O Thou, to Whom, in Ancient Time

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
O Thou, to whom, in ancient time, The

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
lyre of Hebrew bards was strung; Whom

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
kings adored in songs sublime, And

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
prophets praised with glowing tongue:

The other verses

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary, by the Patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer, —
The incense of the heart, — may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee!

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung!

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