



- 2. Lord, what is man? Ah! not to him is due thy coming down to dwell; thou whose high praise the seraphim touch their entrancing lyres to tell; thou comest for no worth of mine, 'tis all of grace and love Divine!
- 4. Thou wouldst not that my needy soul, for what might ease its inward pain, from clime to clime, from pole to pole, o'er the wide world should seek in vain; should burn with deep, intense desires, as one consumed with hidden fires.

- 3. And I may speak, as speaks a child that gazes on a father's face suffused with love, serenely mild, and fair with tenderness and grace; may lift my eyes without a fear, and know that, speaking, thou wilt hear.
- 5. Thou bidst me come my thirst to slake at the full fountains of thy love; and thou my soul dost fill and make content and glad like those above; for with thy gifts enriched and blessed, my search is o'er, and found my rest.

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