

9

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays His anger by.

I. WATTS.

10

L. M.

- 1 COME, O my soul ! in sacred lays,
Attempt Thy great Creator's praise :
But O, what tongue can speak His fame ?
What verse can reach the lofty theme ?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing ;
And let His praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

T. BLACKLOCK.