

Come, Every Pious Heart
Samuel Stennett, 1782.
Lowell Mason, 1822.

Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Savior's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below;
That debt of love to Him you owe.

He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

From the dark grave He rose;
The mansions of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode;
And reigns on high, the Savior God.

From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face
And ever be in His embrace.

Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.