TREMBLING BEFORE THY THRONE



- 2. The Saviour smiles! Upon my soul new tides of hope tumultuous roll: his voice proclaims my pardon found, seraphic transport wings the sound!
- 3. Earth has a joy unknown in heaven the new-born peace of sin forgiven! Tears of such pure and deep delight, ye angels! never dimmed your sight.
- 4. 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.
- 5. Bright heralds of the Eternal Will, abroad his errands ye fulfill; or, throned in floods of beamy day, symphonious in his presence play.
- 6. Loud is the song, the heavenly plain is shaken with the choral strain; and dying echoes, floating far, draw music from each chiming star.
- 7. But I amid your choirs shall shine, and all your knowledge shall be mine: ye on your harps must lean to hear a secret chord that mine will bear!

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