

For Thee, O God, Our Constant Praise
Tate and Brady, 1696.
John Hatton, 1793.

For Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, Thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars we will raise,
And there our zealous vows complete.

O Thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend Thy listening ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain,
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

Blest is the man, who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lies!
While we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.