

Hast thou known the lives that have been denied  
Aught of beauty, or grace, or light,  
To whose opening faith no voice replied,  
To whose love the only response was a blight?

Man of God, in thy holy thought,  
Was ever thy heart with compassion wrung  
For the sheep that no shepherd had ever sought,  
For the wrongs that no psalmist had ever sung?

Bring down thy word, as in ancient days,  
To the sinning girl and the sorrowing son,  
To the stricken mother lost in the maze,  
And the father smitten and undone.

Man of God, with thy tender heart,  
Who hast suffer'd with Christ in Gethsemane,  
In thy thoughtless, lofty living apart,  
Thou hast nail'd thy Saviour again to the tree.

And think, as thou hast not thought before,  
How it cometh that here in the richest of earth,  
Want and despondency lie by the door,  
And hatred and violence come to birth.

Give to us now, from thy silent hour,  
The truth that can lighten our lives to-day;  
And from eternity's love and power  
Gird us with strength for one sorrowful way.

We crave for the living Son of Man,  
Jesus, our Jesus, once lost, but now found,  
Who holdeth our lives in his limitless span,  
And redeemeth our days from the merciless round.

O Preacher, who standest, thy brow in the cloud,  
And thy face in the sun, and thy strength in  
thy hand,  
Lift us with thee to the Christ of the crowd,  
Crown us with light in thy glorious land.

