

"MARK YE WELL HER BULWARKS."

PSALM XLVIII.

Mark ye well her bulwarks,
 'Tis God that made them strong,
 With mercies sure and grace divine,
 His City loved so long;
 Mark ye well her bulwarks,
 Her site how wondrous fair!
 Her palaces a refuge are,
 For God Himself is there!

Mark ye well her bulwarks—
 Behold, "what God hath wrought!"
 In dust she lay, her beauty gone,
 Forsaken and unsought;
 But graven on *His* hands is she,
 And Israel's God is true;
 He loved her, and He raised her up,
 And built her gates anew.

Mark ye well her bulwarks—
 Was this the guilty one?
 That killed and stoned the messengers,
 Cast out and slew the Son?
 Messiah's blood lay at her door,
 Her hands imbrued in sin
 Of crimson dye—blood-guiltiness
 Like this had never been!

Mark ye well her bulwarks,
 And praise the grace divine,
 That raised her when in death she lay,
 And called her light to shine;
 Messiah's blood lay at her door,
 But 'twas for her *He* died;
 Her stones are laid, her walls re-built
 Through Him—the Crucified.

Mark ye well her bulwarks,
 And see that "God is love,"
 Where sin abounds, grace o'er abounds,
 His matchless love to prove;
 Consider well her palaces,
 And all her streets explore
 This God of grace is our God,
 E'en now, and evermore!