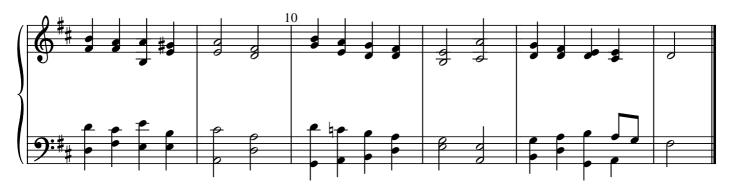
Hail to the Lord who comes

Melody from Thomas Est, 1592



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 heav'nly 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.

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!

John Ellerton

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