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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



ISRAEL'S MARCH-WORD.

FORWARD ! GOD'S majestic cloud
Stands grandly o'er the sea.
Forward ! Egypt, fierce and proud,
Clanks chains behind the free.

Forward ! waves thy mountain-walls
Shall tower along thy way.
Forward ! when JEHOVAH calls,
'Tis madness to delay.

Forward ! where yon guiding glow
Moves through the parted deep,
Pharaoh shall lie buried low—
In death his minions sleep !

Forward ! in that stately fire
JEHOVAH makes his shrine ;
Forward ! neither stop nor tire,
And what is best is thine.

Forward ! over rocks and foes
Where smiles thy promised rest !
Milk there with the honey flows,
And there the grape is press'd.

Forward ! Heav'n's own fire shall die,
And Heav'n's own manna cease ;
But JEHOVAH thy supply,
Thy bread, and light, and peace !

H Y M N S

TO

 U R  I N G .

BY

JOHN M. LEAVITT.

NEW YORK:
T. WHITTAKER,
No. 3 BIBLE HOUSE.

13

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NOTE TO THE PUBLISHER.

THESE are true Hymns. While poetically conceived and felicitous in expression, they glow with a divine fire. Some of them are well adapted to be sung; others may be best enjoyed in the reading. They speak the emotions of a living Christian heart when under the impression of the most peculiar and sublime Christian truths, and can hardly fail to awaken a response in the breast of every Christian reader. Mr. Leavitt seems to the writer to have made a valuable contribution to this most important department of Christian literature. It may reasonably be anticipated that these fresh and stirring lyrics will quicken the devout affections of many readers whose hearts are attuned to the praise of the blessed REDEEMER.

RAY PALMER.

NEW YORK, *June 28th, 1872.*



HYMNS TO OUR KING.

THE GOD-MAN.

JESUS, as man, thy blood I feel
Flow'd from a kindred vein ;
And ev'ry drop was shed to heal
A brother's wound and pain.

JESUS, as man, thy soul did know
In life, in death, for me,
Each sick'ning gush, each writhing throe
Of mortal agony.

JESUS, as God, thy nature gave
All merit to atone :
And grace, and light, and power to save
Through Thee, our LORD, alone.

JESUS, as GOD, we Thee adore
Whose glories matchless shine,
And blend in one for evermore
The Human, and Divine.

COME TO JESUS.

COME, thou child of wo and weeping,
Ev'ry sin on JESUS cast!
Linger not the burden keeping
Thou must give to Him at last!
All delay increases danger ;
Heavier makes thy load of guilt ;
Oh! be then no more a stranger
To the blood for thee He spilt.

GOD'S Law hast thou often broken?
Oft the death of CHRIST refused?
When the HOLY GHOST has spoken,
Was his whisper'd love abused?
JESUS on his Cross atoning,
All these sins on Him were laid ;

Useless, then, and vain thy groaning
If in blood thy debt He paid.

Still dost stand in doubt delaying?
Cannot life-drops melt thy heart?

“It is finish'd!” hear Him saying!

Flesh and soul for thee do part.

Moves thee not a SAVIOR dying?

Let His grave persuade thy trust!

There, for thee, behold Him lying—

God Incarnate in the dust!

Angels stand, and cry, “Amazing!

Cross, nor tomb his faith may gain!”

Oh, then, doubter, upward gazing,

On his Throne behold Him reign!

JESUS there, not mocked, and bleeding,

Nor in mortal weakness lies;

But, in glory interceding,

Draws thee to Him in the skies.

Yield thyself, and now believing

Pardon have through JESUS' death;

And, the HOLY GHOST receiving,
Thou art born by GOD's own breath.
Hark! to Heav'n fly seraphs singing!
Let them tell the joy abroad
'Till a universe is ringing
O'er a sinner brought to GOD!

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

JESUS, this Love, waked by thy breath,
Which glimmers here below,
A spark in life, will burst from death
With a celestial glow.

Nor harp, nor crown, nor song above,
Nor gem, nor palm, nor gold,
But, JESUS, this Immortal Love
Shall Heav'n to us unfold.

Yes! Faith, and Hope, and Time must fail,
And earth, and sky remove,
But when in death the sun grows pale,
JESUS, still shines thy Love.

IMMORTALITY.

BE hushed before the face of death,
When a life he bears away :
Removes from mortal lips their breath,
Parts a spirit from its clay—
Shivering, quivering
Into day!

