

God of the living

God of the living, in whose eyes
unveiled thy whole creation lies,
all souls are thine; we must not say
that those are dead who pass away,
from this our world of flesh set free;
we know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
with thee is hidden still their life;
thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
all thine, and yet most truly ours;
for well we know, where'er they be,
our dead are living unto thee.

Not spilled like water on the ground,
not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
not wandering in unknown despair
beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
not left to lie like fallen tree;
not dead, but living unto thee.

Thy word is true, thy will is just;
to thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
and bless thee for the love which gave
thy Son to fill a human grave,
that none might fear that world to see
where all are living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
save us from death, the death of sin;
that body, soul and spirit be
for ever living unto thee.