

The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing, sigh, O Lord, to Thee.

- 2 Thou true Desire of nations hear ;
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear ;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.
- 3 O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery ;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.
- 4 All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent doth Thy people free ;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

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" Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord ! "

J. BARNBY.

- 1 SWEET is Thy mercy, Lord !
Before Thy mercy seat
My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word,
And owns Thy mercy sweet.
- 2 Where'er Thy Name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest
And find Thy mercy sweet.