

O God My Maker, God My Life

Lk. 6:45; Jn. 4:14; Col. 2:7

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O God my Maker, God my Life,
my Hope beyond all mortal strife,
deep wells of gratitude have I
that are too often dry.

You dug them in my deepest core
and bid me all my days to store
thanksgiving in abundance for
what riches You supply.

Lament I now the drought within;
unthankfulness itself is sin,
and fount of many more besides
where it too long resides.

Another fountain there instead
should flow as free as Jesus bled
to rid me of the cause and dread
of Judgment's awful tides.

The Holy Ghost Himself is He,
that precious gift assigned to me
by Whom I may return the praise
I owe You, God, to raise.

O give me aid to free His flow,
unstopping what I stopped; I know
that living streams will swell and grow
and spill through thankful days. *Amen.*