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Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the  
skies

Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every  
tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore  
to shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring;  
In songs of praise divinely sing;  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's  
name.

4 Praise God from whom all blessings  
flow; [low;  
Praise Him, all creatures here be-  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy  
Ghost.

12

L. M.

*God's love in the gift of His Son.*

FATHER, whose everlasting Love,  
Thy only Son for sinners gave;  
Whose grace to all did freely move,  
And sent Him down the world to  
save:

2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,  
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined:  
To praise the Lamb who died for all  
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard  
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;  
For all Thou hast in Christ pre-  
pared  
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world He suffered to redeem;  
For all He hath atonement made;  
For those that will not come to Him,  
The ransom of His life was paid.

5 Arise, O God! maintain Thy cause;  
The fulness of the Gentiles call:  
Lift up the standard of Thy cross,  
And all shall own, Thou diedst  
for all.

L. M. 13

Psalm lxxiii.

L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble  
claim, [rest;

Be Thou my hope, my joy, my  
The glories that compose Thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just  
and wise,

Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am Thine, by sacred ties,  
Thy son, Thy servant, bought  
with blood.

3 With fainting heart, and lifted  
hands,

For Thee I long, to Thee I look;  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from Thee, my God, re-  
move,  
Life could no lasting bliss afford:  
My joy, the sense of pardoning love;  
My guard, the presence of my  
Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice  
While I have breath to pray or  
praise; [rejoice,  
This work shall make my heart  
And fill the circle of my days.

14

L. M.

*Invitation to Worship.—Psalm c.*

ALL people that on earth do  
dwell, [voice;  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful  
Hm serve with fear, His praise  
forth tell,

Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us  
take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts  
unto; [always,  
Praise, Isud, and bless His name  
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why, the Lord our God is  
good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.