

5 I come, I come, at thy command,  
I give my spirit to thy hand ;  
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,  
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come ;  
I hear the voice that calls me home ;  
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease,  
Now let thy servant die in peace.

HYMN, VI.—PHILIP II. 6-12.

1 **Y**E who the name of Jesus bear,  
His sacred steps pursue ;  
And let that mind which was in him  
Be also found in you.

2 Though in the form of God he was,  
His only son declar'd,  
Nor to be equally ador'd  
As robb'ry did regard ;

3 His greatness he for us abas'd,  
For us his glory veil'd ;  
In human likeness dwelt on earth,  
His Majesty conceal'd :

4 Nor only as a man appears,  
But stoops a servant low ;  
Submits to death, nay, bears the cross,  
In all its shame and woe.

5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men—  
With honours just hath crown'd,  
And rais'd the name of Jesus far  
Above all names renown'd :

6 That at this name, with sacred awe,  
Each humble knee should bow,  
Of hosts immortal in the skies,  
And nations spread below.