

Sion, Haste to Meet Thy King

Words: John Anketell, 1889

Music: Samuel Webbe, 1792

Sion, haste to meet thy king,
Psalms and glad hosannas sing,
Strew thy palms, thy garments spread,
For the Judge of quick and dead!

Meek, He rides upon the colt;
God, who wields the thunderbolt,
Lays His royal glory by
In our flesh for man to die.

Enter now the temple gate,
Where He stands in princely state;
Join the children's song of praise
To the King of endless days.

For the Lord who comes with grace,
Soon shall show His shining face;
Christ, who for our sins atoned,
Comes 'mid angel hosts enthroned.

Heavens shall vanish like a scroll,
Sun and moons in darkness roll,
When the dead the trumpet hear,
When the judgment books appear.

On that day of doom and grace,
Grant us with Thy saints a place,
Save us from the realms of night,
Clothe us with eternal light.