HYMN FOR ADVENT



2. The Throne of his Glory – there lieth unsealed the life-roll, the death-roll, of names ne'er revealed, now secret no longer: the millions divide to the right and the left, on the throne's either side.

3. The Throne of his Glory – and glorious there stand the elect of his love, and the sheep of his hand, while, dark on his left, shrunk away from his face, the lost ones that sought not the Throne of his Grace.

4. The Throne of his Glory – my poor trembling soul! Oh, what, when arraigned there, thy dread shall control of that doom of the exiled, "Ye cursed depart," for ever, and ever, to toll on the heart.

5. From thy Father an exile? Thy home never see? No, child of his mercy, unchanging and free, ere creation began, in the counsels of love, he wrote thee an heir of his kingdom above.

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