

Bagstaff or Littlewood

John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1868

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O Lord, how does Thy mer - cy throw Its
 2. As weak - er than a bruis - ed reed, We
 3. And though our ef - forts now to praise Are

guar - dian sha - dow o'er us, Pre - serv - ing while we're
 can - not do with - out Thee; We want Thee here each
 of - ten cold and low - ly, A no - bler, sweet - er

here be - low, Safe to the rest be - fore us.
 hour of need, Shall want Thee too in glo - ry.
 song we'll raise With all Thy saints in glo - ry.

4. We'll lay our trophies at Thy feet,
 We'll worship and adore Thee,
 Whose precious blood has made us meet
 To dwell with Thee in glory.

Alternate Tunes : Friend (8.7.8.7.D.), 313 ; Birshogarth (8.7.8.7.D.), 159.