

The Advent of Our God at Hand

The advent of our God at hand,
Let us with ardent prayer demand,
And grasp the gifts of grace sublime,
With psalms and hymns of festal rhyme.

The eternal offspring doth not scorn
Of Maiden-mother to be born ;
Is made a servant, that our yoke
Of sin and slavery may be broke.

He comes, he comes, the clement Child ;
Haste, Sion, meet thy Saviour mild,
Nor spurn the gracious terms of peace
He offers for thy soul's release.

Soon folded in a cloud of light
He will return the world to right,
And through the heaven's triumphal arch
His feet will speed their radiant march.

Let darkness and her demon spawn
Recede before the hastening dawn ;
Let the old Adam yield to grace,
The Second Adam hold his place.

O thou who com'st to set us free,
O Son, be highest praise to thee
The Father and the Spirit, Three
In undivided Unity.