

Mysterious Presence, source of all —
the world without, the soul within —
thou fount of life, O hear our call,
and pour thy living waters in.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
and touched the lips of holy seer
with flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine again impart,
still give the prophet's burning word;
and vocal in each waiting heart
let living psalms of praise be heard.