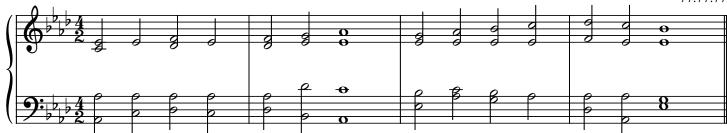
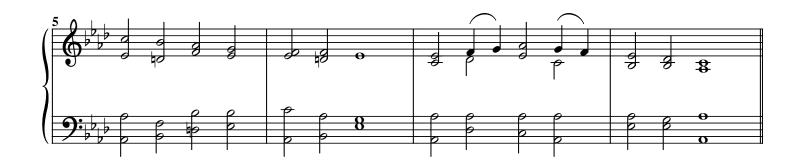
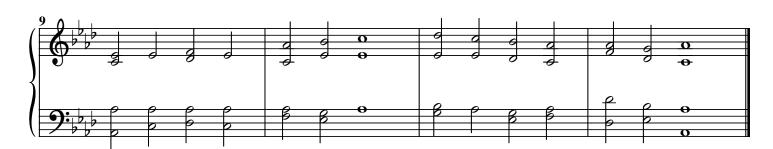


R. Cecil, 1748-1810 St. John 77.77.77







At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day; Doubt of what it holds in store Makes us crave Thine aid the more; Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark, it Savior, with Thy Cross.

If it flow on calm and bright, Be Thyself our chief Delight; If it bring unknown distress, Good is all that Thou canst bless; Only, while its hours begin, Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

We in part our weakness know And in part discern our foe; Well for us, before Thine eyes All our danger open lies; Turn not from us, while we plead Thy compassions and our need. Fain would we Thy Word embrace, Live each moment on Thy grace, All our selves to Thee consign, Fold up all our wills in Thine, Think, and speak, and do, and be Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon; Hear, and grant the choicest boon That Thy love can e'er impart, Loyal singleness of heart; So shall this and all our days, Christ and God, show forth Thy praise.

William Bright