

The Hymnal 1982 - #59 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding

Descant

2 Wak-ened by the sol-emn warn-ing, from earth's bond-age let us rise;
 5 Hon-or, glo-ry, might, and bless-ing to the Fa-ther and the Son,
 1 Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing: "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
 2 Wak-ened by the sol-emn warn-ing, from earth's bond-age let us rise;
 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long ex-pect-ed, comes with par-don down from heaven;
 4 so when next he comes with glo-ry, and the world is wrapped in fear,
 5 Hon-or, glo-ry, might, and bless-ing to the Fa-ther and the Son,

2 Christ, our sun, all sloth dis-pel-ling, shines up-on the morn-ing skies.
 5 with the ev-er-last-ing Spi-rit while un-end-ing a-ges run.
 1 "Cast a-way the works of dark-ness, O ye child-ren of the day."
 2 Christ, our sun, all sloth dis-pel-ling, shines up-on the morn-ing skies.
 3 let us haste, with tears of sor-row, one and all to be for-given;
 4 may he with his mer-cy shield us, and with words of love draw near.
 5 with the ev-er-last-ing Spi-rit while un-end-ing a-ges run.

Words: Latin, ca. 6th cent.; tr. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, alt. Music: Merton, William Henry Monk (1823-1889); desc. Alan Gray (1855-1935)
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The Hymnal 1982 - #480 When Jesus left his Father's throne



1 When Je - sus left his Fa - ther's throne, he chose an hum - ble birth;
2 Sweet were his words and kind his look, when mo - thers round him pressed;
3 When Je - sus in - to Zi - on rode, the chil - dren sang a - round;



like us, un - hon - ored and un - known, he came to dwell on earth.
their in - fants in his arms he took, and on his bos - om blessed.
for joy they plucked the palms and strowed their gar - ments on the ground.



Like him may we be found be - low, in wis - dom's path of peace;
Safe from the world's al - lur - ing harms, be - neath his watch - ful eye,
Ho - san - na our glad voic - es raise, ho - san - na to our King!



like him in grace and know - ledge grow as years and strength in - crease.
thus in the cir - cle of his arms may we for ev - er lie.
Should we for - get our Sa - vior's praise, the stones them - selves would sing.

Descant

4 Our glad ho-san-nas, Prince of Peace, thy wel-come

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Sa-vior comes, the Sa-vior
 2 He comes, the pris-oners to re-lease in Sa-tan's
 3 He comes, the bro-ken heart to bind, the bleed-ing
 4 Our glad ho-san-nas, Prince of Peace, thy wel-come

shall pro-claim; and heaven's e-ter-nal

prom-ised long; let ev-ery heart pre-
 bond-age held; the gates of brass be-
 soul to cure; and with the trea-sures
 shall pro-claim; and heaven's e-ter-nal

arch-es ring with thy be-lov-ed Name.

pare a throne, and ev-ery voice a song.
 fore him burst, the i-ron fet-ters yield.
 of his grace to en-rich the hum-ble poor.
 arch-es ring with thy be-lov-ed Name.

Words: Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

Music: *Richmond*, melody Thomas Haweis (1734-1820); adapt. Samuel Webbe, Jr. (1770-1843);
 harm. *The English Hymnal*, 1906; desc. Craig Sellar Lang (1891-1971)

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