

Father, Thine Elect Who Lovest
Thomas Gill, 1860.
Franois Barthlmon, 1785.

Father, Thine elect who lovest
With an everlasting love;
Savior, who the bar removest
From the holy home above;
Spirit, daily meetness bringing
For the glory there upstored;
List to Thy glad people singing,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

Lord, with sin-bound souls Thou bearest,
Struggling towards this strain divine;
Glad on mortal lips Thou hearest
That thrice awful name of Thine.
But Thou listenest, O how sweetly!
When from holy lips outpoured,
Rings through Heaven this strain full meetly,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"

Shall we, Lord, meet voices never
Bring to that eternal hymn?
Hallow us to help the endeavor
Of Thy pure-lipped seraphim:
Hark! their own high strain we bring Thee;
Listen to the full accord!
Sweet the song we ever sing Thee,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"