









2. Lo! Thy Church, athirst and faint, drinks the full, refreshing tide; thou hast heard her sad complaint, floods of grace are sweeping wide.

3. God of mercy, to thy throne, now our fervent thanks we bring; thine the glory, thine alone, joyous praise to thee we sing.

4. While we lift our grateful song, let the Spirit still descend; roll the tide of grace along, widening, deepening to the end.

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