Lord Of Earth! Thy Forming Hand

Words: Sir Robert Grant
Music: R. Menthal

1. Lord of earth! Thy forming 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 wert 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 on-ly 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?