

Thrice happy pilgrims ! who can say,
When the summer of life is past,
Come Autumn winds, I fear ye not,
I on my Saviour rest.

MY SAVIOUR.

Who in the days of infancy,
Watched o'er my helpless form ?
Who gave me more of earthly good,
Than he possessed at life's first dawn ?
My Saviour.

Who kept my erring, wandering feet,
In the slipp'ry paths of youth ?
Who taught me from His precious word,
Precepts of love and truth ?
My Saviour.

Who sought the lost sheep sorrowing,
That from the Shepherd's care did stray,
Happiness to seek in folly's path,
Joy in death's broad crowded way ?
My Saviour.

Who bore the wanderer back to God,
In his arms of tenderest love ?
Who bade the angel throngs rejoice,
And swell their notes in heaven above ?
My Saviour.