

Isaiah says, come and incline
 Your ear to God, your soul shall live.*
 Let love around your actions twine,
 And God shall every blessing give.

The love that makes us evil shun,
 That guides us in the paths of peace,
 Is love that Christ for us has won,
 And folly's ways will make to cease.

O grant us then this heavenly love!
 Unselfish, holy, kind and pure,
 Its rays, descending from above,
 Will everlasting joys secure.

For God's own Son in human form,
 In perfect beauty, trod the earth;
 He died on that eventful morn,
 His soul went to the Spirits' hearth.

My God! my God! † why hast thou gone,
 The human said to the divine;
 The earth did quake, the rocks were torn,
 A perfect sacrifice did shine.

Two deaths God has prepared for man:
 The body first, and then the soul;
 This is our great Creator's plan—
 Man over death has no control.

God in his wrath volcanoes made,
 Which yet may all the earth consume,
 Beneath the world's foundation laid,
 The serpent's poison feeds the fume.

These often cause the earth to quake,
 And towns and villages destroy;
 Yet man will not his sins forsake,
 Nor yet his energies employ—