Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

1 Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand; set your minds on things eternal, for with blessing in his hand Christ our Lord to come;

2 King of kings, yet born of Mary, once upon the earth he stood; Lord of lords we now perceive him come, the powers of heaven ascend to his presence, and from the realms of endless day, the cry: "Alleluia, alleluia!"

3 Rank on rank the host of heaven stream before him as with ceaseless voice they cry: "Alleluia, alleluia, most High!" came our homage to command.

4 At his feet the six-winged seraph, cherubim with sleepless eye veil their faces to his presence, his own self for heavenly food, clears the gloom of hell away.

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