

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

71.

ANOTHER.

YES! we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By his word in every land:
 Mark his progress—

Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad:
 Every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious
 Through the world, in every land;
 Let the idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

KELLY.