

O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

2 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of Heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

3 But not this robe of flesh alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kinship be.

4 Our will shall seek *Thy* life divine,
Thine image we shall bear;
With Thine own glory we shall shine,
In Thine own bliss shall share.

5 O mighty grace, our life to live
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, Thy Heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine!

Thomas Hornblower Gill, 1819-1906