

'Tis Thine Alone, Almighty Name
Edwin Hatfield, 1872.
Thomas Hastings.

'Tis Thine alone, almighty name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

What ruin hath intemperance wrought
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.

Stretch forth Thy hand, O God, our king
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

The cause of temperance is Thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in Thee alone
To crown them with success.