



1. O Lord, how does Thy mercy throw Its guardian shadow o'er us, Pre-serving while we're  
 2. And though our efforts now to praise Are oft - en cold and low-ly, A nobler, 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 trophies at Thy feet, We'll



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

