

- 6 He ceas'd, and sudden all around
 Appear'd a radiant throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Warbling their choral song:
 7 "Glory to God, from whom on high
 All gracious mercies flow!
 Who sends his heav'n-descended peace
 To dwell with man below."

105

The Advent of the Saviour.

C. M.

- H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.
 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
 Exerts his sacred fire;
 Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held:
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eyes, oppressed with night,
 To pour celestial day.
 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.
 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

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Christ comes to destroy sin.

C. M.

- J**OY to the world! the Lord has come!
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.