

Hark! The Cry, Behold, He Cometh
Words:Albert Midlane, 1864
Music:Lowell Mason, 1844.

Hark! the cry, Behold, He cometh,
Hark! the cry, The Bridegroom's near,
These are accents falling sweetly
On the ransomed sinner's ear.

Man may disbelieve the tidings,
Or in anger turn away;
'Tis foretold there shall be scoffers
Rising in the latter day:

But He'll come, the Lord from Heaven,
Not to suffer or to die;
But to take His waiting people
To their glorious rest on high.

Happy they who stand expecting
Christ, the Savior, to appear;
Sad for those who do not love Him,
Those who do not wish Him here.

But in mercy still He lingers,
Lengthening out the day of grace;
Till He comes, inviting sinners
To His welcome, fond embrace.