

Reception

(♩ = 120)

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

Well, the Redeemer's gone T'appear before our God; To sprin - kle o'er the flaming throne With his a - to - ning blood. No

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

fiery vengeance now, Nor burning wrath comes down. If justice calls for sinners' blood, The Sa - vior shows his own. Be -

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

-fore his Fa - ther's eye Our hum - ble suit he moves; The Fa - ther lays his thun - ders by, And looks, and

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

smiles, and loves. Now may our joy - ful tongues Our Ma - ker's ho - nor sing; Je - sus the Priest re - ceives our songs, And

Tr. ⁴⁵ ⁵⁰ ⁵⁵

C.

T. bears them to the King. We bow before his face, And sound his glo - ries high: Hosannah to the God of grace, That

B.

Tr. ⁶⁰ ^(♩ = 120) ⁶⁵

C.

T. lays his thunders by. And triumphs all a - bove: But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains To

B.

On earth thy mercy reigns,

Tr. ⁷⁰ ⁷⁵ ⁸⁰

C.

T. speak im - mor - tal love! How jar - ring and how low Are all the notes we sing. Sweet Savior, tune our songs anew, And

B.

Tr. ⁸⁵

C.

T. this shall please the King, And this shall please _____ the King, And this shall please _____ the King.

B.

this shall please the King, _____ And this shall please _____ the King, And this shall please the King.