

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
announces that the Lord is nigh;
come then and hearken, for He brings
glad tidings from the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
and furnished for so great a guest!
Yea, let us each our heart prepare,
for Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
our refuge and our great reward;
without Thy grace our souls must fade,
and wither lie a flower decayed.

Stretch forth Thy hand to heal our sore,
and make us rise, to fall no more;
once more upon Thy people shine,
and fill the world with love divine.

All praise, eternal Son, to Thee
Whose advent sets Thy people free,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
and Holy Ghost, for evermore.