

The Lord Is Come!  
Arthur Stanley, 1872.  
Joseph Barnby.

The Lord is come! On Syrian soil,  
The child of poverty and toil;  
The Man of Sorrows, born to know  
Each varying shade of human woe:  
His joy, His glory, to fulfill,  
In earth and Heav'n, His Father's will;  
On lonely mount, by festive board,  
On bitter cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come! In Him we trace  
The fullness of God's truth and grace;  
Throughout those words and acts divine  
Gleams of th'eternal splendor shine;  
And from His inmost Spirit flow,  
As from a height of sunlit snow,  
The rivers of perennial life,  
To heal and sweeten nature's strife.

The Lord is come! In every heart  
Where truth and mercy claim apart;  
In every land where right is might,  
And deeds of darkness shun the light;  
In every church where faith and love  
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;  
In every holy, happy home,  
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come.