God Of The Living, In Whose Eyes
ADORO L. M., Six Lines.

1. God of the living, in whose eyes Unveil'd Thy whole creation,
   All souls are Thine: we must not say still their life;
   Thy Son to fill a human grave, That none might fear that flesh set free,
   All Thine, and yet most truly ours; For well we know, where-e'er they be,
   Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care; Not left to lie like world to see, Where all are living unto Thee.

2. Released from earthly toil and strife, With Thee is hidden action lies,
   Thine are their thoughts, their works, their pow'r's, Not wan'dring in unknown despair,
   Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care; Not left to lie like fallen tree: Not dead, but living unto Thee.

3. Not spilt like water on the ground, Not wrapp'd in dreamless sleep profound,
   Lord, in trust; And bless Thee for the love which gave
   That those are dead who pass away; From this our world of fallen tree: Not dead, but living unto Thee.
   For well we know, where-e'er they be,

4. Thy word is true, Thy will is just; To Thee we leave them,
   That none might fear that fallen tree: Not dead, but living unto Thee.
   We know them living unto Thee.

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