

WARE. L.M.

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George Kingsley

1. O for a sight, a pleas-ing sight, Of our al - might - y Fa - ther's throne! There sits our Sav - iour, crowned with light, Clothed with a bod - y like our own.

2. A - dor - ing saints a - round Him stand, And thrones and pow'rs be - fore him fall; The God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds bright glo - ries on them all.

3. O, what a - maz - ing joys they feel, While to their gold - en harps they sing, And ech - o, from each heav'n - ly hill, The glo - rious tri - umphs of their King!