From The Recesses Of A Lowly Spirit

Words by John Bowring
Music by F. F. Flemming

1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit, Our humble
   prayer ascends; O Father! hear it, Upsoaring on the
   wings of awe and meekness! Forgive its weakness!

2. We see Thy hand; it leads us, it supports us! We hear Thy
   voice; it counsels and it courts us! And then we turn a
   way; and still Thy kindness Forgive our blindness.

3. Who can resist Thy gentle call appealing To every
   generous thought and grateful feeling? Oh, who can hear the
   accents of Thy mercy, And never love Thee?

4. Father and Savior! plant within each bosom, The seeds of
   holiness, and bid them blossom, In fragrance and in
   beauty bright and verbal, And spring eternal.

5. Then place them in Thine everlasting gardens, Where angels
   walk, and seraphs are the wardens; Where every flower, especial.
   becomes immortal.