

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His aid are true.

Make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blessed are they, and only they
Who in His truth abide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

45. (A. & M. 217.)

THY Kingdom come, O GOD,
Thy rule, O CHRIST, begin,
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity and love ?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above ?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
Shall flee Thy Face before ?

We pray Thee, LORD, arise,
And come in Thy great might
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold ;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

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