

2. Tis by the merits of thy deathThe Father smiles again;'Tis by thine interceding breathThe Spirit dwells with men.

3. Till God in human flesh I see, My thoughts no comfort find; The holy, just, and sacred Three Are terrors to my mind. 4. But if Immanuel's face appear, My hope, my joy begins; His name forbids my slavish fear, His grace removes my sins.

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