## THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST



2. O'er the threshold of the year, sprinkled with thy precious blood, let me draw to thee more near, made by thee more wise and good;O my Saviour! when this soul proudly would its way pursue, let thy sorrow's soft control gently chasten and subdue.

3. For the blessed years gone by, and the joys which winged their flight, for the blessed hopes on high, making all the future bright; for the stay and strength thou art, ever wast, and still shalt be,
O my Saviour! let this heart ring its joy-bells out to thee.

4. Let the mem'ry of the past shed its glow on years to come, yield its wisdom, and at last light my wand'ring footsteps home; O my Saviour! with thy blood sprinkle all my future days, make them holy, keep them good, fill them with thine endless praise.

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