

# 487 In humble guise He's nearing

Poet unknown

Heinrich Isaak (ca. 1450-1517)

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. In hum - ble guise He's near - ing, up - on a colt ap -  
2. No hosts He leads, our Sav - iour; of love speaks His be -  
3. The Lord of truth un - end - ing, a - new to - day is  
4. Let now Your light be shin - ing; de - feat all dark de -

pear - ing: The King be - hold with joy! Greet  
hav - iour. O hail the Prince of Peace! Though  
send - ing in hum - ble, low - ly guise, the  
sign - ing, Lord, through Your deed of grace. Whilst

Him with palms and flow - ers, strewn on His way in  
pow'rs on earth are striv - ing, the way to God de -  
ser - vants who will guide us, with heav'n - ly peace pro -  
glad ho - san - nas sing - ing, our bur-nished lamps we're

show - ers; let all their songs of praise em - ploy.  
priv - ing, His king - dom ev - er shall in - crease.  
vide us: The peace that on - ly He sup - plies.  
bring - ing, what joy to meet You face to face!