

The Savior Comes, No Outward Pomp

William Robertson, 1745.

John Dykes, 1868.

The Savior comes, no outward pomp,
Bespeaks His presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in Him,
To draw the carnal eye.

Refrain

All beauty may we ever see,
In God's beloved Son,
The chiefest of ten thousand He,
The only lovely One!

Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a man of woe!
Grief was His close companion here,
Through all His life below.

Refrain

Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
Ours were the woes He bore;
Pangs not His own, His spotless soul,
With bitter anguish tore.

Refrain

We all like sheep had gone astray,
In ruin's fatal road;
On Him were our transgressions laid;
He bore the mighty load.

Refrain