

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive
And by thee move and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the pow'r, the grace to move,
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought;
To know the wonders thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

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The baptism of children.

S. M.

- L**ORD! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy love in long succession shown
To ev'ry faithful race.
- 2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!
 - 3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands
Which closer still engage our hearts
To honor thy commands.
 - 4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.