

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came;
A silent lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! in glorious form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He Who bore His load
A pilgrim on life's dusty road;
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
'Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!'
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, 'The Lord is come!'

*Reginald Heber, 1783-1826,
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823*