

Arise, Sons of the Kingdom
Johann Rist, 1651.
German, 1598.

Arise, sons of the kingdom!
The King is drawing nigh;
Arise, and hail with gladness
The ruler from on high.
Ye Christians, hasten forth!
Your praise and homage bring Him
And glad hosannas sing Him,
Naught else your love is worth.

Arise, ye drooping mourners!
The King is very near;
Away with grief and sorrow,
For lo! your help is here.
Behold, in many a place
We find Him, our salvation,
O blessed consolation!
In His pure means of grace.

Arise, ye much afflicted!
The King is now not far;
Rejoice, ye long dejected!
Here comes the Morning Star.
The Lord will give you joy;
Though troubles now distress you,
With comfort He will bless you,
E'en death He will destroy.

Now hear, ye bold transgressors,
The King does well give heed
To all that ye are doing,
And to the life ye lead,
Enthralled to sin and hell;
Nothing in all creation
Escapes His observation
He marketh all things well.

Be righteous, ye His subjects,
The King is just and true;
Prepare for Him a highway,
Make all things straight and new.
He means all for our good
Then let us bear our crosses
That He Himself imposes,
In an undaunted mood.

Though war and conflagration
Take all our goods away;
The Lord is our salvation
And heritage for aye.
E'en though our loved ones die,
Yet they are not forsaken,
But from this world are taken
To live with God on high

Arise, ye poor and needy!
The King provides for you;
He comes with succor speedy,
With mercy ever new.

He who a beast did heed
Lest not His children perish;
All hopes that man may cherish
He can fulfill indeed.

He nevermore forsaketh
A child that feels the rod,
Who Him his refuge maketh,
And puts his trust in God.
He is our sovereign king;
E'en death itself shall never
Those from their master sever
Who to His mercy cling.

Arise, ye faint and fearful!
The King now comes with might,
His heart hath long since loved us,
He makes our darkness light.
Now are our sorrows o'er;
No wrath shall e'er befall us,
Since God in grace doth call us
His children evermore.

Haste then, with eager footsteps,
To see your sovereign there!
He rides as king of Zion,
Strong, glorious, meek and fair.
Draw near the Lord and give
To Him your salutation,
Who bringeth great salvation,
And bids the sinner live.

The King in grace remembers
His loved ones here below
With gifts of royal treasures,
Yea, doth Himself bestow
Through His blest Word and grace.
O King, arrayed in splendor,
To Thee all praise we'll render
Here and there face to face.

O rich the gifts Thou bring'st us,
Thyself made poor and weak;
O Love beyond expression
That thus can sinners seek!
For this, O Lord, will we
Our joyous tribute bring Thee,
And glad hosannas sing Thee,
And ever grateful be.