

Trembling Before Thine Awful Throne
Augustus Hillhouse, ca. 1816.
From Handel.

Trembling before Thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O smile, and heal the strife.

The Savior smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown to Heaven,
The newborn peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw, of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where Morn exulting springs,
And Evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear