

Hark, the Glad Sound!  
Philip Doddridge, 1735.  
Frederick Baker, 1876.

Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes,  
The Savior promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts His sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyes oppressed with night  
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud  
The jub'lee of the Lord  
Our debts are all remitted now  
Our heritage restored.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.