



1. O Lord, how does Thy mercy throw Its guardian shadow o'er us, Pre-serving while we're
2. And though our ef-forts now to praise Are oft-en cold and low-ly, A nob-ler, sweet-er



here be-low, Safe to the rest be-fore us! As weaker than a bruised reed, We
song we'll raise, With all Thy saints, in glo-ry. We'll lay our tro-phies at Thy feet, We'll



can-not do without Thee; We want Thee here each hour of need, Shall want Thee, too, in glory.
worship and a-dore Thee, Whose pre-cious blood has made us meet To dwell with Thee in glory.

