

And Now, Beloved Lord, Thy Soul Resigning
Words: Eliza Alderson, 1868.
Music: John Dykes, 1868.

And now, beloved Lord, Thy Soul resigning,
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and laboring breast grow still.

Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending,
Thy Spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

My Savior, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish,
At that dread eventide let there be light.

To Thy dear cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
And then, oh! then, Thine everlasting rest.

O love! o'er mortal agony victorious,
Now is Thy triumph! now that cross shall shine
To earth's remotest age revered and glorious,
Of suffering's deepest mystery the sign.

The present, past and future here are blending,
Moment supreme in this world's history,
Mid darkness, opening graves, and mountains rending,
New light is dawning on humanity.