One last fond look it turns to earth,
All the past before its eyes,
And then, with an immortal birth,
Bursts from gloom to Paradise—
Filling, thrilling
With surprise.

Oh! there uncloth'd it lives bright years
While in dust the body sleeps ;
On clouds a Great White Throne ap-
pears!
High the Judge majestic sweeps,
Light'ning, bright'ning
Heav'n's far deeps!

See, starts the body from its clay
In immortal beauty bright!
And wing'd the soul—it cannot stay—
Fills the flesh with living light,
Blending—ending
Death, and night!

THE FACE OF JESUS.

JESUS, the glory of thy face
In Heav'n now brightest beams;
But shining thence with radiant grace
Wide o'er Creation streams.

JESUS, what films are on mine eye!
It cannot catch one ray;
And earth-clouds hang along my sky
To hide from me thy day.

Yet, JESUS, from within the veil
Faith brings Thee to my heart,
'Till, when in death this flesh shall fail,
I'll see Thee as Thou art.

MATIN.

WHEN morning with her ray
Flashes the golden day,
Let our glad thanks arise
Bright-glowing as her skies !

And when the bird songs swell
From field, and hill, and dell,
Earth, in loud chorus raise
Thy matin-strain of praise !

With incense of the flower
Breathed from the wood and bower,
O, send my heart above
Sweet fragrances of love.

And as the King of Light
The Earth and Heav'n makes bright,
Blest JESUS, by thy grace,
May we behold thy face !

VESPER.

WHEN evening stillness brings the dew,
Ere shadows veil a world from view,
Calm let my whisper'd Vesper rise
As the hush'd earth, and twilight skies!

With the low murmur of the stream
Which ripples in the moon's first beam,
May the pure current of my soul
To thee, my GOD, serenely roll!

While Heav'n with stars bends, vast and
bright,
Aw'd by the majesty of night,
Reverent in earth's temple now
Before Omnipotence I bow.

Thus when the universe is found
With solemn darkness veil'd around,
To JESUS through the gloom I'll soar,
And with a tranquil love adore.

THE MARTYR'S PRAYER.

WHILE weighs the weary chain,
And creep my limbs with pain,
 Chill'd by the place ;
Tears gushing from mine eyes,
A prayer breathes through my sighs,
And climbs into the skies—
 JESUS, thy grace !

The grass, the flower, the stream,
The blushing morning's beam,
 A mother's face,
With my home pure and bright,
All rush across my sight,
As I cry from this night—
 JESUS, thy grace !

Dark, dark, dark here I lie,
Shut out from earth and sky
 To end life's race ;

Cold, cold, cold is this stone,
Where chains clank to my moan,
And these walls hear me groan—
 JESUS, thy grace !

But, SAVIOR, through my night,
A promise beams with light,
 And shows thy face ;
Lo ! a bright gleam of gold !
I see the gates unfold !
Heav'n's glory I behold !
 JESUS, thy grace !

THE MARTYR'S TRIUMPH.

THE sullen river moans
By these deep dungeon-stones
 So drearily !
Yet fetter'd by my doom
Within the midnight gloom
Of this cold prison-tomb—
 My soul is free !

Let tyrants screw the rack
'Till twist my limbs, and crack
 With agony,
One thought shall not depart
While crushing breaks my heart,
And life-drops burst and start—
 My soul is free !

And should the morrow's fire
Flash round my head in ire
 'Mid demon-gee,
That note shall swell the same
Through the wild roar of flame
Which wraps my writhing frame—
 My soul is free !

Oh, when I spring away
To an eternal day
 And JESUS see,
Then singing will I soar,
Where tyrants harm no more,
And smiles the golden shore—
 My soul is free !

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

CHILD of Heav'n, Immortal Love,
Flashing from the throne above,
Wing'd with light, appear, appear!
Sweetly smile away each tear!

JESUS, warm'd by Thee, my breast,
With the SPIRIT'S life-breath blest,
Melts with thanks, and burns with praise,
While joy gilds my happy days.

Duty now, and death, and hell
With no slavish fear compel;
JESUS with his smile constrains;
In temptation's hour sustains.

With his Love, life's path how bright!
Sweet the cross, the burden light;
Death no longer frowns in gloom;
Glory gilds beyond the tomb.

A PRAYER IN DARKNESS.

FATHER! to Thee I cry
With burning brow,
The prayer, the tear, the sigh
Must move Thee now.

