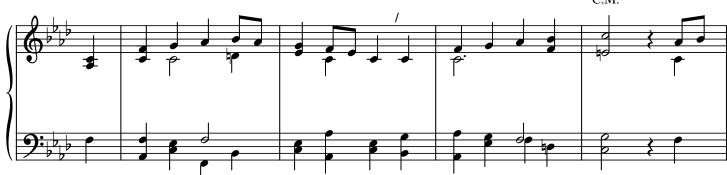
The King shall come when morning dawns

A. Davisson

Consoloation (Kentucky)
C.M.





The King shall come when morning dawns, And light triumphant breaks; When beauty gilds the eastern hills, And life to joy awakes.

Not as of old a little child To bear, and fight, and die, But crowned with glory like the sun That lights the morning sky.

O brighter than the rising morn When He, victorious, rose, And left the lonesome place of death, Despite the rage of foes. O brighter than that glorious morn Shall this fair morning be, When Christ, our King, in beauty comes, And we His face shall see.

The King shall come when morning dawns, And earth's dark night is past; O haste the rising of that morn, The day that aye shall last.

John Brownlie

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