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

British spelling

(Melody still in copyright)

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 favour, kept to us always.

Words: William Croswell Doane (1832-1913)