

NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
Thy wonders to past ages shown,
Make our glad spirits glow;
Our eyes behold Thy works of might;
On us full beam Thy wonders bright;
The living God we know.

- 2 We joy not only to be told
How with Thy saints and seers of old
Thou madest sweet abode:
We of Thy presence bright can tell;
Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell:
We feel the living God.
- 3 Thou settest us each task divine;
We bless that helping hand of Thine,
This strength by Thee bestowed:
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
Thine own the cause, Thine own the might;
We serve the living God.
- 4 Ah! soon we droop; ah! soon we tire;
Our fainting hearts new strength require,
Again would quickened be:
We ask no priest; we seek no shrine;
To Thee we come for life divine,
Thou living God, to Thee!
- 5 O, more than satisfy our need;
Our most divine desires exceed;
Our daily Quickener be:
Thou living God, possess us still;
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
Our blessèd life in Thee!