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EASTER SUNDAY.

HAIL! this morn's auspicious light,
That rose upon the gloom of night:
Mortals! your tongues should never cease
To hail the glorious Prince of Peace.

Sons of men, he dwelt with you, The perfect rule of life he drew: See your Saviour's matchless love, For you, severest sorrows prove.

The friend of man, he yields his breath, Despis'd in life, revil'd in death;
But grief and pain, and death he bore,
To soften their tyrannic pow'r.

Arise and shine, our light is come, He breaks the prison of the tomb: Celestial Hero! wide display, The banners of eternal day.

We'll rest our hopes upon his word, And wait the coming of our Lord; The power of death no more we'll dread, For Christ is risen from the dead.

Hail! this morn's auspicious light,
That rose upon the gloom of night;
Mortals, your tongues should never cease,
To hail the glorious Prince of Peace.

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