

Maker of Earth, to Thee Alone

Words: Charles Coffin, 1736.

Music: Scottish Psalter, 1615.

Maker of earth, to Thee alone
Perpetual rest belongs;
And the bright choirs around Thy throne
May pour their endless songs.

But we-ah holy now no more!
Are doomed to toil and pain;
Yet exiles on an alien shore
May sing their country's strain.

Father, whose promise binds Thee still
To heal the suppliant throng,
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
That banish us so long.

And, while we mourn, in faith to rest
Upon Thy love and care,
Till Thou restore us with the blest
The song of heaven to share.

O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
To Thee be praise, great Three in One,
From Thy created host.