All–glorious God, what hymns of praise Shall our transported voices raise? What flaming love and zeal is due, While heaven stands open to our view! What flaming love and zeal is due, While heaven stands open to our view!

Once we were fall’n, and O how low! Just on the brink of endless woe: Doomed to a pilgrimage in hell, Where sinners all in darkness dwell.

But lo, a ray of cheerful light Scatters the horrid shades of night! Lo, what triumphant grace is shown To souls impoverished and undone!

Far, far beyond these mortal shores, A bright inheritance is ours; Where saints in light our coming wait To share their holy,
If ready dressed for heaven we shine, Thine

are the robes, the crown is thine:

May endless years their course prolong,

course prolong, While ‘Thine the praise’ is all our song.