

- Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;  
 Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.  
 7. While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
 Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease ;  
 Lord let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
 And make my broken bones rejoice.

## PSALM LXXXIV.

1. LORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwelling of thy love,  
 Thine earthly temples are !  
     To thine abode  
     My heart aspires,  
     With warm desires,  
     To see my God.
2. The sparrow for her young,  
 With pleasure seeks a nest,  
 And wand'ring swallows long  
 To find their wanted rest ;  
     My spirit faints,  
     With equal zeal,  
     To rise and dwell  
     Among thy saints.
3. O happy souls who pray,  
 Where God appoints to hear !  
 O happy men who pay  
 Their constant service there !  
     They praise thee still ;  
     And happy they  
     Who love the way  
     To Zion's hill.
4. They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 'Till each arrives at length ;  
 'Till each in heav'n appears.  
     O glorious seat,  
     When God our king  
     Shall thither bring  
     Our willing feet !