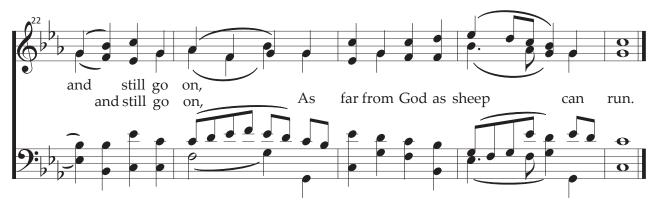


Music: Timothy Swan (1758–1842) Text: John Kent (1766–1843) MONTAGUE 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.



- 2. But see how Heav'n's indulgent care
  Attends their wand'rings here and there:
  Still near at hand, where'er they stray,
  With pricking thorns to hedge their way.
  When wisdom calls, they stop their ear,
  And headlong urge the mad career
  Judgments nor mercies ne'er can sway
  Their roving feet to wisdom's way.
- 3. Glory to God, they ne'er shall rove
  Beyond the limits of His love:
  Fenced with Jehovah's shalls and wills,
  Firm as the everlasting hills.
  Th'appointed time rolls on apace,
  Not to propose but call by grace;
  To change the heart, renew the will,
  And turn their feet to Zion's hill.