Around, what mountains rise!
What clouds appear!
Wild tempests sweep my skies,
And wake my fear.

Oh! bid these rocks divide—
These billows cease!
Oh! make these storms subside,
And whisper peace!

Lo! JESUS clears my way;
Shines through my night,
His smile turns gloom to day;
Brings peace and light.

Hail, JESUS, brother, GOD !
Through Thee this grace !
I kiss thy FATHER'S rod,
And see his face.

A SAVIOR'S SYMPATHY.

WHY dread the glance of cynic man
When fails and dies each cherish'd plan ?
Why should the stinging word and sneer
Start from mine eye one trembling tear ?

Let Fame, and Wealth, and Worldly Power
Be wither'd like a morning flower ;
Let golden visions sink in night,
As clouds when fades the evening's light—

Let friends withdraw, and earth appear
A chilling prison dark with fear,
Where weep my eyes when feels my heart
Man's trusted love in scorn depart—

Yet, JESUS, in my lonely gloom,
I will recall on earth thy tomb ;
Then see in Heav'n a tender eye
That marks my sorrow from the sky.

Oh ! if no bruis'd and weeping rose
Unseen by Thee its fragrance throws,
Then, JESUS, then, on time's drear wild
Is known to Thee a suffering child.

THE MERIT OF JESUS.

SINAI'S flame no longer now
Blazes wrath around my brow :
Now the Law with fiery breath,
Cries not for eternal death.

Not my groans, my griefs, my fears,
Not soft penitential tears,
Not confession of my sin
Could deserve this peace within.

Vigils, crosses, prayers were vain
To dispel sin's secret pain ;
All we do, think, suffer, feel,
Sin's deep wound can never heal.

Did the SPIRIT'S graces bloom,
Shed o'er earth their rich perfume,
Bright as Heav'n's own roses spring,
These could not our pardon bring.

Could our lives like those above
Glow with holiness and love,
Angel-virtues, pure and high,
Never could Salvation buy.

JESUS, thy shed Blood alone
Merits at thy FATHER'S throne ;
Takes the guilt, the stain away,
Sealing to eternal day.

RESIGNATION.

FATHER! I all to Thee resign,
And seek thy will alone ;
Hush, struggling heart, nor dare repine !
Thy GOD is on the Throne.

He leads a way I would not choose,
Where thorns and rocks appear,
Shall I his guidance hence refuse ?
Be dry thou gathering tear !

What though the storm, the cross, the fire,
Arise along my way ?
My FATHER'S will I yet desire,
And look for realms of day.

With grateful joy, with bursting praise,
In JESUS loved below,
I burn the loftier strain to raise
Where angels sing and glow.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

WHEN Guilt my suffering soul weighs down,
JESUS, one LOOK to Thee,
Dispels the Father's righteous frown,
And sets my conscience free.

When Sorrow's cloud spreads o'er my sky,
And gathers round my heart,
JESUS, to Thee I lift mine eye!
A LOOK—the shades depart.

And in Temptation's dreadful hour
When Earth and Hell unite,
JESUS, a LOOK arms me with power,
And, lo, my foes take flight.

When at Life's close, Death's dark, cold
wave
Around my head shall roll,
JESUS, a LOOK to Thee will save
A sinking, shivering soul.

And when beyond these realms of night,
 JESUS, I soar to Thee,
A LOOK through thy eternal light
 Thine image gives to me.

JESUS BLESSING TRIALS.

OH! LORD JESUS, hot my fire!
 But 'tis flame refines thy gold;
Burn away each vain desire,
 And to thy bright image mould!

If, LORD JESUS, loud the blast,
 Tempests make thy trees more strong,
Root into the mountain fast,
 Vigors breathe, and life prolong.

'Though, LORD JESUS, hard the stroke,
 Let the beaten anvil ring!
When the chain of sin is broke,
 Free and glad, my soul shall sing.

Touch, LORD JESUS, into light
Grains which on thy censer lie!
Fire must make their blackness bright,
And with fragrance fill the sky.

AS, LORD JESUS, earth's young seed
Looks to Heaven for shower and dew,
Oh! refresh me in my need!
With the HOLY GHOST renew!

THE HEART'S MASTER.

WHEN Morning pencils on her bright'ning
sky
The first faint tracteries of the coming
day,
One low lone bird will trill its melody
Responsive to a solitary ray.
But as the sun floods heaven and earth
with gold,
Each leaf grows tremulous with exulting
strains

That gushing, mingling, swelling high are
roll'd

Till orchestras burst out from hills and
dales and plains.

