

- 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.