

Into Thine Hand, O God of Truth
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: 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 reconcild face
Upon Thy servant shine,
And save me for Thy mercys sake,
For Im 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;
Hill bend His ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.