

C. M.

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns,
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

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Praise to the Saviour.

11.10.11.10.

- B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

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The love of a dying Saviour.

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- B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree!
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for me!