THE JUBILEE



- We wait thy triumph, Saviour, King!
 Long ages have prepared the way;
 Now all abroad thy banner fling,
 set Time's great battle in array.
- 3. Thy hosts are mustered to the field, "The Cross! the Cross!" their battle-call; the old grim towers of darkness yield, and soon shall totter to their fall.
- 4. On mountain tops the watch-fires glow, where scattered wide the watchmen stand; voice echoes voice, and onward flow the joyous shouts from land to land.
- 5. Thou hast our humble service blessed, while fifty years have rolled their round; weary and worn the fathers rest, but in their stead the sons are found.
- 6. O fill thy Church with faith and power! bid her long night of weeping cease; to groaning nations haste the hour of life and freedom, light and peace.
- 7. Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known! Fulfil the Father's high decree; then earth the might of hell o'erthrown shall keep her last great jubilee.

Words: Ray Palmer. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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