

THE SABBATH.

On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes ;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !

HYMN 16.

FROM PSALM CXVIII.

C. M.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' Anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.