

- 4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.
- 5 Kindly receive this tender branch,
 And form his soul for God;
 Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,
 And wash him with thy blood.

730

The resurrection of the just.

C. M.

- H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
 And triumph o'er the just,
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain
 Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo! I behold the scatter'd shades!
 The dawn of heav'n appears:
 The sweet, immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise,"
 And lo! the graves obey:
 And waking saints with joyful eyes
 Salute th' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the midway air;
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And bow before him there.
- 5 O may our humble spirits stand
 Among them cloth'd in white!
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.

733

Judgment.

L. M.

- H**OW great, how terrible that God
 Who shakes creation with his word!
 He speaks, and earth's foundations shake
 And all the wheels of nature break.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
 For shelter in the gen'ral wreck?
 Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
 See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!