

Stedfast thy Heart, serene thy Brow ;  
 Divinely confident appears  
 Thy mounting Soul, and spreads abroad,  
 And swells to be dissolv'd in GOD.

## XII.

Is this the Soul so late weigh'd down  
 By Cares and Sins, by Griefs and Pains !  
 Whither are all thy Terrors gone ?  
 JESUS for Thee the Vict'ry gains ;  
 And Death, and Sin and Satan yield  
 To Faith's unconquerable Shield.

## XIII.

Blest be the GOD, that calls Thee home ;  
 Faithful to Thee his Mercies prove :  
 Thro' Death's dark Vale he bids Thee come,  
 And more than conquer in his Love ;  
 Robes Thee in Righteousness Divine,  
 And makes the Crown of Glory Thine !

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 HYMN *for* CHRISTMAS-DAY.

## I.

**H**ARK how all the Welkin rings  
 " Glory to the Kings of Kings,  
 " Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,  
 " GOD and Sinners reconcil'd !

## II.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,  
 Join the Triumph of the Skies,  
 Universal Nature say  
 " CHRIST the LORD is born to Day !

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III.

CHRIST, by highest Heav'n ador'd,  
CHRIST, the Everlasting Lord,  
Late in Time behold him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb.

IV.

Veil'd in Flesh, the Godhead see,  
Hail th' Incarnate Deity!  
Pleas'd as Man with Men t' appear  
JESUS, our *Immanuel* here!

V.

Hail the Heav'nly Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and Life to All he brings,  
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

VI.

Mild he lays his Glory by,  
Born — that Man no more may die,  
Born — to raise the Sons of Earth,  
Born — to give them Second Birth.

VII.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
Fix in Us thy humble Home,  
Rise, the Woman's Conqu'ring Seed,  
Bruise in Us the Serpent's Head.

VIII.

Now display thy saving Pow'r,  
Ruin'd Nature now restore,  
Now in Mystic Union join  
Thine to Ours, and Ours to Thine.

*Adam's*

## IX.

*Adam's Likeness, LORD, efface,  
Stamp thy Image in its Place,  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in thy Love.*

## X.

Let us Thee, tho' loft, regain,  
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man:  
O! to All Thyself impart,  
Form'd in each Believing Heart.

## HYMN for the EPIPHANY.

## I.

SONS of Men, behold from far  
Hail the long-expected Star!  
*Jacob's* Star that gilds the Night,  
Guides bewilder'd Nature right.

## II.

Fear not hence that Ill should flow,  
Wars or Pestilence below,  
Wars it bids and Tumults cease,  
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

## III.

Mild He shines on all beneath,  
Piercing thro' the Shade of Death,  
Scatt'ring Error's wide-spread Night,  
Kindling Darkness into Light.

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