

# Join all the glorious names

R.R. Ross, 1817-1899

St. Peter's Manchester  
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Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore:  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too poor to set my Savior forth.

I love my Shepherd's voice,  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wand'ring soul among  
The thousands of His sheep:  
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

My Advocate appears  
For my defense on high;  
The Father bows his ears,  
And lays his thunder by:  
Not all that hell or sin can say  
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy Name,  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came,  
The joyful news of sin forgiv'n  
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heav'n.

Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered His blood, and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside:  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

Should all the hosts of death,  
And powers of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on,  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior power, and guardian grace.

Be Thou my Counsellor,  
My Pattern, and my Guide,  
And through this desert land  
Still keep me near thy side:  
Nor let my feet e'er run astray  
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

Isaac Watts