

Lo, he comes with clouds descending,
once for favoured sinners slain;
thousand thousand saints attending
swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him
robed in dreadful majesty;
those who set at naught and sold him,
pierced and nailed him to the tree,
deeply wailing, deeply wailing, deeply
wailing,
shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of his passion
still his dazzling body bears,
cause of endless exultation
to his ransomed worshippers:
with what rapture, with what rapture, with
what rapture
gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
high on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
claim the kingdom for thine own.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.

Hark, a thrilling voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh", it seems to say;
"cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day."

Wakened by the solemn warning,
let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her sun, all ill dispelling,
shines upon the morning skies.

Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
comes with pardon down from heaven;
let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
one and all to be forgiven;

that when next he comes with glory,
and the world is wrapped in fear,
with his mercy he may shield us,
and with words of love draw near.

Honour, glory, might and blessing
to the Father and the Son,
with the everlasting Spirit,
while eternal ages run.

For the healing of the nations,
Lord, we pray with one accord;
for a just and equal sharing
of the thing that earth affords.
To a life of love in action
help us rise and pledge our word.

Lead us, Father, into freedom,
from despair your world release;
that, redeemed from war and hatred,
men may come and go in peace.
Show us how through care and goodness
fear will die and hope increase.

All that kills abundant living,
let it from the earth be banned;
pride of status, race or schooling,
dogmas, keeping man from man.
In our common quest for justice
may we hallow life's brief span.

You, creator-God, have written
your great name on all mankind;
for our growing in your likeness
bring the life of Christ to mind;
that by our response and service
earth its destiny may find.

Born in the night, Mary's child,
A long way from Your home;
Coming in need, Mary's child,
Born in a borrowed room.

Clear shining light, Mary's child,
Your face lights up our way:
Light of the world, Mary's child,
Dawn on our darkened day.

Truth of our life, Mary's child,
You tell us God is good:
Prove it is true, Mary's child,
Go to Your cross of wood.

Hope of the world, Mary's child,
You're coming soon to reign:
King of the earth, Mary's child,
Walk in our streets again.

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Wait for the Lord,
whose day is near.
Wait for the Lord,
keep watch, take heart.

Crown Him with many crowns,

The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downwards bends His burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.