

Into Thine Hand, O God of Truth

Isaac Watts, 1719.

William Gardiner, 1812.

Into Thine hand, O God of truth,

My spirit I commit;

Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,

And saved me from the pit.

The passions of my hope and fear

Maintained a doubtful strife,

While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired

To take away my life.

"My times are in Thine hand," I cried,

"Though I draw near the dust";

Thou art the refuge where I hide,

The God in whom I trust.

O make Thy reconciled face

Upon Thy servant shine,

And save me for Thy mercy's sake,

For I'm entirely Thine.

'Twas in my haste my spirit said,

"I must despair and die,

I am cut off before Thine eyes";

But Thou hast heard my cry.

Thy goodness how divinely free!

How wondrous is Thy grace

To those that fear Thy majesty,

And trust Thy promises!

O love the Lord, all ye His saints,

And sing His praises loud;

He'll bend His ear to your complaints,

And recompense the proud.