Lo! He Comes, with Clouds Descending

1. Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, once for our salvation slain;
   thousand thousand saints attending his majesty;
   those who set at naught and sold him body bears, cause of endless exultation.
   swell the triumph of his train: Alleluia!

2. Every eye shall now behold him, robed in dreadful majesty;
   those who set at naught and sold him body bears, cause of endless exultation.
   eternal throne; Savior, take the power and glory,
   pierced, and nailed him to the tree, deeply wailing,

3. Those dear tokens of his passion still his dazzling
   to his ransomed worshippers; with what rapture,
   claim the kingdom for thine own: Alleluia!
   with what rapture gaze we on those glorious scars!

4. Yea, amen! let all adore thee, high on thine exaltation
   take the power and glory, thine alone.
   Alleluia! Christ the Lord returns to reign.
   Alleluia! Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.

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