

Prophetic Era! Blissful Day!

Edward Steane, 1828.

Lowell Mason, 1839.

Prophetic era! blissful day!
We catch thy warm, inspiring ray,
Which gleams o'er India's plains;
We hail the dawn of morning light
That breaks upon the gloomy night,
Where superstition reigns.

We hasten thy advance to meet;
With vivid joy the sign we greet,
That brightens in the sky
The peaceful sign of heavenly love,
Which like the holy mystic dove,
Declares Messiah nigh.

Behold! He comes in triumph now;
Before Him see the mountains bow,
And all the valleys rise;
He comes with majesty and grace,
To sanctify the human race,
And raise them to the skies.

We'll aid Thy triumphs, mighty King!
The glories of Thy cross we'll sing,
And shout salvation round;
Till every nation, every land,
From Greenland's shore to Afric's strand
Shall echo back the sound.

Let earth commence the lofty praise;
Let Heaven prolong th'enraptured lays,
Swell every tuneful lyre;
Bright seraphs! chant th'immortal song,
And pour the bounding notes along,
From Heaven's eternal choir.