Lo! He Comes, with Clouds Descending

1. Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
   once for our salvation slain;
   saints attesting swell the triumph
   of his train: Alleluia! Alleluia!

2. Every eye shall now behold him,
   robed in dreadful majesty;
   naught and sold him pierced, and nailed him
   to the tree, deploring wailing, deploring wailing,

3. Those dear tokens of his passion
   still his dazzling body bears, cause of endless
   exultation to his ransomed
   worshipers; with what rap-ture, with what rap-ture

4. Yea, a-men! let all adore thee,
   high on thine eternal throne; Savior, take the
   power and glory, claim the kingdom
   for thine own: Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ shall return to reign.
Gaze we on those glorious scars!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.