Lord Of Earth! Thy Forming Hand

GRANT

1. Lord of earth! Thy form-ing hand Well this beau-teous frame hath planned
   Woods that wave, and hills that tow'r, O-cean roll-ing in His pow'r:
   Yet, a-mid the scenes so fair, Shall I cease Thy smile to share,
   What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but Thee?

2. Lord of heav'n! be-yond our sight Shines a world of pur-er light,
   There in love's un-cloud-ed reign Part-ed hands shall meet a-gain:
   Oh, that world is pass-ing fair! Yet, if Thou wart ab-sent there,
   What were all its joys to me? Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?

3. Lord of earth and heav'n! my breast Seeks in Thee its only rest:
   I was lost; Thy ac-cents mild Home-ward lured Thy wan-d'ring child:
   Oh! should once Thy smile di- vine Cease up-on my soul to shine,
   What were earth or heav'n to me? Whom have I in each but Thee?

Words: Sir Robert Grant
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