

Lord, behold us with thy favor

Lord, behold us with thy favor  
as we bless thy holy Name  
for thy grace and love and mercy,  
still from age to age the same.  
We are sinful, thou art holy,  
thou in heaven, on earth are we;  
yet we dare to come before thee,  
dare to lift our hearts to thee.

Praise we render for the blessings,  
all unnumbered as the sand,  
from thy treasury exhaustless  
showered by thy gracious hand;  
for the Father's love creating,  
for the Savior's cleansing tide,  
for the Spirit's grace we praise thee,  
made, redeemed and sanctified.

For the font's renewing waters,  
for the altar's feast divine,  
ministered in changeless order  
by the sacred threefold line;  
for thy Spirit's holy unction,  
for the Word's prophetic page,  
for thy Church's creeds undying,  
her enduring heritage.

For the memories we treasure,  
that to this our home belong,  
hours of sweet and high communion,  
Matin prayer and Evensong;  
for the lessons thou has taught us,  
taught by joy and taught by pain,  
Lord, for all thy countless blessings,  
we uplift our festal strain.

Thankfully, our hearts remember  
whom our eyes no longer see,  
knowing, though the veil conceals them,  
they with us are one in thee;  
ever one, for one our Father,  
one our Church, one our Creed,  
they who worshiped here before us,  
one with us their latest seed.

Grant us thine own royal priesthood,  
Lord, like them to work, to pray,  
in thy world and in thy temple  
sacrificing day by day;  
then--our earthly worship ended,  
and our earthly labor done,--  
bid us worship, bid us labor  
there, where work and prayer are one.

Words: Edward A. Welch, 1908

Music: Deerhurst

Meter: 87 87 D