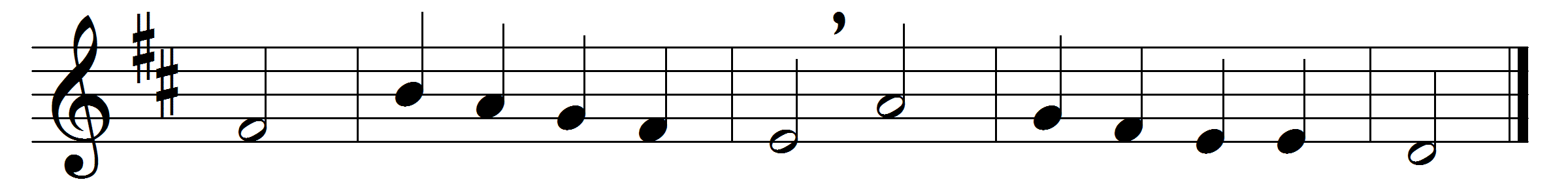
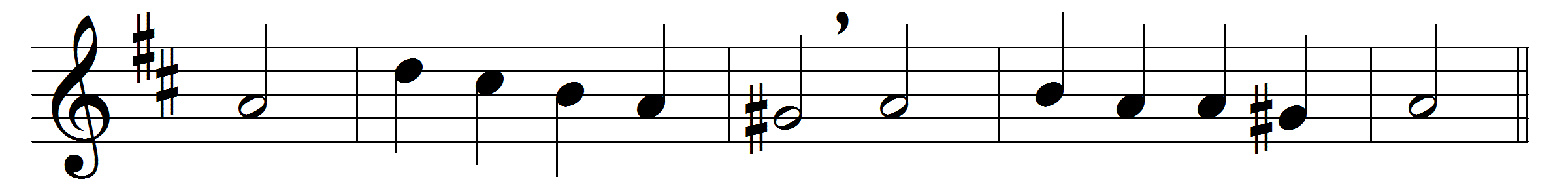
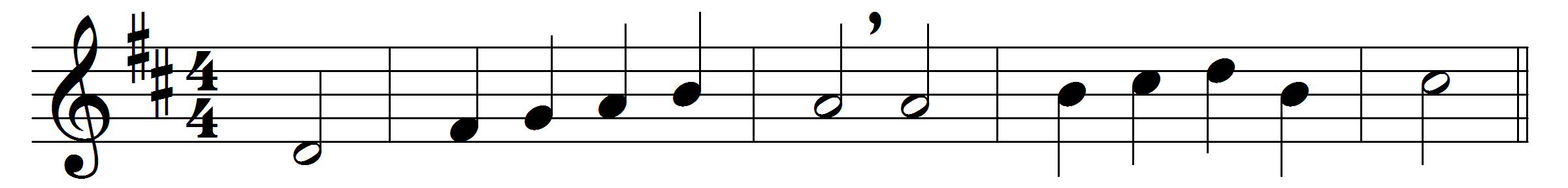
Hail to the Lord who comes AMNS 314 Melody: Old 120th 6 6. 6 6. 6 6.



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