

Sundays after Trinity.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.</p> <p>3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.</p> <p>4 And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.</p> | <p>5 I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.</p> <p>6 There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best;</p> <p>7 A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

ANNA L. WARING, 1849.

221

WINDSOR.

C.M.

CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.

1 My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy ma-jes-ty how bright,
How beau-ti-ful Thy mer-cy-seat, In depths of burn-ing light! A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!</p> <p>3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!</p> | <p>4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!</p> <p>5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849.