

WORSHIP.

- 4 Yet to view the heavens He bends ;
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower,
Set the meanest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers,
'Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways ;
Praise His name—for ever praise.

J. CONDER.

C. M.

22

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry ;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul ! to God ;
Lift, with thy hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A contrite heart shall please Him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

J. NEEDHAM.

7s.

23

- 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord !
Be Thy glorious name adored ;
Lord ! Thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord ! Thine ear
Yet our hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.