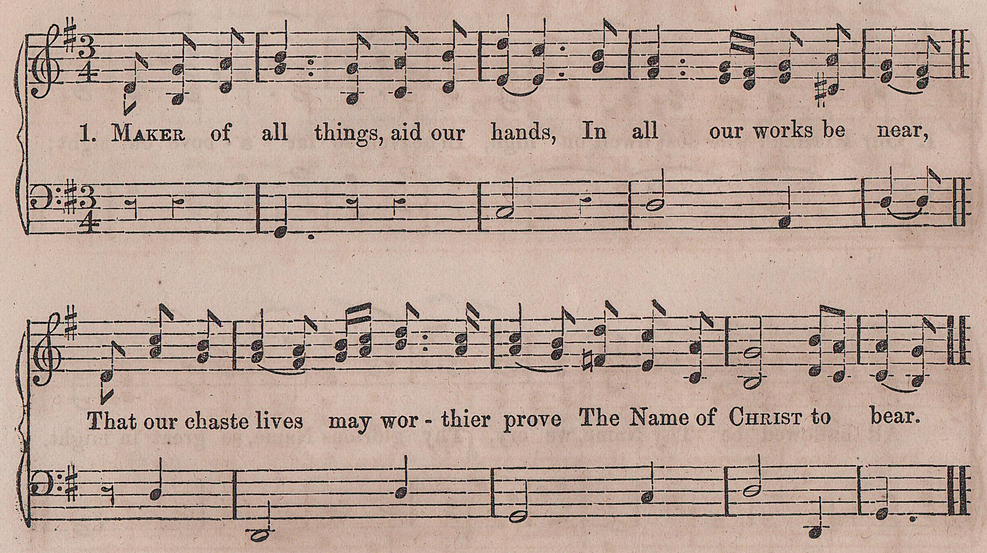
No. lxxi. Maker of all Things, aid our Hands.



1. Maker of all things, aid our hands,
   In all our works be near,
   That our chaste lives may worthier prove
   The Name of Christ to bear.

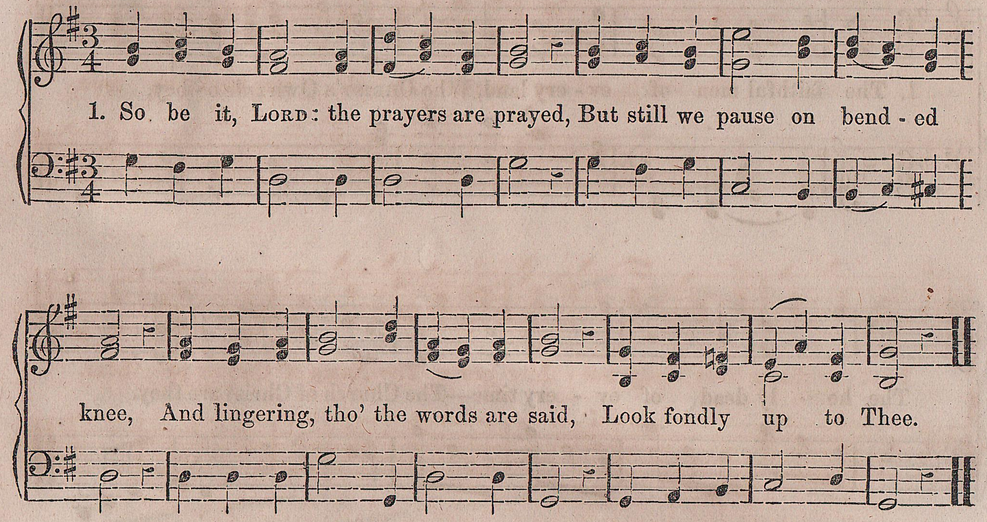
2. Thou, only mighty, only good,
   Art to Thyself the way;
   Thou only, who hast given the law,
   Canst give us to obey.

3. Dangers encompass all the road:
   Our slippery feet control,
   That so our steps more steadfastly
   May press on to the goal.

4. O happy goal, where true repose
   And peace awaits for ever;
   And Thou to Thine dost give to drink
   Of joy, as from a river!

5. For Thee, good Lord, the heart doth pant,
   For Thee the spirit sighs;
   Grant unto those Thy grace hath saved
   To win th' eternal prize.

No. lxxii. So be it, Lord, the Prayers are prayed.



1. So be it, Lord: the prayers are prayed,
   But still we pause on bended knee,
   And lingering, though the words are said,
   Look fondly up to Thee.

2. So be it, Lord: let nothing bad
   Scatter our incense on the air;
   No wandering thoughts that we have had,
   Arise to cloud our prayer.

3. So be it, Father: yet awhile
   We hang upon Thy patient Ear,
   And in the brightness of Thy smile
   A moment tarry here.

4. As when a strain of music sweet
   Dies far away in mountain-ground,
   Till one by one the hills repeat
   The solitary sound;

5. So down the full church falls alone
   The Pastor's voice: it sinks, and then,
   Sweet echo to that solemn tone,
   We breathe our soft "Amen."