



2. Strangers in this world of woe, dead to every hope below, let us wait till Christ shall come to receive us home: Gird your loins, all ready be! Shout with joy your Lord to see: lo! the Lamb for us was slain, we with him shall reign.

3. "Come, Lord Jesus, come!" we cry, "Come!" Creation's groans reply, – chase the gloomy night away, bring the cloudless day; thou hast washed us in thy blood, made us kings and priests to God; come and claim thy ransomed Bride: thou for her hast died!

4. Sun of Righteousness, arise! Let thy glory fill the skies, let the earth thy brightness see, set creation free; sit on thine exalted throne, take the kingdoms for thine own: worthy is the Lamb once slain, worthy thou to reign.

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