

40. The Goodness and Mercy of God (208)

- 1 Bless, O, my soul, the living God; Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the powers within me join In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O, my soul, the God of grace; His favors claim thy highest praise; Let not the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in silence and forgot.
- 3 Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done: He owns the ransom, and forgives The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let every land his power confess;
 Let all the earth adore his grace:
 My heart and tongue, with rapture, join
 In work and worship so divine.
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- 41. Lord's Day Service Pleasant. (169)

 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall scize my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine, How deep thy counsels! how divine!

42. Joy of Public Worship. (172)

- 1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs:
 To spend one day with thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day: God is our shield—he guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin; From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too: He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway The glorious host of heaven obey, Display thy grace, exert thy power, Till all on earth thy name adore.

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