

WORSHIP.

- Loud, and more loud, the anthems raise,
With grateful ardour fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

R. WARDLAW.

C. M.

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- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless 'Thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 3 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways ;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.
- 4 The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love ;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

I. WATTS.

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8.7.4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us !
Travelling through this wilderness.