

- 4 No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need ;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.
- 5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest ;
Accept redemption, and be blest ;
The Christ who died, by God is crowned
To pardon on redemption ground.

11. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 13.*

- C**HRI**S**T is coming ! let creation
From her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase :
- CHO.**—Christ is coming ! Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !
Christ is coming ! Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign.
- 3 Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod ;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
- 4 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see.
- 5 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty raisom'd chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

12.

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