

Quiet Hour Echoes, \* Aug. 1949  
Supplication

God, give us humility,  
For without humility  
Thou canst not work in us.

Lord, give us faith,  
For without faith,  
We cannot work for Thee.

Father, give us love,  
For without love  
We cannot work for others.

Lord, give us hope,  
For without hope  
We have nothing to work for.

---T. A. Davis  
R.C.A.F. Overseas.

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Re H. May 28 '53

### I Need Thee, Lord

By THOMAS A. DAVIS

I need Thy heart.  
Mine is so hard, so stony.  
Now crush it, break it, cast it far apart,  
And place within my breast Thine own, Lord,  
Give me Thy heart.

I need Thy mind  
To grasp redemption's glory,  
To find the truths my own mind cannot find.  
Lord, give me power to know Thy wonders,  
Give me Thy mind.

I need Thy love,  
For other love is selfish,  
And prizes not the mercies from above,  
My soul desires an overflowing,  
I need Thy love.

I need Thy ears  
To hear a sad one's sighing,  
That I might feel his sorrow, dry his tears.  
I have no ears to hear his crying,  
I need Thy ears.

I need Thy eyes.  
Mine seek the tawdry colors;  
The faults of others my eye magnifies,  
But, Lord, I would seek others' beauty,  
I need Thy eyes.

I need Thy tongue.  
Mine utters words that blister  
When Thine--words of forgiveness would  
have sung.  
O Lord, mine is so barbed and cruel,  
Give me Thy tongue.

I need Thy feet.  
Mine are so prone to hasten  
To paths of folly or the scorner's seat.  
I long within Thy way to follow,  
I need Thy feet.

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