

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

Then cleansed be every breast from sin; make straight the way for God within; prepare we in our hearts a home, where such a mighty guest may come.

For thou art our salvation, Lord, our refuge, and our great reward; without thy grace we waste away, like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out thine hand, and bid the fallen sinner stand; shine forth, and let thy light restore earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, eternal Son, to thee whose advent doth thy people free, whom with the Father we adore and Holy Ghost for evermore.

Words: Charles Coffin (1676-1749), translated by John Chandler (1806-1876) Music: Adapted from *Musicalisches Hand-Buch* (Hamburg, 1690)