

XII.

Our airy Feet with unknown flight
Swift as the motions of Desire
Run up the Hills of Heavenly Light,
And leave the Weltring World in Fire.

THE
Sufferings and Glories
OF
CHRIST.

A SONG. *In Trisyllable Feet.*

I.

I Long for a Confort of Heavenly Praise,
To *Jesus* the God, the Omnipotent Son,
My Voice should awake in Harmonious Lays,
Could it tell half the Wonders that *Jesus* has done.

II.

I would sing how he left his own Palace of Light,
And Robes made of Glory that dress'd him above ;
Yet pleas'd with his Journey, and swift was his Flight,
For he rode on the Pinions of Infinite Love.

III.

Far down to the Place of our distant Abode
He came (we adore him) to raise us on high ;
He came to atone the Revenge of a God,
And he took up a Life to be able to die.

IV.

All Hell and its Lyons stood Roaring around,
His Flesh and his Spirit with Malice they tore ;
While Worlds of Sorrow lay pressing him down,
As vast as the Burden of Sins that he bore.

V.

Fast bound in the Chains of Imperious Death
The Infinite Captive a Prisoner lay,
The Infinite Captive arose from the Earth,
And leap't to the Hills of Ethereal Day.

VI.

VI.

Then mention no more of the Wrath of a God ;
Of the Lyons of Hell and their Roarings no more ;
We lift up our Eyes to his Shining Abode,
And our loudest *Hosannahs* his Name shall adore.

VII.

We crown the Triumpher with the Honours he won,
Hosannah thro' all the Cœlestial Groves !
The God and the Man ! how he fills up his Throne !
How He sits ! how He shines ! how He looks ! how
He Loves !

VIII.

O happy ye Heavens, and happy ye Hills
Where he treads with his Feet and diffuseth his Grace,
While Mercy and Majesty, Glories and Smiles
Play gently around the sweet Air of his Face.

IX.

Amongst a full Choir of Archangels and Songs
The Mighty Redeemer Eternally reigns,
And the Sound of his Name from a Million of
Tongues
Flies o're the bright Mountains and blesses the Plains.