

## Not by Thy Mighty Hand

Not by Thy mighty hand,  
Thy wondrous works alone,  
But by the marvels of Thy Word,  
Thy glory, Lord, is known.

Forth from the eternal gates,  
Thine everlasting home,  
To sow the seed of truth alone,  
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

And still from age to age,  
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been  
The Bearer forth of goodly seed,  
The Sower still unseen.

And Thou wilt come again,  
And Heavn beneath Thee bow,  
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,  
Sower and Reaper Thou.

Watch, Lord, Thy harvest field,  
With Thine unsleeping eye,  
The children of the kingdom keep  
To Thy epiphany!

That, when in Thy great day  
The tares shall severed be,  
We may be surely gathered in  
With all Thy saints to Thee.