

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of our God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and suffering lines.
- 3 Here I behold His inmost heart,
Where grace and justice strangely join,
Piercing His Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased blessings mine.
- 4 He Who distributes crowns and thrones—
The Prince of Life—resigns His breath,
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans;
The King of Glory bows to death!
- 5 O, the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Its noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I will for ever speak His name,
In songs to mortal ears unknown:
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.