

WRITTEN ON EASTER DAY.

GLAD tidings hath my Saviour brought
To cheer the drooping mind,
And mighty wonders hath he wrought
This day for lost mankind.

Awake! cast off the works of night,
The sacred page explore,
There view how life is brought to light,
And there thy God adore.

There thou may'st drown each slavish fear,
There hear thy God proclaim
Peace and salvation far and near
To all, who love his name.

Can gratitude, can duty move ?

Can faith or hope inspire ?

Doth pious zeal, doth fervent love

Thy soul with ardour fire ?

Here may thy mind with full delight

Each faculty employ ;

Here, rapt in thought, bring to thy sight

Immortal scenes of joy.

For as our dear Redeemer rose,

And overcame the grave,

We may in his blest word repose,

And He our souls will save.

Death is no longer now our foe,

Nor can for victory strive ;

For since by man came death and woe,

By Christ we're made alive.

Methodists

Methinks I look beyond this scene
Of pain, and grief, and fear,
To mansions where our God shall reign,
And wipe away each tear.

What heart but must with rapture burn
To meet such heav'nly love !
Come then, my soul, and strive to earn
The joys that are above.

Be stedfast then, thy faith maintain,
In goodness still abound ;
So shall thy labour not be vain,
But by thy God be crown'd.

