

Vain and presumptuous is the trust
 which in our works we place,
 Salvation from a higher source,
 flows to the human race.
 'Tis from the mercy of our God
 that all our hopes begin.
 His mercy saved our souls from
 death,
 and wash'd our souls from sin.

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Paraphrase lviii. 2nd Version
 1-5.

Where high the heav'nly temple
 stands,
 The house of God not made with
 hands,
 A great High Priest our nature
 wears,
 The guardian of mankind appears.
 He who for men their surety stood,
 And pour'd on earth his precious
 blood,
 Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains;
 And still remembers in the skies
 His tears, his agonies, and cries.

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Paraphrase lx.

Father of peace, and God of love!
 we own thy power to save.
 That power by which our Shepherd
 victorious o'er the grave. [rose
 Him from the dead thou brought'st
 again,
 when, by his sacred blood,
 Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
 th' eternal cov'nant stood.

O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
 and mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may
 stray,
 but keep thy precepts still:
 That to perfection's sacred height
 we nearer still may rise,
 And all we think, and all we do,
 be pleasing in thine eyes.

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Paraphrase lxvi. 1-5.

How bright these glorious spirits
 shine!
 whence all their white array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 of everlasting day?