

O GOD, Who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous ways to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer,
Thou art the hearer, still, of prayer.

- 2 What though no answering voice is heard?
Thine oracles—the written Word—
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the seeking heart.
- 3 What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known?
Enough the promises reveal;
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.
- 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies
To show that prayers accepted rise;
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.
- 5 No need of prophets to inquire:
The Sun is risen—the stars retire!
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.
- 6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire;
Answer our sacrifice by fire;
And by Thy mighty acts declare
Thou art the God Who hearest prayer.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855