

The heathen's universal jubilee,
A music sweet, O Saviour Christ, to Thee—
Say, 'mid those happy strains, will not *one* note,—
Sung by a hapless nation once remote,
But now led Home by tender cords of Love,—
Rise clear through those majestic courts above?
Yes! from amid the tuneful, white-robed choirs,
Hymning Jehovah's praise on golden lyres,
One Hallelujah shall for evermore
Tell of the Saviour's love to LABRADOR.
