

- I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I place in man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
Their thoughts are gone within an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy are they whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His Truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 4 The Lord has eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Arrayed in mortal flesh
 The Covenant Angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in His hands;
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.

3 I love my Shepherd's voice;
 His watchful eye shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
And gently bears the tender lambs.

4 Be Thou my counsellor,
 My pattern, and my guide;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near Thy side:
O, let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

5 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down:
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

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6 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and malice on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 To my dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set!
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

5 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows His ears
And lays His sentence by:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn His heart and love away.

6 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

‘**C**OME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.’
O gracious voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed;
It tells of free forgiveness,
Of pardon, life, and peace,
Of joy that has no ending,
And love which cannot cease.

2 ‘Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.’
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 ‘And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.’
O welcome voice of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt:
Which calls us, wayward sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William Chatterton Dix, 1837-98