And thus from some Cathedral's solemn
walls

A single voice will chant in melting tone,
While from a single stop the organ calls,
Thunderous and deep, its supplicating
moan.

Now hark! each tongue, each key wakes
music round!

Peal upon peal, on billows, billows rise,
'Till all the temple shakes with bursting
sound

From that majestic choir which even
thrills the skies.

In some lone vale of Heav'n an angel
strays,

To view its glories in soft mellow'd light ;

See! o'er his harp involuntary plays
His trembling hand—his lip moves to
the sight.

One murmuring strain awakes a thousand
strings ;

Lofty, and full, a gathering tide soon
breaks ;

Voice answers voice, to seraph, seraph
sings,

And in the mingling praise a universe
partakes.

And thus, O Christian, is it with thy heart!
Each single chord with earthly music
thrills ;

Wife, parent, child and country have their
part ;

When Friendship strikes her string pure
rapture fills.

But only JESUS, Master, wakes the *whole* ;
Can touch each key, can harmonize each
tone ;

And through his Cross stir love through
all the soul,
To burst, Immortal King, in songs
around the Throne.

ADVENT.

ALL nature feels the glad surprise ;
GOD in our Flesh we soon shall see !
Earth shout it upward to the skies,
And let the joy immortal be !

Ye Jews and Gentiles both prepare !
JESUS a world will come to save :
His Cross for all He will declare
Who conquer through His death the
grave.

Now dawns the time glad prophets told !
Now types and shadows pass away,
As vanish morning-beams of gold
Lost in the brightness of the day.

Ye sons of earth, your hearts attune,
And angels wake in Heav'n each string!
Our JESUS ye must welcome soon
In strains which suit a GOD and King.

NATIVITI.

OH! Bards of the Bible, dim is your story
Of JESUS our GOD a babe on the earth!
And, angels, ye catch but glimpses of glory
Where lingers yon star to beam o'er his
birth.

The shadows and types at last disappearing,
The long night of earth grows bright
with morn's ray ;
See mists of ages from mortals are clearing!
Lo! bursts o'er our world the sun of
Life's day!

Fly, angels of love, o'er yon heav'ns fly
singing,

And thrill all the worlds with notes ye
must raise!

Ye sons, too, of earth, your rich tributes
bringing,

That infant your God, adore while ye
praise!

Say on a Cross He must hang for man
bleeding!

Say He must sleep in the gloom of the
grave!

Yet, on the throne of his light interceding,
Immortal in glory, JESUS will save.

Creator, that babe, will come, all beholding,
Our Judge on his throne bright-flash-
ing with fire:

And to his people forever unfolding
Will reign God their King when suns
shall expire.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

CAN worms their own Creator slay ?
Can sinners pierce the hands
Which hung the sun to flash their day—
Which rule the angel-bands ?

Can GOD Incarnate bleed and die,
Mock'd by the men He made ?
While seraphs serve Him in the sky
Shall He in earth be laid ?

Shall they to whom He gives each breath
And pulse and power to will,
Use now their life to cause his death,
And curse Him as they kill ?

Nay! GOD they own Him while He
dies ;
He shakes the earth He stains :
If from his Cross burst anguish-cries,
Rocks rend before his pains.

The sun He form'd He turns to gloom,
And makes the night his veil :
He calls the dead to leave the tomb,
And hear the living wail.

Then burst his grave and death in chains,
Our JESUS mounts his throne,
And there a King forever reigns
Whom saint and seraph own.

THE RESURRECTION.

Lo! the stone is roll'd away !
See! the tomb stands open !
JESUS comes forth into day,
And death's pow'r is broken.
Hallelujah !

Earth could not her Maker hold,
JESUS, Prince of Glory ;

Nor Decay his form enfold,
And tell hell the story.
Hallelujah!

God in man for death too strong!
Mortals hear rejoicing!
Angels roll the news along
All past songs outvoicing!
Hallelujah!

JESUS, we in Thee will rise,
To thy glory taken,
And immortal in the skies,
Strains immortal waken.
Hallelujah!

THE ASCENSION.

ALL-GENTLY lifted through the air,
Majestic, JESUS, see!
How could the earth confine Him where
Both sin and death must be?

God in our Flesh could only rise
From these dark scenes of wo,
And bear a glory to the skies
Outdazzling all below.

Ascending, smiles beam o'er his face,
And earth, which pierced his heart,
Beholds his hands drop down their grace,
And with a blessing part.

