

River of God

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Unison

Rivers on the bare heights. On all bare heights... pasture. The glowing sand... a pool. ISALAH 41:18; 49:9; 35:7 (R.V.)

2

O River of God, Thy quickening streams
Cause me to bud again;
My winter past as one who dreams
I see my Summer reign.
For my bare height fresh pasture yields,
Where never grass did grow;
And in the borders of my fields
I see fair lilies blow.

My glowing sand becomes a pool
And all around is green,
And all is restful, quiet, cool,
As in a deep ravine.
O for a worthy song to sing
Thy goodness unto me.
Lord Jesus, my eternal Spring,
All glory be to Thee.