## A Collection of Hymns:

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8s. & 6s. Job xxxiv. 29. 1 A NATION God delights to bless, Can all our raging foes distress, Or hurt whom they surround? Hid from the general scourge we are, Nor see the bloody waste of war, Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

2 O might we, Lord! the grace improve, By labouring for the rest of love, The soul-composing power; Bless us with that internal peace, And all the fruits of righteousness, Till time shall be no more.