

Hail to the Lord who comes

AMNS 314

Melody: Old 120th

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Hail to the Lord who comes,
comes to his temple gate,
not with his angel host,
not in his kingly state:
no shouts proclaim him nigh,
no crowds his coming wait.

But borne upon the throne
of Mary's gentle breast,
watched by her duteous love,
in her fond arms at rest;
thus to his Father's house
he comes, the heavenly guest.

There Joseph at her side
in reverent wonder stands;
and, filled with holy joy,
old Simeon in his hands
takes up the promised Child,
the glory of all lands.

Hail to the great First-born,
whose ransom-price they pay,
the Son before all worlds,
the Child of man to-day,
that he might ransom us
who still in bondage lay.

O Light of all the earth,
thy children wait for thee:
come to thy temples here,
that we, from sin set free,
before thy Father's face
may all presented be.

Words: John Ellerton (1826-1893)

Music: Melody from *Psalms*, 1570