

Father, Whose Creating Hand
Thomas Pollock, 1889.
Charles Stephens.

Father, whose creating hand
Made the ocean and the land;
All Thy creatures are Thy care,
Thou art present everywhere.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Christ, who didst of old appear
On the waters, drawing near;
Thou art able still to save,
Calmly ruling wind and wave.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Holy Ghost, whose presence shed
Life where all was dark and dead,
By Thy breath we move and live,
Thou dost light and order give.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

God, to whom our life we owe,
God, whose blood for man did flow,
God, who dost within us dwell,
Keep us Thine, and all is well.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

When the deep in slumber lies
Under bright and peaceful skies,
When the winds in fury rave,
Lifting high the rushing wave,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

All our honest labor bless,
Give each lawful aim success;
In our time of need draw nigh,
Saying, "Fear not, it is I."
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Guard the loves ones left behind,
Give them peace in heart and mind;
Keep us all in union sweet,
At our Father's mercy seat.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.