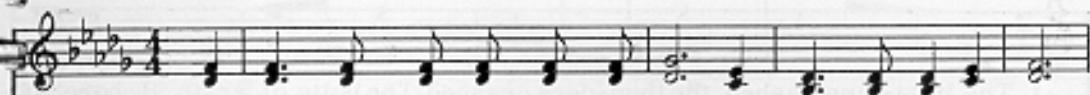


# We Worship Thee

Robert D. Brismead

Robert A. Mc Curdy, Jr.



1. We come in re-ver-ent-ial awe, In-spired by ho-ly fear.
2. O right-eous Lord, we could not bow Be-fore Thy ho-ly feet;
3. No gift of earth can sat-is-fy The hun-ger of our soul,



We wor-ship Thee, Al-might-y One, and count Thy pres-ence dear.  
Ex-cept for Je-sus, Thy dear Son, who is our mer-cy seat.  
But love di-vine, that liv-ing Bread, who died to make us whole,



Un-wor-thy sin-ners that we are To dwell with Thee a-bove,  
Nor could we pray ac-cept-ab-ly But in the Ho-ly Ghost.  
We're on-ly dust, but pre-cious through The blood of Cal-va-ry,



We cast our help-less souls on Thee And trust Thy bound-less love.  
We pour our ar-dent praise to Thee, And make Thy cross our boast.  
O Thou Who yearns Thy home in us, We find our home in Thee.

