

SONG.

IN pray'r your voices raise ye
To God, and Him now praise ye,
Who to our life from heaven
All needed strength hath given.

The stream of years is flowing,
And we are onward going,
From old to new surviving,
And by His mercy thriving.

In woe we often languish,
And pass through times of anguish,
When fearful war aboundeth,
That earth itself surroundeth:

As faithful mother keepeth
Guard while her infant sleepeth,
And all its grief assuageth
When angry tempest rageth ;

So God His children shieldeth,
Them full protection yieldeth ;
When need and woe distress them,
His loving arms caress them.

In vain is all our doing,
The labour we're pursuing
In our hands prospers never,
Unless God watcheth ever.

Our song to 'Thee ascendeth,
Who every day defendeth
Us, and whose arm averteth
The pain our hearts that hurteth.

O God of mercy! hear us;
Our Father! be Thou near us ;
'Mid crosses and in sadness
Be Thou our Spring of gladness.

To me and all be given,
Who from the heart have striven
To gain Thy benediction,
Hearts patient in affliction.

Oh! close the gates of sorrow,
And by a glorious morrow
Of peace, may places sadden'd
By bloodshed dire be gladden'd.

With richest blessings crown us,
In all our ways, Lord! own us;
Give grace, who grace bestowest
To all, e'en to the lowest.

Of all forlorn be Father,
All erring ones ingather,
And of the poor and needy
Be Thou the succour speedy.

Grace show to all afflicted,
And to all souls dejected,
By melancholy haunted,
May happy thoughts be granted.

All earthly gifts excelling,
The Holy Ghost indwelling,
Give us to make us glorious,
And lead to Thee victorious.

All this Thy hand bestoweth,
Thou Life! whence our life floweth,
Thus Thou Thy people meetest
With New Year's blessing greetest.

