

Come, All Harmonious Tongues
Isaac Watts, 1709.
Lowell Mason, 1844.

Come, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.
Tell how He took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.

Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into His side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dyed.
The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er His bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on His soul.

Down to the shades of death
He bowed His awful head;
Yet He arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.
No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at His name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays His vengeance by,
And smiles upon His Son.
There His full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless His saints and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.