The Lord doth come to those Who, still in truth proceeding, To God's own gracious leading Their willing hearts dispose.

## 36.

Tune 55 .- " Ich dank;" or, Tune 108.

OH how shall I receive Thee: how meet
Thee on Thy way?

Blest hope of every nation; my soul's delight and stay!

O Jesu! Jesu! give me, now by Thy own pure light,

To know whate'er is pleasing, and welcome in Thy sight.

Thy Sion palms is strewing, and branches fresh and fair;

My heart to praise awaking, her anthem shall prepare.

Perpetual thanks and praises, forth from my heart shall spring;

I to Thy name the service of all my powers will bring.

O ye who sorrow, sinking beneath your grief and pain,

Rejoice in His appearing who shall your souls sustain:

He comes, He comes with gladness: how great is His good-will!

He comes; all grief and anguish shall at His word be still.

Ye who with guilty terror are trembling, fear no more:

With love and grace the Saviour shall you to hope restore.

He comes: He comes, who sinners shall with the children place,

The children of His Father, the heirs of life and grace!

He comes! the Lord to judgment! His foes His wrath shall feel:

To those who love and seek Him, that day will grace reveal.

Descend, descend, O Saviour! and gather us to Thee,

That in the light eternal our joyous home may be.

## 37.

Tune 347.—" Dies iræ."

LO! the day of wrath awaketh! Long foretold, the world it shaketh, Whilst o'er all in flame it breaketh.

Oh what fear the guilty rendeth, Whilst the Judge to earth descendeth! Searching light His path attendeth.

Hark, what wondrous sound appalleth! To the tomb the trumpet calleth:
Man before his Maker falleth.

Death before His coming flieth; Nature all o'erwhelmed crieth, Whilst the sinner helpless lieth.

Now the Judge that book unsealeth Which to all their doom revealeth: Lo! to this the Judge appealeth.

See the judgment throne prepared,—All our deeds in light declared: Sin may be no longer spared.