

Hail to the Lord Who Comes
John Ellerton, 1880.
Francis Champneys, 1889.

Hail to the Lord who comes,
Comes to His temple gate;
Not with His angel host,
Not in His kingly state;
No shouts proclaim Him nigh,
No crowds His coming wait.

But, borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest,
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the heav'nly Guest.

There Joseph at her side
In reverent wonder stands,
And, filled with holy joy,
Old Simeon in his hands
Takes up the promised Child,
The Glory of all lands.

Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom price they pay!
The Son before all worlds,
The Child of man today,
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be!