

SPIRIT OF

- 3 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower ;
Set the meanest high in power.
- 4 He the broken spirit cheers ;
'Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways :
Praise His name—for ever praise.

Josiah Conder, 1837.

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PSALM 116.

C.M.

- 1 I love the Lord : He heard my cries,
And pitied every groan :
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to His throne.
- 2 I love the Lord ; He bow'd His ear,
And chased my griefs away ;
Oh let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead ;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God," I cried, " Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just ;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."