HYMN for the EPIPHANY.

- SONS of Men, behold from far, Hail the long-expected Star! Jacob's Star that gilds the Night, Guides bewilder'd Nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that Ill should flow, Wars or Pestilence below, Wars it bids and Tumults cease, Ushering in the Prince of Peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath, Piercing thro' the Shade of Death, Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread Night, Kindling Darkness into Light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near, Haste to see your GOD appear! Haste, for Him your Hearts prepare; Meet him manifested there!
- 5 There behold the Day-spring rife, Pouring Eye-sight on your Eyes, GOD in his own Light survey, Shining to the Perfect Day.
- 6 Sing, ye Morning-stars, again, GOD descends on Earth to reign, Deigns for Man his Life t'employ; Shout, ye Sons of GOD, for Joy!

HYMN for EASTER-DAY.

"CHRIST the Lord is ris'n To-day,"
Sons of Men and Angels say,

Raife your Joys and Triumphs high, Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

- 2 Love's Redeeming Work is done, Fought the Fight, the Battle won, Lo! our Sun's Echipfe is o'er, Lo! He fets in Blood no more.
- 3 Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal; Christ hath burst the Gates of Hell! Death in vain forbids his Rise: Christ hath open'd Paradise!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King, Where, O Death, is now thy Sting? Once He died our Souls to fave, Where thy Victory, O Grave?
- 5 Soar we now, where Christ has led, Following our Exalted Head, Made like Him, like Him we rife: Ours the Cross; the Grave; the Skies,
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd All, Partners of our Parent's Fall, Second Life we All receive, In our Heav'nly Adam live,
- 7 Ris'n with Him, we upward move, Still we feek the Things above, Still purfue, and kifs the Son, Seated on his Father's Throne;
- 8 Scarce on Earth a Thought bestow, Dead to all we leave below, Heav'n our Aim, and lov'd Abode, Hid our Life with Christ in GOD!

146 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

- 9 Hid; 'till Christ our Life appear, Glorious in his Members here: Join'd to Him, we then shall shine All Immortal, all Divine!
- 10 Hail the LORD of Earth and Heav'n!
 Praise to Thee by both be giv'n:
 Thee we greet Triumphant now;
 Hail the Resurrection Thou!
- 11 King of Glory, Soul of Blifs, Everlafting Life is This, Thee to know, thy Pow'r to prove, Thus to fing, and thus to love!

HYMN for ASCENSION-DAY.

- I HAIL the Day that fees Him rife, Ravith'd from our wishful Eyes; Christ awhile to Mortals giv'n, Re-ascends his native Heav'n!
- 2 There the pompous Triumph waits, "Lift your Heads, Eternal Gates, "Wide unfold the radiant Scene, "Take the King of Glory in!
- "Take the King of Glory in!
- 3 Circled round with Angel Powers, Their Triumphant Lord, and Ours, Conqueror over Death and Sin, Take the King of Glory in!
- 4 Him tho' highest Heav'n receives, Still He loves the Earth He leaves; Tho' returning to his Throne, Still He calls Mankind his own.