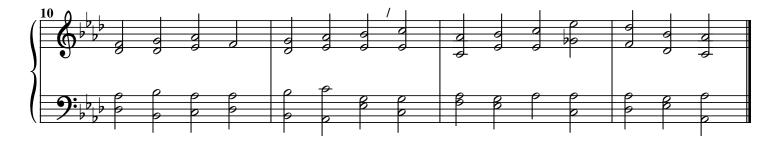
Before Thy throne, O God we kneel







Before Thy throne, O God, we kneel; Give us a conscience quick to feel, A ready mind to understand The meaning of Thy chastening hand; Whate'er the pain and shame may be, Bring us, O Father, nearer Thee.

Search out our hearts and make us true, Wishful to give to all their due; From love of pleasure, lust of gold, From sins which make the heart grow cold, Wean us and train us with Thy rod; Teach us to know our faults, O God. For sins of heedless word and deed, For pride ambitious to succeed; For crafty trade and subtle snare To catch the simple unaware; For lives bereft of purpose high, Forgive, forgive, O Lord, we cry.

Let the fierce fires, which burn and try, Our inmost spirits purify: Consume the ill; purge out the shame; O God! be with us in the flame; A newborn people may we rise, More pure, more true, more nobly wise.

William B. Carpenter