Sons Of Men, Behold From Far

Words by Charles Wesley
Music by Thibaut

1. Sons of men, behold from far, Hail the long-expected Star:
2. Mild it shines on all beneath, Piercing thru the shades of death;
3. Nations all, remote and near, Haste to see your God appear:
4. There behold the Day-spring rise, Pouring light upon your eyes:
5. Sing, ye morning stars, again, God descends on earth to reign,

Jacob’s Star that gilds the night, Guides bewildered nature right.
Scattering error’s wide-spread night, Kindling darkness into light.
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare, Meet Him manifested there.
See it chase the shades away, Shining to the perfect day.
Deigns for man His life to employ; Shout, ye sons of God, for joy! Amen.