

PRAISE, Lord, for Thee, in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

- 2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.
- 3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!
- 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And all the earth Thy power displays.
- 5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O, let Thy love our springtide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847