

**G**OD of my life, through all my days  
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;  
My song shall wake with opening light,  
And cheer the dark and silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my troubled breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er  
And I am chained to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn exalted strains  
Which echo through the heavenly plains;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
- 6 This cheerful tribute will I give  
Long as a deathless soul shall live;  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*