

THE Saviour Who redeemed our souls
From death and endless woe,
Whose wisdom each event controls,
From Whom all mercies flow . . .

- 2 He has decreed that even here
His faithful sons shall prove,
Through good or ill, 'midst toil and fear,
The riches of His love.
- 3 But then—when life's brief term is o'er,
And Heaven reveals her gates—
What mighty blessings are in store,
What endless glory waits!
- 4 Praise, then, your Saviour, all His saints,
To Him devote your hearts;
He hears and pities your complaints,
And strength and joy imparts.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862