

How blissful the prospect! hope springs forth exulting
Already, to share in the joys that shall rise
When each *Romish* nation—its idols renouncing—
Shall pay their glad vows to the king of the skies.

Then hasten, O hasten, victorious Redeemer!
Captivity crush 'neath the roll of Thy oar,
Till at once, from the lips of each ransomed sinner,
Salvation's loud anthem resounds from afar."