The Lord is come! on Syrian soil



The Lord is come! On Syrian soil, The child of poverty and toil; The Man of Sorrows, born to know Each varying shade of human woe: His joy, His glory, to fulfill, In earth and Heav'n, His Father's will; On lonely mount, by festive board, On bitter cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come! In Him we trace The fullness of God's truth and grace; Throughout those words and acts divine Gleams of th'eternal splendor shine; And from His inmost Spirit flow, As from a height of sunlit snow, The rivers of perennial life, To heal and sweeten nature's strife. The Lord is come! In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim apart;
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light;
In every church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come.

Arthur P. Stanley