

- 10 In thine own garden, Faith, and
Love to thee;
With these I'll dress it up, and these
shall be
11. My Rosemary and Bays. Yet
when my best
Is done, the room's not fit for such
a Guest :
12. But here's the cure, thy Presence,
Lord, alone
Will make a stall a Court, a cratch
a Throne.

† 415.

Arise i Fetblem.

1. **L**Et's to *Bethle'm* go with long-
ing,
And with chearful Carols thronging,
To get sight of that Babe precious,
With whose Birth this day did blefs
us.
2. Let's to *Bethlem!* by this travel
We shall see the greatest marvel :
God himself a Man commences,
To die for his Folk's offences.
3. Let's go view whom *Daniel* men-
tion'd,
Calling him *of days the Ancient* ;
Alpha, Cause of earth and ocean,
Needing now a Suckling's potion.
4. Let's to *Bethlem*, to see *Mary*
On her lap God's own Son carry ;
Careful 'twixt her hands up-prop-
ping
Him, who keeps the World from
dropping.
5. He who death must once extir-
pate,
Sleeps in swaddling cloaths up-
wrapped :
Who'll break Satan's gates to pieces,
Use of Limbs not yet possesses.
6. Let's go see the Lamb, that's Ma-
ster
Of all sheep, the only Pastor ;

God's Lamb, who bore in due season
The whole World's Guilt and op-
pression.

7. He's the Liege Lord (well re-
member)
Of the quick, and those that slumber.
'Tis thro' him, to Seats prepared
We on Angel-wing are carried.
8. Thus is seen the op'ning Story
Of our Hope, new life, and glory :
God is Man, Man God ; Discov'ry
Which all seasons and makes fav'ry !

416.

Christ yow Oen y Pasc a'n Habertb.

1. **C**Hrist our Paschal Lamb and
Off'ring,
Christ our Surety for us suff'ring,
How divine his Deed and loving,
All the world's Offence removing !
2. He in full-proportion'd tenour
Paid for our each Misdemeanour,
And his Blood, when it flow'd over,
Human blemishes did cover.
3. Must then smart the Lamb un-
spotted
For sheep wandring and befotted ?
Must God's Son, at th'hour prefixed,
Drink the Gall our sins had mixed ?
4. *Adam* eats the Fruit unlawful,
Christ's Teeth feel the founes's wo-
ful :
- Where such sympathizing Lover
Do Time's annals e'er discover ?
5. O ! it stirs up deep Emotion,
Shame insolvent, bound devotion,
To observe what fell on Jesus,
On the Just one, to release us.
6. Such a Prince cut off and Master,
To redress his Slave's disaster !
Blood, to plaister Lazars wretched,
From the kill'd Physician fetched !

7. Ye,