8 The Lord abounds with tender love, And unexampled acts of grace; His weaken'd wrath does slowly move, His willing mercy flows apace.

Psalm 117.

To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 His truth shall ne'er decay,
 Then let the willing nations round
 Their grateful tribute pay.

Psalm 134.

LESS God, ye servants that attend Upon his solemn state: That in his temple, night by night, With humble reverence wait.

Within this house lift up your hands And bless his holy name.
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who heaven and earth did frame.