

1. Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dread-ful is the place! Let all with - in us feel his pow'r,

2. Lo! God is here! him day and night, Th' u - ni - ted choirs of an - gels sing; To him en - throned a - bove all height,

3. Glad-ly the toys of earth we leave, Wealth, plea-sure, fame, for thee a - lone; To thee our will, soul, flesh we give,

4. Be - ing of be - ings! may our praise Thy courts with grate - ful fra-grance fill, Still may we stand be - fore thy face,

And si - lent bow be - fore his face! Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with rev'-rence love.

Heav'n's host their no - blest prais - es bring; Dis - dain not, Lord, our mean - er song, Who praise thee with a stam'-ring tongue.

Oh take! oh seal them for thine own! Thou art the God, thou art the Lord— Be thou by all thy works a - dored.

Still hear and do thy sov'-reign will; To thee may all our thoughts a - rise, A cease-less, pleas - ing sac - ri - fice.