

Humbly I Adore Thee, Hidden Deity

D D^{sus} D A G/B G D

1. Hum - bly I a - dore — Thee, hid - den De - i - ty,
 2. Taste and touch and vis - ion in Thee are de - ceived:
 3. On the cross lay hid - den but Thy de - i - ty:

4. Though Thy wounds, like Thom - as, I be - hold not now,
 5. O most sweet me - mor - ial of His death and woe,

Bm F#m Em7sus F#m Em Em/G D

Which be - neath these fig - ures art con - cealed from me:
 But the hear - ing on - ly may be well be - lieved:
 Here is al - so hid - den Thy hu - ma - ni - ty:

Thee my Lord con - fess - ing, and my God, I bow:
 Liv - ing Bread, which giv - est life to man be - low,

F#m Bm Em7/G F#m Em7 G/B A/C#

Whol - ly in sub - mis - sion Thee my spi - rit hails,
 I be - lieve what - ev - er God's own Son de - clared;
 But in both be - liev - ing and con - fess - ing, Lord,

Give me ev - er strong - er faith in Thee a - bove,
 Let my spi - rit ev - er eat of Thee and live,

D G/D Em/G Em D Em/G D

For in con - tem - plat - ing Thee it whol - ly fails.
 Noth - ing can be tru - er than Truth's ve - ry Word.
 ask I what the dy - ing thief of Thee im - plored.

Give me ev - er strong - er hope and strong - er love.
 And the blest fru - i - tion of Thy sweet - ness give!