The mountain-top glows round with light
As up his people gaze,
Until a cloud hides Him from sight
Where brighter splendors blaze.

Let Heav'n her gates wide-open fling!
Ye Angels, throng on throng,
Take to his Throne with shouts our King,
And glory be your song!

PENTECOST.

IMMORTAL JESUS! on thy throne
Encircled with thy glorious light,
Not Heav'n makes Thee forget thine own,
Since in thine absence earth is night.

Behold them kneel! behold them pray!
A hush of stillness in the room;
Thy Promise shines a beam of day,
And Faith brings Thee to light their
gloom.

But hark! prevails that wrestling plea:
It parts the sky thy throne to move,
And calls the HOLY GHOST from Thee
To conquer with thy cross of love.

Without, the storm, the tongue, the fire!
Within, a nobler flame's bright glow,
To burn from hearts each base desire,
And kindle Heav'n on earth below.

The HOLY GHOST will dwell with men :
O'er Jew and Gentile spread his wing
'Till JESUS to our world again
Comes on his clouds, and reigns our
King.

JESUS OUR PRIEST.

SEE the burning temple fall !
Types consume by GOD appointed ;
JESUS is a Priest for all :
Him the HOLY GHOST anointed.
He came down for man to bleed :
He arose for man to plead.

Earth the altar where He dies,
And his temple now Creation ;
Perfect his great Sacrifice
Made for all in ev'ry nation.
For a world the Gospel-feast !
For a world this last High Priest !

Not the blood of beasts is shed :
Thus no more is sin forgiven :
JESUS once for all was dead :
Aloft He took our Flesh to Heav'n.
On his cross He did atone,
And will save us from his throne.

Sinners, now dispel your fears !
JESUS see on earth hang bleeding !
Cannot this make dry your tears ?
Then in Heav'n behold Him pleading !
He who died, can but forgive ;
Look on Him, believe, and live !

JESUS OUR KING.

ETERNAL King,
While valleys ring,
While mountains sing,
With banners wide,
We see Thee !

Lo! nations call!
Now temples fall!
Earth disenthral!
Hail'd by thine own—
 We see Thee!

From gates of day
Where sunbeams play
To evening's ray,
'Mid seraph-songs,
 We see Thee!

War's banner furl'd,
Down Satan hurl'd,
To claim our world,
With lifted cross,
 We see Thee!

Peace marks thy tread,
Joys from Thee spread,
Love crowns thy head;
As King of earth,
 We see Thee!

Time's lesson learn'd,
When earth is burn'd,
To Heav'n return'd,
Bright on thy Throne,
We see Thee !

JESUS OUR RESURRECTION.

JESUS, LORD, in might excelling,

Thou by whom all worlds were made,
Thine own Godhead in Thee dwelling

On my dust shall be display'd.

As all things by Thee are bounded,

And as all exist in Thee,

After death, by Thee surrounded,

Shall my flesh immortal be.

Thou who hung the stars in glory,

Round our earth yon heav'ns who drew :
Seraphs shaped to tell the story

Of thy love forever new :

Thou wilt watch, though widely flying,
Over worlds my dust may fall ;
Thou wilt—time and space defying—
Back the wandering atoms call.

Shall each pulse, O JESUS, beating
With the power Thou dost impart
Waked from death, still throb repeating
This same story of thine art ?
If my form be now amazing,
Bright my risen flesh must be,
When upon thy glory gazing
I thine image fix in me.

JUDGMENT.

Lo! the mighty Heav'ns are bending
With the weight of glory there ;
Clouds of angels fly attending
Up the Great White Throne to bear.
Flames are flashing,
And loud thunders burst through air.

Hark! the trump of CHRIST is sounding!

Heav'n and Earth before Him flee!

And the dead crowd forth surrounding

From the land, and from the sea :

All are bending—

Slave and King both on the knee!

See the seal of ages broken

And each mortal life display'd!

Lo! the Book of God is open!

By his eye is all survey'd!

His scale lifting,

Ev'ry human soul is weigh'd.

Ah! the judgment-work is ended :

Fix'd eternal life, and death!

Fly to Heav'n, or Hell attended

All whoe'er drew mortal breath!

Time is finished!

Thus the voice ALMIGHTY saith.

High the Great White Throne returning,

JESUS reigns forever King :

Now the globe and sky are burning!
Hence new Heav'ns and Earth shall
spring.

