HARK, THE GLAD SOUND!



- 2. On him the Spirit, largely poured, exerts its sacred fire; wisdom and might, and zeal and love, his holy breast inspire.
- 3. He comes, the prisoners to release, in Satan's bondage held;the gates of brass before him burst, the iron fetters yield.
- 4. He comes, from thickest films of vice to clear the mental ray, and on the eyeballs of the blind to pour celestial day.
- 5. He comes, the broken heart to bind, the bleeding soul to cure, and with the treasure of his grace enrich the humble poor.
- 6. His silver trumpets publish loud the jubilee of the Lord; our debts are all remitted now, our heritage restored.
- 7. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, thy welcome shall proclaim, and heaven's eternal arches ring with thy beloved name.

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