

188 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

XV.

Grant this, O Holy God, and True! and True!
The Antient Seers Thou didst inspire:
To Us perform the Promise due,
Descend, and crown us Now with Fire.

PUBLIC WORSHIP. *From the
German.*

I.

LO, God is here! Let us adore,
And own, how dreadful is this Place!
Let all within us feel his Pow'r,
And silent bow before his Face.
Who know his Pow'r, his Grace who prove,
Serve Him with Awe, with Rev'rence love.

II.

Lo, God is here! Him Day and Night
Th' united Quires of Angels sing:
To Him enthron'd above all Height
Heav'n's Hosts their noblest Praises bring:
Disdain not, LORD, our meaner Song,
Who praise Thee with a stamm'ring Tongue.

III.

Gladly the Toys of Earth we leave,
Wealth, Pleasure, Fame, for Thee alone:
To Thee our Will, Soul, Flesh we give;
O take, O seal them for thy own.
Thou art the GOD; Thou art the LORD:
Be Thou by all thy Works ador'd!

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Being

Being of Beings, may our Praise
 Thy Courts with grateful Fragrance fill,

Still may we stand before thy Face,
 Still hear and do thy sov' reign Will.

To Thee may all our Thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted Sacrifice!

IV. All Things of Thee
 Are full, Thou Source and Life of All!
 Thou vast, unfathomable Sea!

Fall prostrate, lost in Wonder, fall,
 Ye Sons of Men; for GOD is Man!
 All may we lose, so Thee we gain!

VI. As Flow'rs their op'ning Leaves display,
 And glad drink in the Solar Fire,

So may we catch thy ev'ry Ray,
 So may thy Influence us inspire:
 Thou Beam of the Eternal Beam,
 Thou purging Fire, Thou quick'ning Flame!

Prayer to CHRIST before the Sacrament.
From the same.

I.
 O Thou, whom Sinners love, whose Care
 Does all our Sickness heal,
 Thee we approach with Heart sincere,
 Thy Pow'r we joy to feel.

To