

Star of Our Hope

Anonymous.

William Knapp, 1738.

Star of our hope! He'll soon appear,
The last loud trumpet speaks Him near;
Hail Him, all saints, from pole to pole
How welcome to the faithful soul!

From Heaven angelic voices sound:
Behold the Lord of glory crowned.
Arrayed in majesty divine,
And in His highest glories shine.

The grave yields up its precious trust,
Which long has slumbered in the dust,
Resplendent forms ascending, fair,
Now meet the Savior in the air.

Descending with His azure throne,
He claims the kingdom for His own;
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,
And hail Him their triumphant King.