

O Gracious Father of Mankind

Henry Tweedy, 1925.

William Gawler, 1789.

O gracious Father of mankind,  
Our spirits' unseen friend,  
High Heaven's Lord, our hearts' dear guest,  
To Thee our prayers ascend.  
Thou dost not wait till human speech  
Thy gifts divine implore;  
Our dreams, our aims, our work, our lives  
Are prayers Thou lovest more.

Thou hearest these, the good and ill,  
Deep buried in each breast;  
The secret thought, the hidden plan,  
Wrought out or unexpressed.  
O cleanse our prayers from human dross,  
Attune our lives to Thee,  
Until we labor for those gifts  
We ask on bended knee.

Our best is but Thyself in us,  
Our highest thoughts Thy will;  
To hear Thy voice we need but love,  
To listen, and be still.  
We would not bend Thy will to ours,  
But blend our wills to Thine;  
Not beat with cries on Heaven's doors,  
But live Thy life divine.

Thou seekest us in love and truth  
More than our minds seek Thee;  
Through open gates Thy power flows in  
Like flood tides from the sea.  
No more we seek Thee from afar,  
Nor ask Thee for a sign,  
Content to pray in life and love  
And toil, till all are Thine.