

SUPPLEMENT.

- 12 Holding our little lamb asleep ;—
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, " Arise, and follow me !"

852. P. M.

Luther's Psalm.

- 1 A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing ;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe,
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.
- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing, —
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be ?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim, —
We tremble not for him,

SUPPLEMENT.

His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

- 4 That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth,
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

853. 5 & 4s. M.

True Rest.

- 1 SWEET is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?
- 2 Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,
Else 't is no rest.
- 3 Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.
- 4 Rest is not quitting
The busy career;

H Y M N S

FOR

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

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