

T.W. Carter

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Sav - ior comes, The Sav - ior prom - ised long! Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. On

2. He comes, the pris - 'ners to re - lease, In Sa - tan's bond - age held; The gates of brass be - fore Him burst, The i - ron fet - ters yield. He

3. He comes, the bro - ken heart to bind, The bleed - ing soul to cure. And with the trea - sures of His grace T 'en - rich the hum - ble poor. Our

Him the Spir - it large - ly poured, Ex - erts His sa - cred fire; Wis - dom and might, and zeal and love, His ho - ly breast in - spire.

comes, from thick - est films of vice To clear the men - tal ray, And on the eyes op - pressed with night To pour ce - les - tial day.

glad ho - san - nas, Prince of peace, Thy wel - come shall pro - claim, And heav'n's e - ter - nal arch - es ring With Thy be - lov - ed name.