

Hymn 2

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne
And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 3 He comes to cleanse the human soul
From thickest scales of sin,
And by the entrance of his words
Give light and life within.

- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

- 5 His silver trumpets publish loud
The jubilee of the Lord ;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.

- 6 Thy glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

P DODDRIDGE