



He is Coming




John R Ecob

He is coming, Oh He's coming!
I can hear Him at the door;
I am watching, I am waiting
For my Lord Who came before.
In a moment, just one moment,
Through the heavens we will soar,
Then for ever and for ever
In His presence evermore!

He is coming for His people
We shall meet Him in the air,
With the loved ones gone before us
We shall all His Glory share,
What a glorious glad reunion,
As we each His image bear
And for ever and for ever,
No more here, but over there.

He is coming in His glory
For His Own, His chosen race.
Jacob's sons will bow before Him
And extol His wondrous grace.
In His hands their names are graven,
Pierced by nails that held Him there,
To a cross on Calvary's mountain
As their sin and shame he bare.



He is coming surely coming
For His promise cannot fail,
Light is shining in the darkness
As His purposes prevail.
And the mockers round about us
Shout their shame to no avail,
Oh Lord Jesus come, come quickly
Lead us home 'long heaven's trail.

