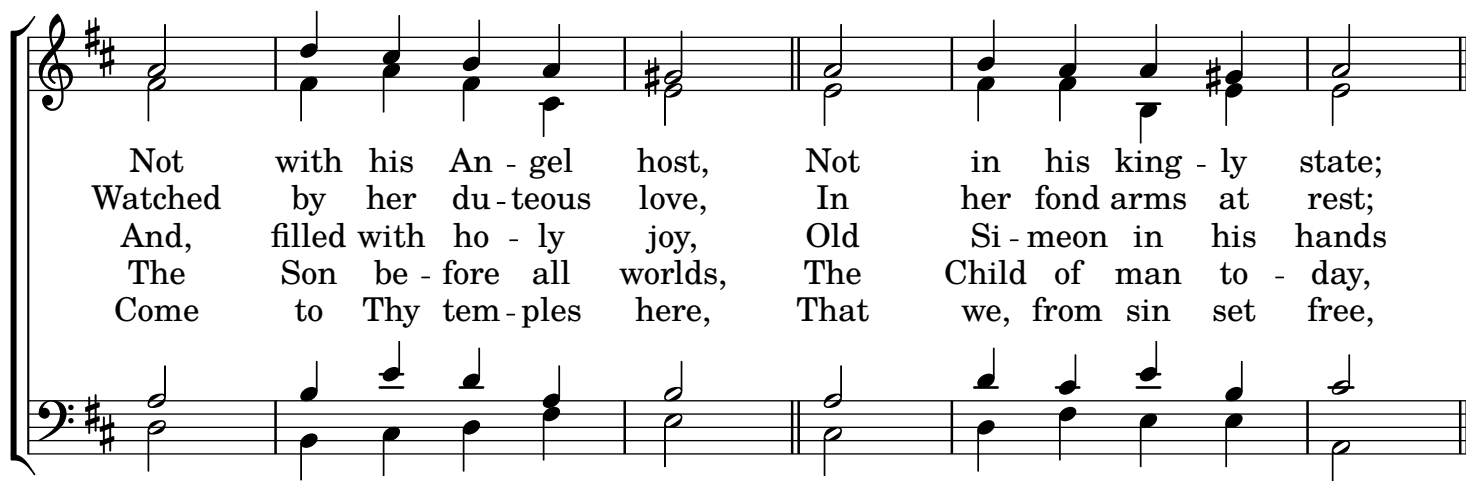
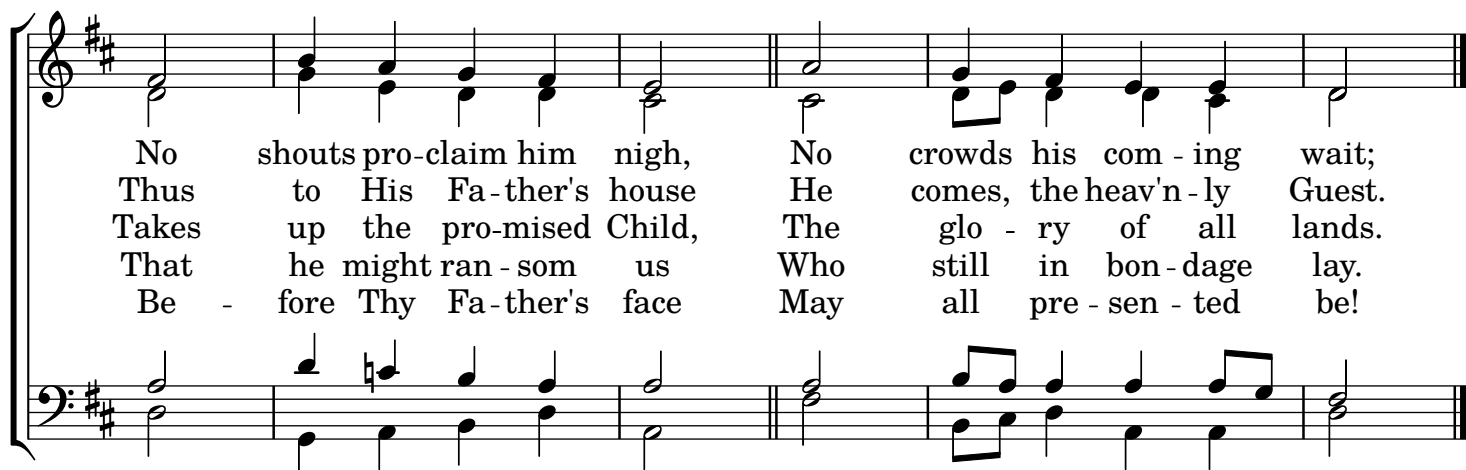


1. Hail to the Lord who comes, Comes to his tem - ple gate!
 2. But borne up - on the throne Of Ma - ry's gen - tle breast,
 3. There Jo - seph at her side In rev' - rent won - der stand;
 4. Hail to the great First - born Whose ran - som - price they pay!
 5. O Light of all the earth, Thy chil - dren wait for Thee!



Not with his An - gel host, Not in his king - ly state;
 Watched by her du - teous love, In her fond arms at rest;
 And, filled with ho - ly joy, Old Si - meon in his hands
 The Son be - fore all worlds, The Child of man to - day,
 Come to Thy tem - ples here, That we, from sin set free,



No shouts pro - claim him nigh, No crowds his com - ing wait;
 Thus to His Fa - ther's house He comes, the heav'n - ly Guest.
 Takes up the pro - mised Child, The glo - ry of all lands.
 That he might ran - som us Who still in bon - dage lay.
 Be - fore Thy Fa - ther's face May all pre - sen - ted be!