



This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own; Let Heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

Today He rose and left the dead, And Satan's empire fell; Today the saints His triumphs spread, And all His wonders tell.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With messages of grace; Who comes in God His Father's name, To save our sinful race.

Isaac Watts

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