

The advent of our King

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our prayers must now employ,
and we must hymns of welcome sing
in strains of holy joy.

The everlasting Son
incarnate deigns to be;
himself a servant's form puts on
to set his servants free.

Daughter of Zion, rise
to meet thy lowly King,
nor let thy faithless heart despise
the peace he comes to bring.

As Judge, on clouds of light,
he soon will come again,
and all his scattered saints unite
with him in heaven to reign.

Before the dawning day
let sin's dark deeds be gone;
the old man all be put away,
the new man all put on.

All glory to the Son
who comes to set us free,
with Father, Spirit, ever One,
through all eternity.