St. Nicholas

1. Eternal Source of joys divine, To Thee my soul aspires;
2. My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, Assures me of Thy love;
3. Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice, And triumph in my God,

Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul desires.
Oh speak the kind, transporting word, And bid my fears remove.
Till heav'nly rapture tune my voice To spread Thy praise abroad.

Words: Anne Steele
Music: Dr. Havengal