

The Spiritual Life—Consummation

311 · BANNOCKBURN P. M.

Scotch Folk Song

1. Thou, whose wide ex-tend-ed sway Suns and sys-tems e'er o-bey! Thou, our Guardian

and our stay, Ev - er-more a-dored: In pros-pec-tive, Lord, we see Jew and Gen-tile,

bond and free, Rec - on-ciled in Christ to thee, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord. A - MEN.

2 Thou by all shalt be confessed,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
When to thy eternal rest,
In the courts above,
Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed;
Fill each joy-desiring breast;
Make of each a welcome guest,
At the feast of love.

3 When destroying death shall die,
Hushed be every rising sigh,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Never more to fall;
Then shall praises fill the sky,
And angelic hosts shall cry,
Holy, Holy Lord, Most High,
Thou art All in All!

A. C. Thomas