

212.Hallowed Memories

1. I thought up - on the days of old, The years de - par - ted long,
 2. My heart in - quired with anx - ious care, Will God for - e - ver spurn?
 3. For - e - ver shall His pro - mise fail? Has God for - got - ten grace?
 4. These doubts are my in - fir - mi - ty, My thoughts at once re - ply:
 5. I will com - me - mo - rate, O Lord, Thy won - drous deeds of old,
 6. O God, most ho - ly is Thy way, Most per - fect, good, and right;

I held com - mu - nion with my heart, By night re - called my song.
 Shall we no more His fa - vor see? Will mer - cy ne'er re - turn?
 Has He with drawn His ten - der love, In an - ger hid His face?
 I call back years of God's right hand, The years of God Most High.
 And me - di - tate up - on Thy works Of pow'r and grace un - told.
 Thou art the on - ly li - ving God, The God of won - drous might.