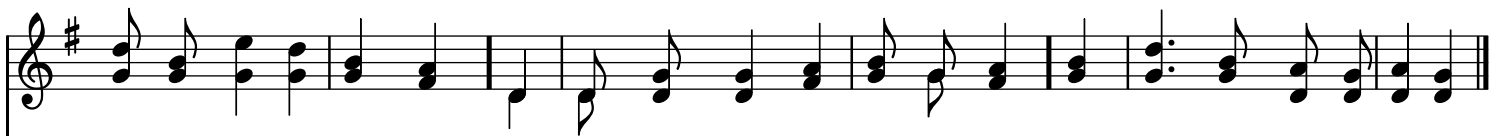




1. O Lord, how does Thy mer-cy throw Its guar-dian shad-ow o'er us, Pre - serving while we're
 2. And though our ef-forts now to praise Are oft - en cold and low-ly, A no-ble, sweet - er



here be - low, Safe to the rest be-fore us! As weaker than a bruised reed, We
 song we'll raise, With all Thy saints, in glo - ry. We'll lay our tro-phies at Thy feet, We'll



can-not do without Thee; We want Thee here each hour of need, Shall want Thee, too, in glo-ry.
 worship and a-dore Thee, Whose pre-cious blood has made us meet To dwell with Thee in glo-ry.

