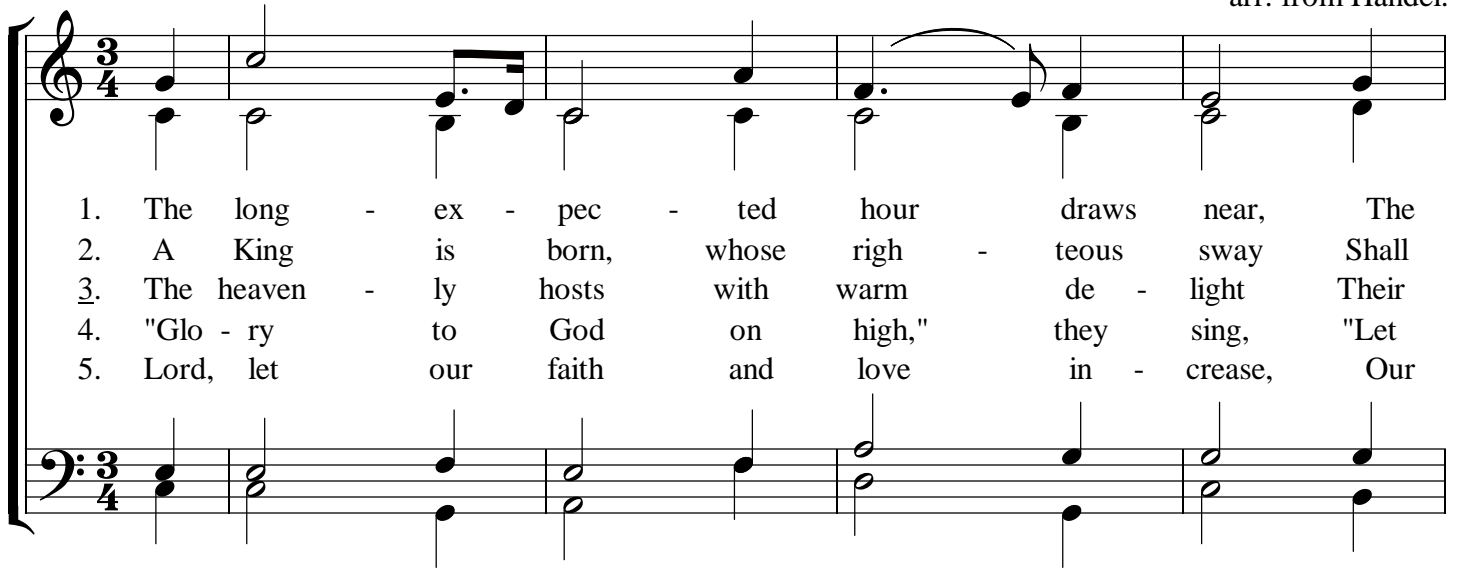


The long-expected hour draws near

William Hiley Bathurst (1796-1877)

BRADFORD, C.M.,
arr. from Handel.



1. The long - ex - pec - ted hour draws near, The
2. A King is born, whose righ - teous sway Shall
3. The heaven - ly hosts with warm de - light Their
4. "Glo - ry to God on high," they sing, "Let
5. Lord, let our faith and love in - crease, Our



1. dawn - ing is be - gun; And night's dark sha - ows
2. stretch through ev - ery hand: Ye moun - tains bend, ye
3. joy - ful praise ex - press; And shall not earth her
4. peace on earth pre - vail; Good - will to man its
5. lips thy prai - ses tell; And let thy pre - sence



1. dis - ap - pear Be - fore the ris - ing Sun.
2. rocks give way, And own your Ma - ker's hand.
3. voice u - nite, A Sa - viour's name to bless?
4. bless - ings bring, And joys that ne - ver fail."
5. and thy peace In ev - ery bo - som dwell.