Lo! He Comes with Clouds Descending

Words by Charles Wesley
Music by Thomas Hastings

1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain;
   Thou-sand, thou-sand saints at-tend-ing Swell the triumph of His train;
   Hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pear-s on earth to reign;
   Deep-ly wail-ing Shall the true Mes-si-a-h see;

2. Ev-ry eye shall now behold Him, Robed in dread-ful maj-es-ty;
   Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
   Deep-ly wail-ing Shall the true Mes-si-a-h see;
   Oh, come quick-ly, Hal-le-lu-jah! Come, Lord, come;

3. Yea, A-men; let all adore Thee, High on Thine et-ter-nal throne:
   Sav-i-or, take the pow’r and glo-ry; Claim the king-dom for Thine own.
   Hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pear-s on earth to reign.
   Oh, come quick-ly, Hal-le-lu-jah! Come, Lord, come.