Do Thou Direct Thy Chariot, Lord

1. Do Thou direct Thy chariot, Lord, And guide us at Thy will;
   Without Thy aid our strength is vain, And useless all our skill.
   Look down upon Thy saints below When prostrate laid beneath the foe.

2. Beloved Shepherd, who hast saved Our souls from death and sin;
   Lift Thy voice, awake Thy sheep, That slumbering lie within.
   Thy fold; and curb, with Thy right hand, The rage of Satan's furious band.

3. Send down Thy peace and banish strife, Let bitterness depart;
   Revive the spirit of Thy grace In each true Christian's heart;
   Then shall Thy church forever sing The praises of her heavenly King.

Words: Ulrich Zwingli
Music: Arranged by D. N. S.