



Nature with open volume stands, To spread her maker's praise abroad; And every labor of His hands Shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man His brightest form of glory shines; Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn, In precious blood and crimson lines.

Here His whole name appears complete; Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove, Which of the letters best is writ, The power, the wisdom, or the love.

O! the sweet wonders of that cross. Where God the Savior loved and died Her noblest life my spirit draws From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would forever speak His name, In sounds to mortal ears unknown; With angels join to praise the Lamb, And worship at His Father's throne.

Isaac Watts