

FOR  
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.