

O Lord, how does Thy mercy throw

(DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. IAMBIC)

Bagstaff or Littlewood

John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1868

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O Lord, how does Thy mer-cy throw Its guardian sha-dow o'er us, Pre -
 2. As weak - er than a bruised reed, We can-not do with-out Thee ; We
 3. And though our ef-forts now to praise Are of-ten cold and low - ly, A
 4. We'll lay our tro-phies at Thy feet, We'll wor-ship and a - dore Thee, Whose

serv - ing while we're here be - low, Safe to the rest be - fore us.
 want Thee here each hour of need, Shall want Thee too in glo - ry.
 no - ble, sweet - er song we'll raise With all Thy saints in glo - ry.
 prec - ious blood has made us meet To dwell with Thee in glo - ry.

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