



2. Tis by the merits of thy death The Father smiles again; Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men.

1. love?

3. Till God in human flesh I see, My thoughts no comfort find; The holy, just, and sacred Three Are terrors to my mind.

Who can resist Thy heaven

4. But if Immanuel's face appear, My hope, my joy begins; His name forbids my slavish fear, His grace removes my sins.

love?

5. While Jews on their own law rely, And Greeks of wisdom boast, I love th' incarnate mystery, And there I fix my trust.