Praise to our God, who with love never swerving







Praise to our God, who with love never swerving Guides our endeavours, enfolds us from harm, Peace and prosperity, past our deserving, Showering upon us with bountiful arm.

Gone are the labours, to joy, and the sorrow; Lo, at the end we draw near to adore, Ere our full life is begun on the morrow, Childhood behind us and manhood before.

Shepherd of souls, O door of salvation, Keep Thou Thy flock in Thine infinite care, Fold them as one in their last adoration, Ere in the distance divided they fare.

Though nevermore in one place all may gather, Though in life's battle we struggle apart, One be our Saviour, and One be our Father, Bind us together in faith and in heart.

Herbert B. Gray