

Put on Thy Beautiful Robes

William Chatterton Dix, 1864, alt.

George Crawford Hugg, 1892

♩=98

1. Put on thy beau - ti - ful robes, Bride of Christ, For the
 2. Shake off the dust from thy feet, Bride of Christ, For the
 3. Thou art the Bride of His love, His e - lect— Dry thy
 4. The winds bear the noise of His chari - ot wheels, And the
 5. Once they ar - rayed Him with scorn - ing, but see, His ap -
 6. Hark! 'tis her voice: Al - le - lu - ia— she sings— Al - le -
 7. Choir an - swers choir, where the song has no end, All the

King shall em-brace thee to - day, Break forth in - to sing - ing, the
 Con - quer - or, gird - ed with might, Has van - quished the de - vil, the
 tears, for thy sor - rows are past; Long were all the hours when thy
 thun - ders of vic - to - ry roar; Lift up thy beau - ti - ful gates,
 - pa - rel is glo - ri - ous now: In His hand are the keys of
 - lu - ia, the cap - tives are free; Un - folded now the ga - tes of
 saints raise ho - san - nahs on high; Deep calls un - to deep in the

morn - ing has dawned, And the shadows of the night speed a - way.
 dra - gon cast down, And the co - horts of Hell put to flight.
 Lord was a - way, But He comes with the morn - ing at last.
 Bride of Chr - ist, For the grave has do - min - ion no more.
 death and of hell, And the di - a - dem gleams on His brow.
 pa - ra - dise stand, And un - folded they for ev - er shall be.
 o - cean of love, As the Bride lifts her ju - bi - lant cry!