

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

BATH L.M.

in Green's *A Book of Psalm-Tunes*, 1713

1. Na - ture with o - pen vol-ume stands, To spread her Ma-ker's praise a-broad, And eve-ry la - bor of his hands Shows something worthy of a God.
2. But in the grace that res-cued man, His bright-est form of glo-ry shines; Here on the cross 'tis fair-est drawn In precious blood and crim-son lines.

3. Here his whole name ap-pears com-plete, Nor wit can guess, nor rea-son prove, Which of the let-ters best is writ, The power, the wis-dom, or the love.
4. Here I be - hold his in-most heart, Where grace and vengeance strangely join, Piercing his Son with sharpest smart, To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5. O! the sweet won-ders of that cross, Where God the Sa-vior lov'd and died! Her no-blest life my spir-it draws From his dear wounds and bleeding side.