

COME, every thankful heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame!
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
He laid His robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
Then shall we see His smiling face
And ever live in His embrace.

Samuel Stennett, 1727-95