

Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus 196

1. Come, thou long - ex - spect - ed Je - sus, born to set thy
 2. Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, born a child and

peo - ple free; from our fears and sins re - lease us,
 yet a King, born to reign in us for - ev - er,

let us find our rest in thee. Is-rael's strength and con - so -
 now thy gra-cious king - dom bring. By thine own e - ter - nal

la - tion, hope of all the earth thou art; dear de - sire of
 spir - it rule in all our hearts a - lone; by thine all suf -

ev - ery na - tion, joy of ev - ery long-ing heart.
 fi - cient mer - it, raise us to thy glo - rious throne.


WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1744

MUSIC: Rowland H. Prichard, 1830; harm. from *The English Hymnal*, 1906



HYFRYDOL

87.87 D



It Came upon the Midnight Clear





1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old,
 2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come with peace-ful wings un-furled,
 3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, whose forms are bend-ing low,
 4. For lo! the days are has-tening on, by proph-et seen of old,


from an - gels bend-ing near the earth, to touch their harps of gold:
 and still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world;
 who toil a-long the climb-ing way with pain-ful steps and slow,
 when with the ev - er - cir-cling years shall come the time fore - told

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,* from heaven's all-gra-cious King."
 a - bove its sad and low - ly plains, they bend on hov-ering wing,
 look now! for glad and gold - en hours come swift-ly on the wing,
 when peace shall o - ver all the earth its an-cient splen-dors fling,

The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, to hear the an - gels sing.
 and ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds the bless-ed an - gels sing.
 O rest be-side the wea-ry road, and hear the an - gels sing!
 and the whole world send back the song which now the an - gels sing.



Hail to the Lord's Anointed

203

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, great Da-vid's great-er Son!
 2. He comes with suc-cor speed - y to those who suf-fer wrong;
 3. He shall come down like show - ers up - on the fruit-ful earth;
 4. To him shall prayer un - ceas - ing and dai - ly vows as - cend;

Hail in the time ap - point - ed, his reign on earth be - gun!
 to help the poor and need - y, and bid the weak be strong;
 love, joy, and hope, like flow - ers, spring in his path to birth.
 his king-dom still in - creas - ing, a king-dom with-out end.

He comes to break op - pres - sion, to set the cap-tive free;
 to give them songs for sigh - ing, their dark-ness turn to light,
 Be - fore him, on the moun - tains, shall peace, the her-ald, go,
 The tide of time shall nev - er his cov - e - nant re - move;

to take a - way trans - gres - sion, and rule in eq - ui - ty.
 whose souls, con-demned and dy - ing, are pre-cious in his sight.
 and righ-teous-ness, in foun - tains, from hill to val-ley flow.
 his name shall stand for - ev - er; that name to us is love.

WORDS: James Montgomery, 1821 (Ps. 72)
 MUSIC: *Gesangbuch der H. W. k. Hofkapelle*, 1784, alt;
 adapt. and harm. by W. H. Monk, 1868

ELLACOMBE
 76.76 D

399 Take My Life, and Let It Be

1. Take my life, and let it be con - se - cra - ted,
 2. Take my voice, and let me sing al - ways, on - ly,
 3. Take my will, and make it thine; it shall be no

Lord, to thee. Take my mo - ments and my days;
 for my King. Take my lips, and let them be
 long - er mine. Take my heart, it is thine own;

let them flow in cease - less praise. Take my hands, and
 filled with mes - sag - es from thee. Take my sil - ver
 it shall be thy roy - al throne. Take my love, my

let them move at the im - pulse of thy love.
 and my gold; not a mite would I with - hold.
 Lord, I pour at thy feet its trea - sure - store.

Take my feet, and let them be swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.
 Take my-self, and I will be ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

WORDS: Frances R. Havergal, 1873 (Rom. 12:1)
 MUSIC: Louis J. F. Hérold, 1839; arr. by George Kingsley, 1839

MESSIAH
 77.77 D