Hallelujah!
Let creation's praises ring!

OUR HOME.

THE melting Heav'ns are robed in fire :
The solid Earth is burning!
Creation is a funeral pyre
To Chaos wild returning.
Day prophets saw :
Day dread of awe,
And ire.

But when the flames have roll'd away
No sun again bursts beaming :

Bright flashes what eternal ray
Where moon, nor star are gleaming?
CHRIST fills the sight;
CHRIST is the light,
And day.

Round the new Earth new Heav'ns now
bend
O'er saints in glory glowing;
Pure souls to bodies beauty lend
In bliss and brightness growing:
To part never;
In light ever
To blend.

But from our world bright we will roam
The universe wide-winging; [dome,
While Heav'n, all light, smiles down our
And hears our praises ringing—
Earth supernal;
Earth eternal,
OUR HOME!

THE SONG OF GLORY.

SEE Heav'n opens ! now behold
Blazing far bright lamps of gold
On the crystal sea !

From the Throne, light-circled o'er,
Lightnings flame, and thunders roar,
While thy name swells evermore—
Lamb of Calvary !

Yes ! Thou mock'd, and crucified,
Onward flows Salvation's tide
Over Heav'n from Thee.

Thrill from Thee its bursts of praise ;
Smile from Thee its bliss-bright days ;
Beams from Thee its glory's blaze—
Lamb of Calvary !

Heav'n and Earth then join my song !
Saint and Seraph roll along
This great joy with me !

Thousand thousand voices sound!
Hear Creation's farthest bound!
Burst thy praise eternal round—
Lamb of Calvary!

THOU HOLY DOVE!

BRIGHT o'er my heart a ray—
Sweet morning-beam of day,
Came from above,
To show through tears my sin,
The Life of GOD begin,
And shed thy Light within—
Thou Holy Dove!

Oh! Thou who waked from death,
My birth was from thy breath,
To peace and love!
That JESUS' Blood I share,
Descend and witness bear,
And seal me son and heir—
Thou Holy Dove!

While I a pilgrim go
Through this wild scene of wo,
 And homebound move,
Bright on thy Word still shine !
Show GOD the FATHER mine,
And breathe thy love divine—
 Thou Holy Dove !

Oh ! when Life's day is o'er,
And earth can help no more,
 Come Thou in love !
Spread o'er thy peaceful wing,
And thy deep comfort bring,
'Till I in glory sing—
 Thou Holy Dove !



THE LAST BAPTISM.

NOT the water from the fountain
Takes away a stain of sin ;
Brightest drops of vale or mountain
Never yet made pure within.
Oh ! LORD JESUS from the skies
With the HOLY GHOST baptize !

Human words in music flowing,
Void of grace, no hearts unite ;
While the Truth, when hate is glowing,
Leaves behind a burn and blight.
Oh ! LORD JESUS from the skies
With the HOLY GHOST baptize !

What shall heal the wounds of ages,
Spread o'er earth the reign of love,

And breathe, e'en when Satan rages,
All the calm of Heav'n above ?
Oh! LORD JESUS from the skies
With the HOLY GHOST baptize !

See! the day of light is breaking!
SAVIOR, soon thy Church be one!
Hark! a sigh in all is waking ;
It shall burst, and reach GOD's throne.
Oh! LORD JESUS from the skies
With the HOLY GHOST baptize !

THE TRINITY.

OUR FATHER, thine shall know
The Fount of Godhead Thou :
And Heav'n, and Earth in rev'rence low
Before Thee bow !

Majestic we adore
Thee from Thyself alone—
All-hid in light for evermore
On thy Great Throne!

The FATHER all in Thee,
Eternal SON Divine!
His Everlasting Image be!
His Glory shine!
Creator, Thee we praise;
Redeemer, Thee we love;
O, Word made Flesh to Thee we'll raise
The song above!

Thee, HOLY GHOST, we bless,
Thou Great Proceeding One!
And from the FATHER Thee confess,
And from the SON;
Our world to JESUS move
'Till He is crown'd its King,
And smile the thousand years of love
Beneath thy wing!

To FATHER, and to SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be!
The Everlasting Three in One,
And One in Three.
JEHOVAH, each we sing :
JEHOVAH, all adore :
O GOD Triune to Thee we'll bring
Praise evermore !
Amen !



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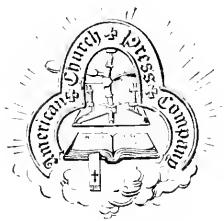
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