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L. M.

- 1 MY God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of Thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

I. WATTS.

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S. M.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
His grace to thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all His benefits ;
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth,
And like the eagle He renews
The vigour of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole ;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days,
O bless the Lord, my soul.

J. MONTGOMERY.