Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes





Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes, The Savior promised long; Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before Him burst, The iron fetters yield. He comes the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure; And with the treasures of His grace To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim; And Heav'n's eternal arches ring With Thy belovèd Name.

Philip Doddridge

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