

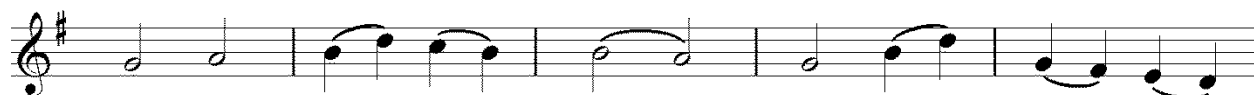
HYMNS FROM GRACE

EPISODE I

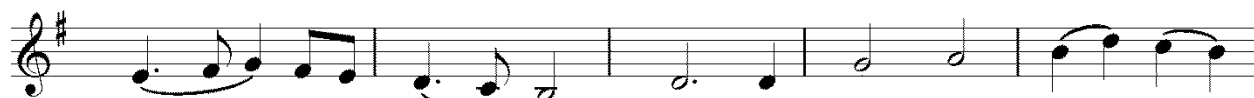
HYMN 57



1 Lo! he comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, once for
2 Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold him, robed in
3 Those dear tok - ens of his pas - sion still his
4 Yea, a - men! let all a - dore thee, high on



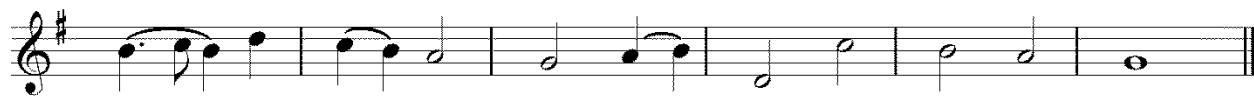
our sal - va - tion slain; thou - sand thou - sand
dread - ful ma - jes - ty; those who set at
daz - zling bo - dy bears, cause of end - less
thine e - ter - nal throne; Sa - vior, take the



saints at - tend - ing swell the tri - umph of his
nought and sold him, pierced, and nailed him to the
ex - ul - ta - tion to his ran - somed wor - ship -
power and glo - ry; claim the king - dom for thine



train: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
tree, deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly wail - ing,
ers; with what rap - ture, with what rap - ture,
own: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord re - turns to reign.
deep - ly wail - ing, shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
with what rap - ture, gaze we on those glo - rious scars!
Al - le - lu - ia! Thou shalt reign, and thou a - lone.

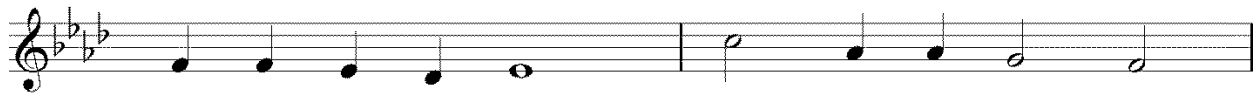
Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

*Music: Helmsley, melody Thomas Augustine Arne (1710-1778);
harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), alt.*

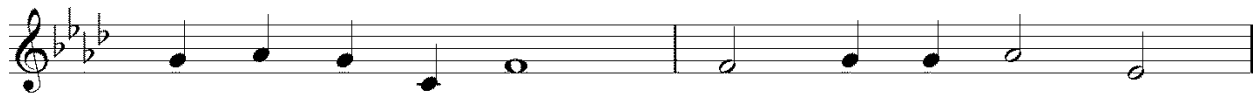
HYMN 541



1 Come, la - bor on. Who dares stand i - dle
 2 Come, la - bor on. The en - e - my is
 3 Come, la - bor on. A - way with gloom - y
 4 Come, la - bor on. Claim the high call - ing
 5 Come, la - bor on. No time for rest, till



1 on the har - vest plain, while all a - round us
 2 watch - ing night and day, to sow the tares, to
 3 doubts and faith - less fear! No arm so weak but
 4 an - gels can - not share— to young and old the
 5 glows the west - ern sky, till the long sha - dows



1 waves the gold - en grain? And to each ser - vant
 2 snatch the seed a - way; while we in sleep our
 3 may do ser - vice here: by feeb - lest a - gents
 4 Gos - pel glad - ness bear: re - deem the time; its
 5 o'er our path - way lie, and a glad sound comes



1 does the Mas - ter say, "Go work to - day."
 2 du - ty have for - got, he slum - bered not.
 3 may our God ful - fill his right - eous will.
 4 hours too swift - ly fly. The night draws nigh.
 5 with the set - ting sun, "Ser - vants, well done."

*Words: Jane Laurie Borthwick (1813-1897), alt.
 Music: Ora Labora, Thomas Tertius Noble (1867-1953)*

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