

O Thou Who Dwell'st on High  
Wilson Hogue, before 1911.  
George Elvey, 1868.

O Thou who dwell'st on high,  
'Mid burning seraphs bright,  
Pavilioned in the azure sky,  
Robed with celestial light:  
Permit us to draw near,  
And worship and adore;  
Redeemed from sin and guilt and fear,  
Thy blessing we implore.

Thou high and holy Lord,  
Before whom seraphs fall  
With faces veiled and spirits awed,  
And Thee thrice holy call:  
We fall before Thy feet,  
Unworthy to draw near,  
E'en though before Thy mercy seat  
Thou call'st us to appear.

Hear Thou the prayer we bring;  
Regard Thy children's need;  
Accept the hymns of praise we sing,  
And to our vows give heed.  
We seek Thee in Thy Son,  
Who died our souls to save  
The crucified but risen One,  
Triumphant o'er the grave.

Through Him, our great high priest  
Before the heav'nly throne,  
We seek redemption's power and peace  
Peace to the world unknown;  
Seeking, we find Thee near  
To bless with every grace  
And make us meet, when Thou appear,  
To see Thee face to face.