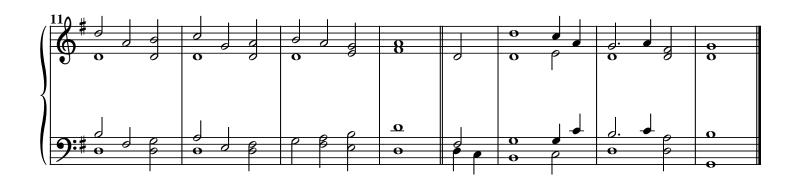
## Our God! our God! Thou shinest here





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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