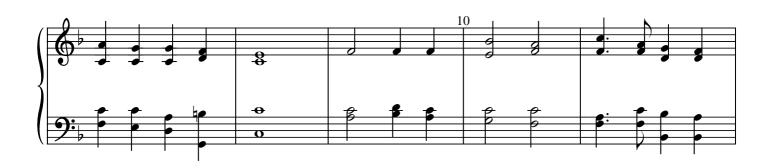
Not what I am, O Lord







Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art, That, that alone can be my soul's true rest: Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart, And stills the tempest of my throbbing breast.

Thy Name is Love, I hear it from yon cross; Thy Name is Love, I hear it from yon tomb: All meaner love is perishable dross, But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

Girt with the love of God on every side, Breathing that love as Heav'ns own healing air, I work or wait, still following my Guide, Braving each foe, escaping every snare. 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God, That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song: Thou art my health, my joy, my staff and rod; Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

More of Thyself, O show me hour by hour; More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord: More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power; More of Thy love and truth, incarnate Word!

Horatius Bonar