SONS OF MEN, BEHOLD FROM FAR

1. Sons of men, behold from far, Hail the long-expect-ed Star:
   Jacob’s Star that gilds the night, Guides be-wil-dered na-ture right.

2. Mild it shines on all be-neath, Pierc-ing thru the shades of death;
   Scat-ting er-ror’s wide-spread night, Kin-dling dark-ness in-to light.

3. Na-tions all, re-mote and near, Haste to see your God ap-pear:
   Haste, for Him your hearts pre-pare, Meet Him man-i-fest-ed there.

4. There be-hold the Day-spring rise, Pour-ing light up-on your eyes:
   See it chase the shades a-way, Shin-ing to the per-fect day.

5. Sing, ye morn-ing stars, a-gain, God de-scends on earth to reign,
   Deigns for man His life t’em-ploy; Shout, ye sons of God, for joy! A-men.