

- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
Nor burning wrath, comes down;
If justice call for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our maker's honor sing,
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.
- 5 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

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Rock smitten; or the Rock of Ages. P. M. 7s.

- R**OCK of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.