## SONS OF MEN, BEHOLD FROM FAR!



- 2. Fear not hence that ill should flow, wars or pestilence below: wars it bids and tumults cease, ushering in the Prince of Peace.
- 3. Mild he shines on all beneath, piercing through the shades of death; scattering error's wide-spread night, kindling darkness into light.
- 4. Nations all, far off and near, haste to see your God appear! Haste! for him your hearts prepare, meet him manifested there.
- 5. Here behold the Dayspring rise, pouring eyesight on your eyes: God in his own light survey, shining to the perfect day.
- 6. Sing, ye morning stars, again! God descends on earth to reign; deigns for man his life to employ: shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

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