

SAY WITH WHAT SALUTATIONS?

SAY with what salutations
Shall I Thine advent greet ?
Desire of all the nations,
My Joy and Succour meet !
O Jesus ! Jesus ! lead me
On by Thy blessèd light ;
What's Thy delight thus guide me
To understand t'right.

With palms doth Zion meet Thee,
Spreads branches in the way ;
To raise my soul to greet Thee
Glad psalms I'll sing to-day.
My heart shall blossom ever,
O'erflow with praises new,
And from Thy name shall never
Withhold the honour due.

What hast Thou e'er neglected
For my good here below ?
When heart and soul dejected,
Were sunk in deepest woe,

When from Thy presence hidden,
Where peace and pleasure are,
Thou camest, and hast bidden
Me joy again, my Star!

In bitter bondage lying,
Thou com'st and sett'st me free ;
'Neath scorn and shame when sighing,
Thou com'st and raisest me.
Thy grace high honour gives me,
Abundance doth bestow, .
That wastes not, nor deceives me
As earthly riches do.

No other impulse led Thee
To leave Thy throne above,
Upon Thine errand sped Thee,
But world-embracing love!
A love that deeply feeleth
The wants and woes of men,
No tongue its fulness telleth,
It passeth human ken.

In thy heart be this written,
Thou much afflicted band!
Who evermore art smitten
With griefs on every hand.
Fear not! let nothing grieve thee,
For help is at thy door,
He'll consolation give thee,
Oil in thy wounds will pour.

No care nor effort either
Is needed day and night,
How thou may'st draw Him hither
In thine own strength and might.
He comes, He comes with gladness!
O'erflows with love to thee,
To chase away the sadness
He knows oppresseth thee.

Sin's debt, the mighty burden
Let not thy heart affright;
The Lord will freely pardon,
His grace will cover quite.

He comes! He comes! Salvation
Proclaiming everywhere,
Secures His chosen nation
Their heritage so fair!

Thy foes why should they move thee?
Their wiles and rage are vain,
Thy Saviour, who doth love thee,
Will scatter them again.
He comes! a Conq'ror glorious,
He'll scatter every band
Of foes—His course victorious
Too few they're to withstand.

He comes to judge each nation ;
Who curs'd Him, curse shall He ;
With grace and consolation,
Who lov'd, receiv'd shall be.
Oh! come, Thou Sun, and lead us
To everlasting light,
Up to Thy mansions guide us
Of glory and delight.