

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrates lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merits of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 4.

4-6's. & 2-8's.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound:
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;