

The last of nature's children he,
To laud the eternal Deity !
The last his sullen voice to raise,
The Lord of life and light to praise—
Slumberer, wake !—arise ! arise !
Join the chorus of the skies !—
Dost thou sleep ? to whom is given
The privilege of sons of heaven ?
Wake with angel choirs to sing
Glory to the Almighty King,
Who life within himself retains—
Lord of all, Jehovah reigns !

Rising o'er the tide of years,
Lo, a morn more blessed appears :
When yon burning orb of fire,
And moon, and stars, and heavens expire,
And all that once had life and breath,
Emerging from the arms of death,