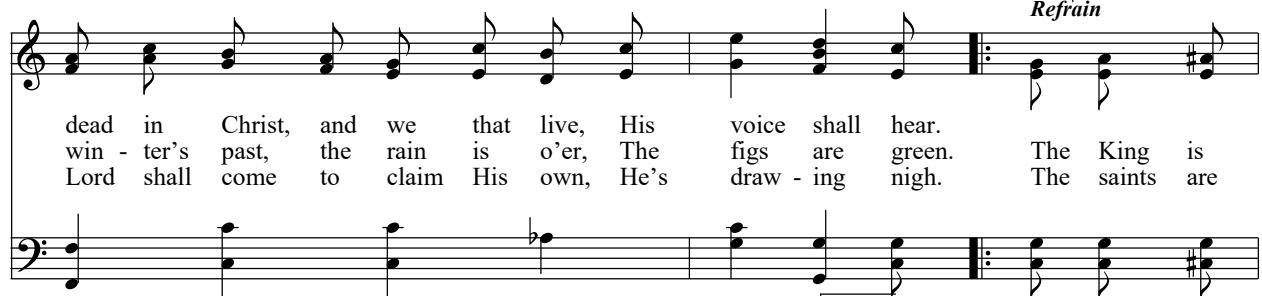
1. The King is com - ing in glo - ry To catch His bride a - way, It  
2. Be - hold! He com - eth, and leap - ing, And skip - ping o'er the hills; Like the  
3. The King is com - ing, "Be read - y," To meet Him on that day; With your



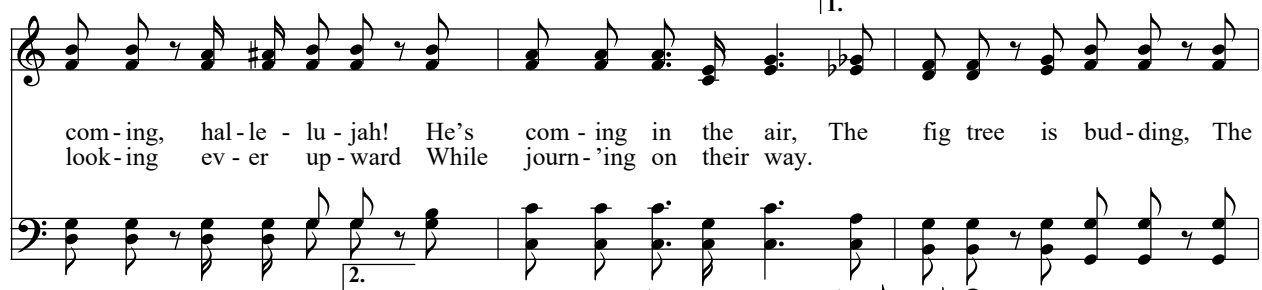
may be in the morn - ing It may be at mid - day, At the  
young roe, like the young hart, My soul with rap - ture thrills; Thru the  
heart right, with your robes white, And in this ho - ly way; Like the



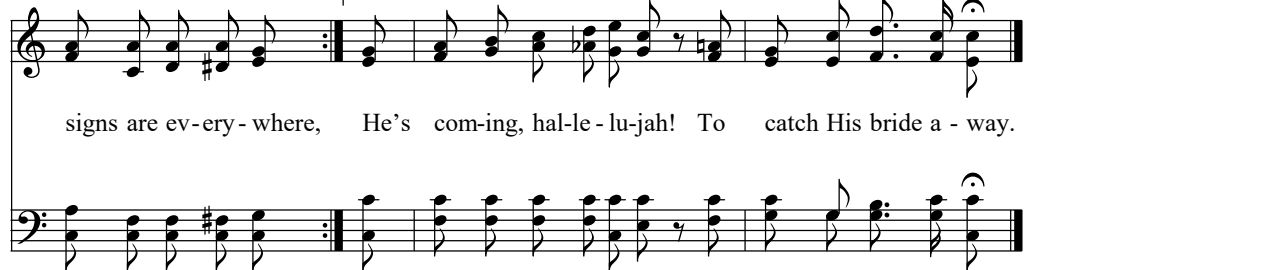
ev - en or mid - night; The trump will sound so clear, The  
win - dow He's look - ing, Thru the lat - tice work is seen, The  
light - ning that flash - es In the twink - ling of an eye, Our



*Refrain*  
dead in Christ, and we that live, His voice shall hear.  
win - ter's past, the rain is o'er, The figs are green. The King is  
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 fig tree is bud - ding, The  
look - ing ev - er up - ward While journ - 'ing on their way.



signs are ev - ery - where, He's com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! To catch His bride a - way.