

Thou Art My God, O God of Grace
The Psalter, 1912.
Charles Gabriel, 1901.

Thou art my God, O God of grace,
And earnestly I seek Thy face,
My heart cries out for Thee;
My spirit thirsts Thy grace to taste,
An exile in this desert waste
In which no waters be,
In which no waters be.

I long as in the times of old
Thy power and glory to behold
Within Thy holy place;
Because Thy tender love I see,
More precious far than life to me,
My lips shall praise Thy grace,
My lips shall praise Thy grace.

Thus will I bless Thee while I live,
And with uplifted hands will give
Praise to Thy holy name;
When by Thy bounty well supplied,
Then shall my soul be satisfied,
My mouth shall praise proclaim,
My mouth shall praise proclaim.

My lips shall in Thy praise delight
When on my bed I rest at night
And meditate on Thee;
Because Thy hand assistance brings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
My heart shall joyful be,
My heart shall joyful be.