THE THRONE AND FOOTSTOOL



2. Awful and invisible! girt with clouds and veiled in light, great Creator! who dost dwell far beyond the reach of sight: blessed be the kindly share of thy light which falls on me; if thy footstool be so fair, O, how bright thy throne must be!

3. Low in heart from all my sin, high in hope from all thy love, still without, yet from within catching those soft gleams, that move round about me everywhere, filling all the world with thee; if thy footstool be so fair, O, how bright thy throne must be!

4. Mighty God, who didst victorious rise unto thy throne again, and the place of thy feet glorious didst in mercy make for men: thee to follow be my care, and my prize thy face to see, learning on thy footstool fair fitness for thy throne and thee.

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