

HYMN 65

Prepare the way, O Zion;
your Christ is drawing near!
Let ev'ry hill and valley
a level way appear.
Greet One who comes in glory,
fore told in sacred story.
Oh, blest is Christ that came
in God's most holy name.

He brings God's rule, O Zion;
he comes from heav'n above.
His rule is peace and freedom,
and justice, peace, and love.
Lift high your praise resounding,
for grace and joy abounding.
Oh, blest is Christ that came
in God's most holy name.

Fling wide your gates, O Zion;
your Saviour's rule embrace.
His tidings of salvation
proclaim in ev'ry place.
All lands will bow before him,
their voices will adore him.
Oh, blest is Christ that came
in God's most holy name.

HYMN 75

There's a voice in the wilderness crying,
a call from the ways untrod:
Prepare in the desert a highway,
a highway for our God!
The valleys shall be exalted,
the lofty hills brought low;
make straight all the crooked places,
where the Lord our God may go!

O Zion, that bringest good tidings,
get thee up to the heights and sing!
Proclaim to a desolate people
the coming of their King.
Like the flowers of the field they perish,
like grass our works decay,
the power and pomp of nations
shall pass like a dream away;

but the word of our God endureth,
the arm of the Lord is strong;
he stands in the midst of nations,
and he will right the wrong.
He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,
the lambs he'll gently hold;
to pastures of peace he'll lead them,
and bring them safe to his fold.

HYMN 57

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
once for our salvation slain;
thousand, thousand saints attending
swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord returns to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
robed in dreadful majesty;
those who set at nought 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 worshipers;
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;
Savior, take the power and glory;
claim the kingdom for thine own:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.