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O Come All Ye Saints
Franklin Hunter, 2003.
William Croft, 1708.

O come all ye saints, in glorious dress,
Arrayed in His love, and His righteousness.
Come sing in His presence, come speak of His grace
He's standing among us, behold His dear face.

With hearts ready tuned, our voices entwine
Together we'll sing His praises divine.
Lift high the great chorus, yea sound it abroad
To Jesus our Saviour, omnipotent God.

O glad is the soul and joyful the heart,
That centres the thoughts, so none can depart,
From worshipping Jesus, from praising His name
This then is that river, and this is His fame.

Bless ye then the Lord, who serve day and night,
Who stand in His house, a wonderful sight
Where seraphs are bowing, where angels attend,
The seat of His mercy, where praises all blend.

Say "Yes" to His praise, and "Yes" for His love
Speak often of peace that comes from above.
Call mercy, a river, watch grace flowing through
This glorious salvation, says this is for you.

Our theme then shall be to worship the Lord
In spirit to sing the truth of His word
Come join in our praises, the anthems prolong
For Jesus is coming, that day won't be long.

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