1. Let the old heathen tune their song, of great Diana and of

2. Behold, a God descends and dies to save my soul from gaping

3. Infinite Lover! Gracious Lord! To Thee be endless honors

Jove. But the sweet theme that moves my tongue is the Re-

Hell. How the black gulf where Satan lies yawned to re-
given. Thy wondrous name shall be adored round the wide

Deemer and His Love. But the sweet theme that moves my
cieve me when I fell! How the black gulf where Satan
earth and wider heaven. Thy wondrous name shall be a.

tongue, is the Redeemer and His love.

lies yawned to receive me when I fell!
dored round the wide earth and wider heaven.