

Above Yon Clear Blue Sky  
Mary Bourdillon, 1849-1952.  
Isaac Woodbury, 1852.

Above yon clear blue sky,  
Beyond our feeble sight,  
The God of glory dwells on high  
In everlasting light.  
Around His glorious throne  
The holy angels stand;  
In songs of praise their king they own,  
Or fly at His command.

And we may praise Him, too,  
And serve Him here below;  
He stoops to mark what children do,  
Their inmost thoughts to know;  
And though He reigns above,  
Where angels ceaseless praise,  
He will accept our humble love,  
And lead us in His ways.

O may we humbly seek  
To do His holy will,  
And try, with thankful hearts and meek,  
To sing His praises still;  
And then for Jesus' sake,  
Who came for us to die,  
Our happy spirits He will take  
To praise Him in the sky.