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Psalm 2 Version 1

THOUGH sinners boldly join
Against the Lord to rise,
Against His Christ combine
Th' Anointed to despise;
Though earth disdain,
And hell engage,
Vain is their rage,
Their counsel vain.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns!
On Zion is His throne;
The Lord's decree sustains
His own begotten Son.
Up from the grave
He bids Him rise
And mount the skies
With power to save.

3 O serve the Lord with fear
And reverence His command;
With sacred joy draw near,
With solemn trembling stand;
Kneel at His throne,
Your homage bear,
His power declare,
And own the Son.

William Goode, 1762-1816

GIVE thanks to God Most High,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings,
And be His love adored;
His power and grace
Are still the same;
So let His name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is His hand!
What wonders He has done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the skies alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy Word.

3 His wisdom framed the sun
To bless the day with light;
The moon and numerous stars
To cheer the hours of night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
So let His name
Have endless praise.

4 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the lost state
This ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy Word.

- 5 He sent His only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
So let His name
Have endless praise.
- 6 Give thanks aloud to God,
The Lord our heavenly King;
Let all upon the earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy Word.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall;
If you wait until you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of Heaven
Sweetly echo with His name!
O such mercy!
Sinners here may sing the same.

COME, all souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the Cross behold the crown.
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2 Sweet as home to exiles weary;
Light to newly-opened eyes;
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the life that Christ supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to life immortal rise.

3 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him;
Blest the ears that hear His voice:
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

Joseph Swain, 1761-96