

METRICAL PARAPHRASES OF THE COLLECTS.

Collect for the Circumcision of Christ.

Almighty God, who madest thy blessed Son to be circumcised, and obedient to the law for man; Grant us the true circumcision of the Spirit; that, our hearts, and all our members being mortified from all worldly and carnal lusts, we may in all things obey thy blessed will; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

Almighty God! thy blessed Son,
Whose will was one with thine,
Was circumcised for sinful man,
And kept each law divine.

No more that legal rite hath force
Our outward man to bind;
But still we must be circumcised,
And pure in heart and mind.

That better circumcision, Lord!
Thy grace alone imparts,
To slay each worldly carnal lust
That would enslave our hearts.

Hence let us all our passions curb,
Each rebel heart subdue,
And all thy blessed will. O God!
With steadfast zeal pursue.

Collect for the first Sunday after the Epiphany.

O Lord, we beseech thee mercifully to receive the prayers of thy people which call upon thee; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

Unworthy, Lord, we sinners are,
To offer incense at thy throne;
Yet deign to hear thy people's prayer,
And make thy loving mercy known.

Thro' passion, or thro' ign'rance blind,
We oft discern not good from ill;
And when discerning oft we find,
That reason cannot rule the will.

Though all thy sacred laws we knew,
Yet would that knowledge all be vain,
Without the will and power to do
Whate'er thy wisdom shall ordain.

But, Lord, that knowledge, will and power,
Are offerings of thy grace alone,
O grant us these to life's last hour,
And all thy will be henceforth done.

Collect for the second Sunday after the Epiphany.

Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth, mercifully hear the supplications of thy people, and grant us thy peace all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

METRICAL PARAPHRASE.

O God! at whose supreme command,
All nature's wond'rous frame first rose,
And still to thy supporting hand
Its daily preservation owes;

'Tis thine to rule with sov'reign sway
O'er all below and all above:
Angels and saints thy will obey,
And own thy might conjoin'd with love.

From Thee, enthron'd above the skies,
May we this favor, Lord, obtain—
That thou wilt hear, and not despise,
Thy people's supplicating strain.

O let thy peace—thy *heav'nly* peace,
Be with us to our latest breath,
That bids the storms of life to cease,
And draws the sharpest sting of death.