The God Of Glory Walks His Round

DUKE STREET L. M.

1. The God of glory walks His round,
   From day to day, from year to year,
   And warns us each with awful sound,
   No longer stand ye idle here.

2. Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
   Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
   Waste not of hope the morning light;
   Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here.

3. And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
   Foretell your latest travail near,
   How swiftly fades your worthless day;
   And stand ye yet so idle here?

4. O Thou, by all Thy works adored,
   To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
   Recall us to Thy vineyard, Lord,
   And grant us grace to please Thee here.

Words: Reginald Heber
Music: John Halton