

O Thou, Who Hast at Thy Command

Jane Cotterill, 1815.

Percy Smith, 1874.

O Thou, who hast at Thy command

The hearts of all men in Thy hand,

Our wayward, erring hearts incline

To have no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control;

Mold every purpose of the soul;

O'er all may we victorious prove

That stands between us and Thy love.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,

When we can look through them to Thee;

When each glad heart its tribute pays

Of love and gratitude and praise.

And while we to Thy glory live,

May we to Thee all glory give,

Until the final summons come,

That calls Thy willing servants home.