

Before the Lord We Bow

Francis Key, 1832.

John Darwall, 1770.

Before the Lord we bow, the God who reigns above,  
And rules the world below, boundless in power and love.  
Our thanks we bring in joy and praise, our hearts we raise  
To Heaven's high King.

The nation Thou hast blest may well Thy love declare,  
From foes and fears at rest, protected by Thy care.  
For this fair land, for this bright day, our thanks we pay,  
Gifts of Thy hand.

May every mountain height, each vale and forest green,  
Shine in Thy Word's pure light, and its rich fruits be seen!  
May every tongue be tuned to praise, and join to raise  
A grateful song.

Earth, hear thy Maker's voice, thy great Redeemer own;  
Believe, obey, rejoice, and worship Him alone.  
Cast down thy pride, thy sin deplore and bow before  
The Crucified.

And when in power He comes, O may our native land,  
From all its rending tombs, send forth a glorious band.  
A countless throng, ever to sing to Heaven's high King  
Salvation's song.