

ST. THOMAS.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

J. F. WADE'S *Cantus Diversi*, 1751.

1 Lo, He comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;
 Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train;
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign. A - men.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All His saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Alleluia!
 See the day of God appear.
- 4 Yea, amen; let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
 Alleluia!
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone. Amen.

JOHN CENNICK, 1750, and CHARLES WESLEY, 1758