

They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

C. M

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WATTS.

1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.