

Who bore the wanderer 'back to God,
 In his arms of tenderest love?
 Who bade the angel throngs rejoice,
 And swell their notes in heaven above.

My Saviour.

Who gave the peace—peace vainly sought,
 From earthly streams, from worldly joys,
 Peace, that the world with all its arts,
 Cannot within my soul destroy?

My Saviour.

Who gave me grace to follow Him,
 In life's straight narrow way?
 Who in my weakness perfected strength,
 And grace supplied for every day?

My Saviour.

Who sought my heart, to stay itself,
 On Him to trust, and never fear?
 Who, when the storm of sorrow lowered,
 Whispered, "Be not afraid, for I am near?"

My Saviour.