

The King of Saints, How Fair His Face

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Johann Cruger, 1640.

The King of saints, how fair His face;
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to His love.

At His right hand our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

He forms her beauties like His own;
He calls and seats her near His throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

So shall the King the more rejoice
In Thee, the favorite of His choice;
Let Him be loved and yet adored,
For He's thy Maker and thy Lord.

O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To His fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons(a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

Let endless honors crown His head;
Let every age His praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of His love.