

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

5 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

R. GRANT.

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7s. double.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O ! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High !
Happier souls that find a rest
In their heavenly Father's breast :
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls ! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe :
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies :
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;
Guide me through a world of sin :
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
Give me at Thy side a place :