Ancient of Days, who sittest throned in glory Hymnal 1982 no. 363 11 10. 11 10.

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Ancient of Days, who sittest throned in glory,

to thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;

thy love has blessed the wide world’s wondrous story

with light and life since Eden’s dawning day.

O holy Father, who hast led thy children

in all the ages with the fire and cloud,

through seas dry-shod, through weary wastes bewildering

to thee in reverent love our hearts are bowed.

O holy Jesus, Lord of our salvation,

calling the least, the last, the lost to thee,

summoning all to share thy new creation,

thou, Lord, by death hast won life’s victory.

O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,

thine is the quickening power that gives increase:

from thee have flowed, as from a mighty river,

our faith and hope, our fellowship and peace.

O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,

praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;

pray we that thou wilt hear us, still imploring

thy love and favor, kept to us always.

Words: William Croswell Doane (1832-1913)