

4 People and realms of every tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim,
 Their early blessings on his name.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

Hymn 6. c. m.

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest:
 That only bliss for which it pants
 In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain:
 I suffer on my threescore years
 Till my Deliv'rer come;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.