O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice





O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice, Awakes my morning song! In gladsome words I would rejoice That I to Thee belong.

I see Thy light, I feel thy wind; The world it is Thy Word; Whatever wakes my heart and mind Thy presence is, my Lord.

Therefore I choose my highest part, And turn my face to Thee; Therefore I stir my inmost heart To worship fervently. Lord, let me live and act this day, Still rising from the dead. Lord, make my spirit good and gay Give me my daily bread.

Within my heart speak, Lord, speak on, My heart alive to keep Till comes the night, and, labour done, In Thee I fall asleep.

George MacDonald

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