1. Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
2. Ev’ry eye shall now behold him,
3. Those dear tokens of his passion,
4. Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,

Once for our salvation slain;
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Still his dazzling body bears,
High on thine eternal throne;

Thousand thousand saints attending
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Cause of endless exultation
Saviour, take the power and glory;

LO! HE COMES, WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING

HELMSLEY, 87.87. 12 7; SELECT HYMNS WITH TUNES ANNEXT, 1765
Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788).
Swell the triumph of his train:
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
To his ransomed worshippers:
Claim the kingdom for thine own:

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
With what rapture, with what rapture,
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord reign,
deeply wailing, Shall the true Mes-
with what rapture Gaze we on those
al-le-lu-ia! Thou shalt reign, and
turns to reign.

si-ma-ah see.
glor-ious scars!
thou a-lone.