The God Of Glory Walks His Round

Words: Reginald Heber
Music: John Halton

DUKE STREET L. M.

1. The God of glory walks His round,
2. Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
3. And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
4. O Thou, by all Thy works adored,

From day to day, from year to year,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Foretell your latest travail near,
To whom the sinner’s soul is dear,

And warns us each with awful sound,
Waste not of hope the morning light;
How swiftly fades your worthless day;
Recall us to Thy vineyard, Lord,

No longer stand ye idle here.
Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here.
And stand ye yet so idle here?
And grant us grace to please Thee here.