

GOD.

O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, God of love,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on thee !

HYMN 30.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that
sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and
ever.—Rev. v. 13.

L. M.

Thee we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise thy name with one accord ;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.