

THE race that long in darkness pined  
Have seen a glorious light;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.

- 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,  
The gathering nations come,  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
And all the hosts of Heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread;  
His reign no end shall know:  
Justice shall guard His throne above,  
And peace abound below.

*John Morison, 1749-98*