Lord, When My Raptured Thought Surveys

ST. FRANCES

Words by Anne Steele
Music by G. A. Lohr

1. Lord, when my raptured thought surveys Creation’s beauties o’er,
   All nature joins to teach Thy praise, And bid my soul adore.

2. Where’er I turn my gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine;
   Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise, And speak their source divine.

3. On me Thy providence has shone With gentle smiling rays;
   Oh, let my lips and life make known Thy goodness and Thy praise.

4. All bounteous Lord, Thy grace impart! Oh, teach me to improve
   Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart, And crown them with Thy love.