

UNTUNTUO Thee I lift my eyes,  
Thou that dwellest in the skies;  
At Thy throne I meekly bow,  
Thou canst save, and only Thou.

2 As a servant marks his lord,  
As a maid her mistress' word,  
So I watch and wait on Thee,  
Till Thy mercy visit me.

3 Let Thy face upon me shine,  
Tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine;  
Poor and lowly though I be,  
I have all in having Thee.

4 Here Thy children's common lot  
Is to be despised, forgot;  
But with Thee to make it up,  
Lord, I ask no better cup.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*