



things Yet to

come the mys-tic Close,

7. Hail! thou Judge of souls departed;

On the Father's right hand thronèd, Through his courts thy praises ring,

Chant to thee harrmonious lays,

Corde natus ex parentis Prudentius; tr. R.F. Davis

Righteous judgement thou shalt bring,

Hail! of all the living King!

Till at last for all offences

**5.** This is he, whom seer and sibyl Sang in ages long gone by: This is he of old revealed In the page of prophecy;

of all

ga,

Lo! he comes, the promised Saviour; Let the world his praises cry! 6. Sing, ye heights of heaven, his praises; 8. Now let old and young uniting

Angels and Archangels, sing!

- Wheresoe'er ye be, ye faithful, Maid and matron hymn thy glory, Let your joyous anthems ring, Infant lips their anthem raise, Every tongue his name confessing, Boys and girls together singing Countless voices answering, With pure heart their song of praise,
  - **9.** Let the storm and summer sunshine, Gliding stream and sounding shore, Sea and forest, frost and zephyr, Day and night their Lord adore; Let creation join to laud thee Through the ages evermore,