

O Father, You Are Sovereign

O Father, you are sovereign
in all the worlds you made;
your mighty Word was spoken
and light and life obeyed.
Your voice commands the seasons
and bounds the ocean's shore,
sets stars within their courses
and stills the tempest's roar.

O Father, you are sovereign
in all affairs of man;
no powers of death or darkness
can thwart your perfect plan.
All chance and change transcending,
supreme in time and space,
you hold your trusting children
secure in your embrace.

O Father, you are sovereign,
the Lord of human pain,
transmuting early sorrows
to gold of heav'nly gain.
All evil over ruling, as
none but Conq'ror could,
your love pursues its purpose-
our souls' eternal good.

O Father, you are sovereign!
We see you dimly now,
but soon before your triumph
earth's every knee shall bow.
With this glad hope before us
our faith springs up a-new:
our sovereign Lord and Savior, we trust and worship you.

Margaret Clarkson

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