

NEW BRITAIN.



No. 135. C. M.

- 1 "The promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good;"
He said and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the promise to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.
- 4 The light and strength, and pardoning
grace,
And glory shall be mine,
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

No. 136. C. M.

- 1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see,
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and
snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus
far,
And grace will lead me home.
- No. 137. C. M.
I Through endless years thou art the
same,
O thou eternal God!

Ages to come shall know thy name
And tell thy works abroad.

- 2 The strong foundations of the
Of old by thee were laid:
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of the
Formed by thy powerful hand
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfection, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminished rays.
- No. 138. C. M.
1 How oft, alas, this wretched he
Has wandered from the Lord
How oft my roving thoughts do
Forgetful of his word!