

Week 10: Lo, He Cometh

Text: John Cennick, 1750

Lo! He cometh, countless trumpets
Blow before his bloody sign!
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See the Crucified shine.
Allelujah!
Welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb!

Now His merits by the harpers,
Thro' the eternal deeps resounds!
Now resplendent shine His nailprints,
Every eye shall see His wounds!
They who pierced Him,
Shall at His appearing wail.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away!
All who hate Him must, ashamed,
Hear the trump proclaim His day:
Come to judgment!
Stand before the Son of Man!

All who love Him view His glory,
Shining in His bruised Face:
His dear Person on the rainbow,
Now His people's heads shall raise:
Happy mourners!
Now on clouds He comes! He comes!

Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear:
All His people, once despised,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Allelujah!
Now the promised kingdom's come!

View Him smiling, now determined
Every evil to destroy!
All the nations now shall sing Him
Songs of everlasting joy!
O come quickly!
Allelujah! Come Lord, come!