

Hymn Lyrics

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Up to the throne of God

1. Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim:

2. Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

3. What though our burthen
be not light,
We need not toil
from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

4. Blest are the moments,
doubly blest,
That, drawn from this
one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

5. Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

6. Look up to Heaven!
the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
'He' cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

7. Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's
abundant source,
What yet remains
of this day's course:

8. Help with Thy grace,
through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.