

Father, Before Thy Throne of Light

Frederic Farrar, 1855.

Robert Stewart, 1889.

Father, before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown,
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

And as the rainbow luster falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
So may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

Here, where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heav'nly home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That childhood's flower and manhood's power
Be Thine, and Thine alone.