Come, Jesus, from the Sapphire Throne

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne, Where

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
Thy redeemed be- hold Thy face; En-

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
ter this temple, now Thine own, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
let Thy glory fill the place.

The other verses

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'Tis Thine for us; 'tis ours for Thee,
Reared by Thy kind, assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own power Thy Word attend.

4 Here in the dark and sorrowing day
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;
Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away
And give new strength to meet Thy will!

5 When at Thine altar we shall meet
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet
With Thee and with Thy Church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
In Thine own arms the lambs infold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep
Till Thy full glory we behold.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Ray Palmer (1808–1887). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.