

MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by my God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand has been my guide;
And in that long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love;
But O, I burn with strong desire
To view Thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51