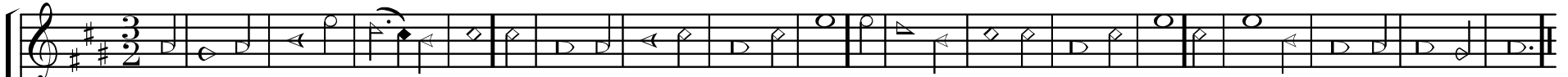


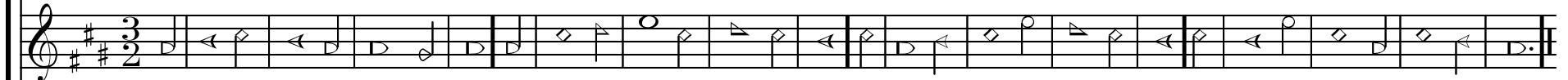
METRE 1 Isaac Watts

# BATH L.M.

in Green's *A Book of Psalm-Tunes*, 1713



1. Na - ture with o - pen vol - ume stands, To spread her Ma - ker's praise a - broad, And eve - ry la - bor of his hands Shows something worthy of a God.  
2. But in the grace that res - cued man, His bright - est form of glo - ry shines; Here on the cross 'tis fair - est drawn In precious blood and crim - son lines.



3. Here his whole name ap - pears com - plete, Nor wit can guess, nor rea - son prove, Which of the let - ters best is writ, The power, the wis - dom, or the love.  
4. Here I be - hold his in - most heart, Where grace and vengeance strangely join, Piercing his Son with sharpest smart, To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.



5. O! the sweet won - ders of that cross, Where God the Sa - vior lov'd and died! Her no - blest life my spir - it draws From his dear wounds and bleeding side.