

## Our God Approaches From The Skies

Our God approaches from the skies;  
Let us for Him prepare,  
With dread prelusive symphonies,  
And deep heart-glowing prayer.

Nor doth the everlasting Son  
Abhor the Virgin's womb:  
That we from bondage may be won,  
He bears a servant's doom.

Gentle and meek He comes; arise,  
Sion, behold thy King,  
And haste to meet Him, nor despise  
The peace He deigns to bring.

He shall return the Judge e'en now  
On clouds with light'ning riven,  
And His own body left below  
In triumph bear to Heaven.

Let crimes, the brood of night, depart  
From the approaching morn;  
And the old Adam of the heart  
Before the newly-born.

All praise, while endless ages run,  
To Father ever blest,  
To Spirit, and eternal Son,  
In flesh made manifest.