

Ye Angels Who Stand Round the Throne
Maria de Fleury, 1791.
John Campbell, 1901.

Ye angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known;
O tune your soft harps to His praise.
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by His power, you stood.

Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

O when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Savior belong;
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see.

I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one with your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name.
I want O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.