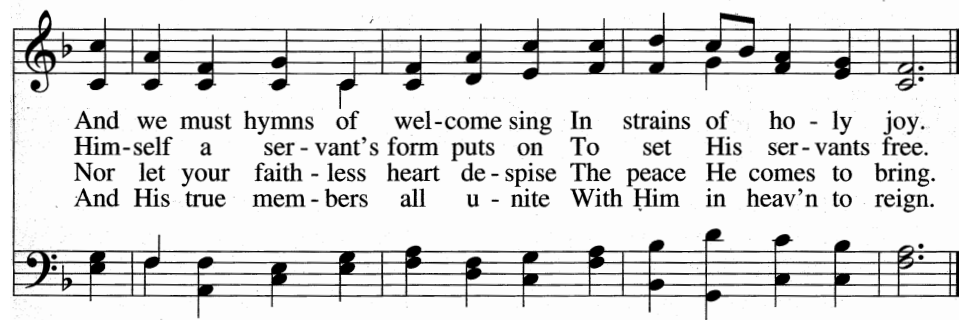


The Advent of Our King

331



1 The ad - vent of our King Our prayers must now em - ploy,
 2 The ev - er - last - ing Son In - car - nate deigns to be,
 3 O Zi - on's daugh - ter, rise To meet your low - ly King,
 4 As judge, on clouds of light, He soon will come a - gain



And we must hymns of wel - come sing In strains of ho - ly joy.
 Him - self a ser - vant's form puts on To set His ser - vants free.
 Nor let your faith - less heart de - spise The peace He comes to bring.
 And His true mem - bers all u - nite With Him in heav'n to reign.

5 Before the dawning day
 Let sin's dark deeds be gone,
 The sinful self be put away,
 The new self now put on.

△ 6 All glory to the Son,
 Who comes to set us free,
 With Father, Spirit, ever one
 Through all eternity.

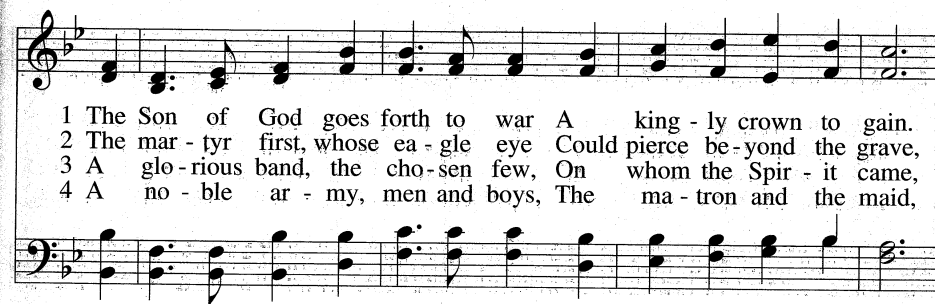
Text: Charles Coffin, 1676–1749; tr. John Chandler, 1806–76, alt.
 Tune: Aaron Williams, 1731–76; setting: *The Lutheran Hymnal*, 1941

ST. THOMAS
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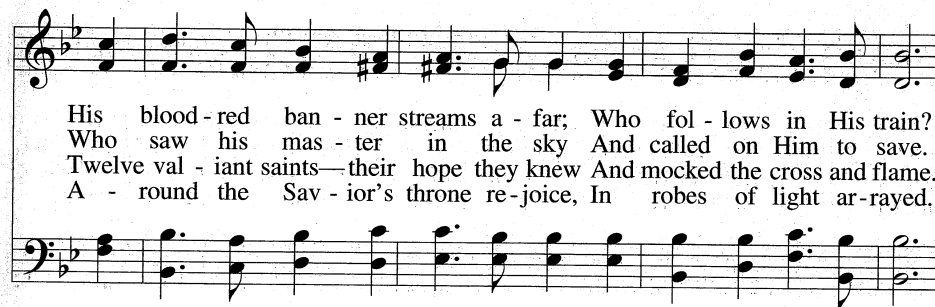
Text and music: Public domain

Luke 19:28–40; Phil. 2:5–11; Eph. 4:22–24; Dan. 7:13–14

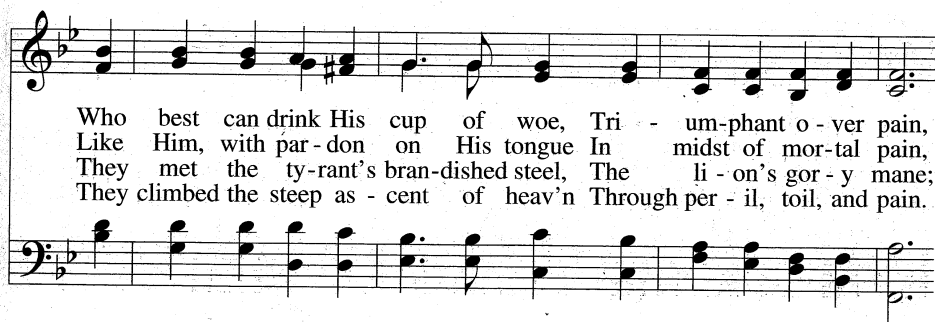
The Son of God Goes Forth to War 661



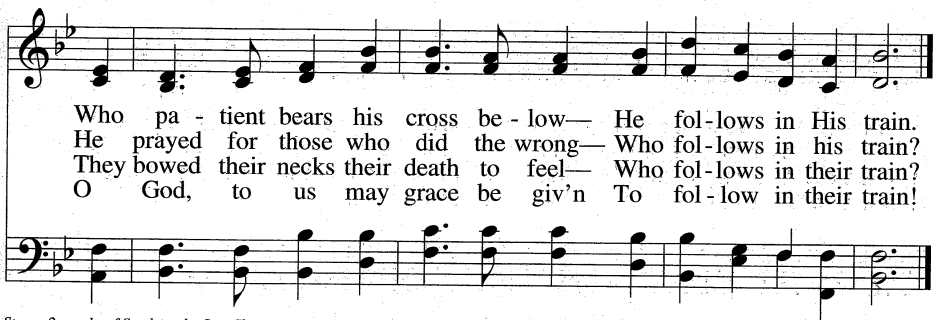
1 The Son of God goes forth to war A king - ly crown to gain.
 2 The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3 A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came,
 4 A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his mas - ter in the sky And called on Him to save.
 Twelve val - iant saints—their hope they knew And mocked the cross and flame.
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Through per - il, toil, and pain.



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low— He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for those who did the wrong— Who fol - lows in his train?
 They bowed their necks their death to feel— Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

Stanza 2 speaks of Stephen, the first Christian martyr.

Text: Reginald Heber, 1783–1826, alt.
 Music: Henry S. Cutler, 1824–1902

ALL SAINTS NEW
 C M D

Text and music: Public domain

Rev. 19:11–16; Luke 9:23–24; Acts 7:54–60; 1 Tim. 6:12