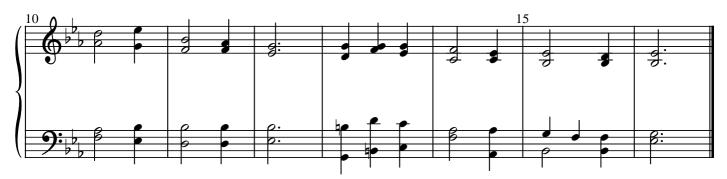
## How do Thy mercies close me round!





How do thy mercies close me round! For ever be thy name adored! I blush in all things to abound; The servant is above his Lord!

Inured to poverty and pain, A suffering life my Master led; The Son of God, the Son of Man, He had not where to lay His head.

But, lo, a place he has prepared For me, whom watchful angels keep; Yea, he himself becomes my guard, He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

Jesus protects; my fears, begone! What can the Rock of Ages move? Safe in thy arms I lay me down, Thy everlasting arms of love. While thou art intimately nigh, Who, who shall violate my rest? Sin, earth, and hell I now defy; I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

I rest beneath the almighty's shade, My griefs expire, my troubles cease; Thou, Lord, on who, my soul is stayed, Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

Me for thine own thou lov'st to take, In time and in eternity; Thou never, never wilt forsake A helpless soul that trusts in thee.

Charles Wesley

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