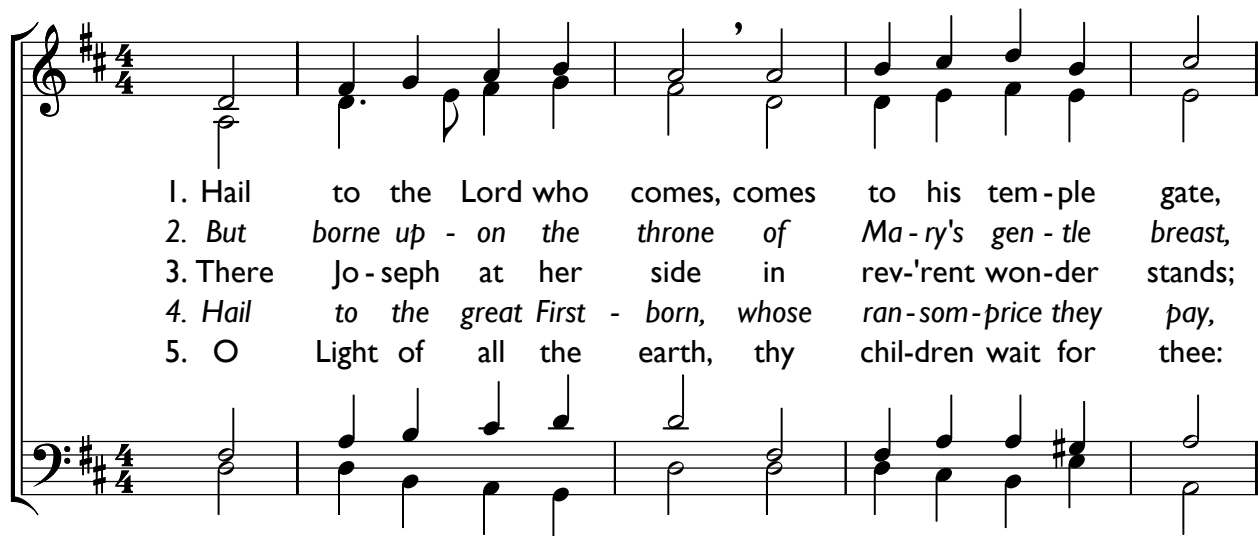


AMNS 314 Hail to the Lord who comes

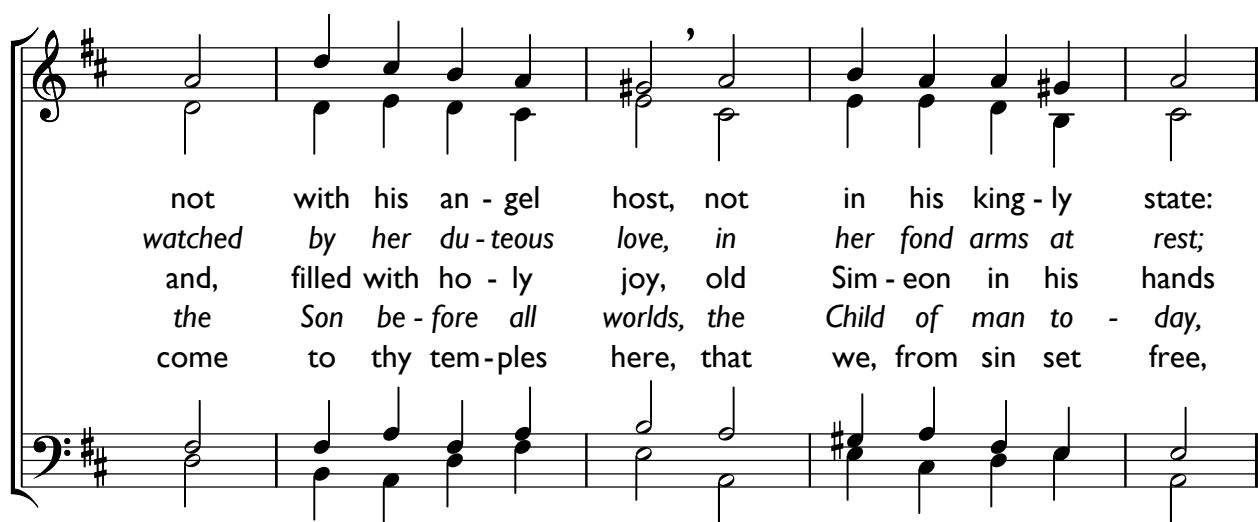
Melody: Old 120th

John Ellerton
(1826-1893)

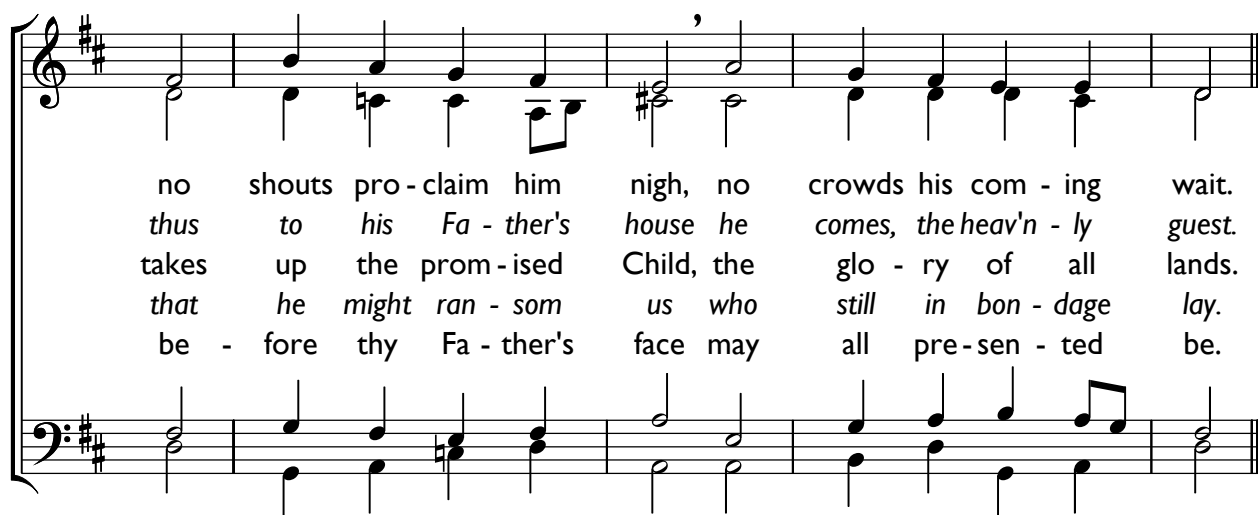
Melody from
Psalms, 1570



1. Hail to the Lord who comes, comes to his tem-ple gate,
2. But borne up - on the throne of Ma-ry's gen-tle breast,
3. There Jo-seph at her side in rev-'rent won-der stands;
4. Hail to the great First - born, whose ran-som-price they pay,
5. O Light of all the earth, thy chil-dren wait for thee:



not with his an-gel host, not in his king-ly state:
watched by her du-teous love, in her fond arms at rest;
and, filled with ho-ly joy, old Sim-eon in his hands
the Son be-fore all worlds, the Child of man to-day,
come to thy tem-ples here, that we, from sin set free,



no shouts pro-claim him nigh, no crowds his com-ing wait.
thus to his Fa-ther's house he comes, the heav'n-ly guest.
takes up the prom-ised Child, the glo-ry of all lands.
that he might ran-som us who still in bon-dage lay.
be-fore thy Fa-ther's face may all pre-sen-ted be.