Our God! our God! Thou shinest here

Our God, our God, Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us Thy radiant steps appear,
Here goes Thy glorious way!

Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.

Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour,
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong
On Thy celestial wing;
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
Come, King of grace, Thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years.

Thomas H. Gill

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