

~ Dry Bones ~

Look down, O Lord, with gracious eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its mis'ry all around
And dead men's bones pollute the ground.

O, can these dead awake and live?
And can these sun-parched bones revive?
That, sovereign Lord, to You is known,
That wondrous work is all Your own.

Your prophets speak their words in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry, ~
Till Your almighty aid is nigh.

But if Your Spirit gives them breath,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey Your mighty voice,~
They move, they waken, they rejoice!

So, when Your trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns, and rend the ground;
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
To meet their Lord beyond the skies.

lyrics: Phillip Doddridge ~revised by Rev Brian L. Penney
tune: ~Mendon L.M.