Lamb of God, Thou now art seated
High upon Thy Father's throne,
All Thy gracious work completed,
All Thy mighty vict'ry won;
Ev'ry knee in heav'n is bending
To the Lamb for sinners slain;
Ev'ry voice and harp is swelling—
Worthy is the Lamb to reign!

Lamb of God, Thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return;
All Thy foes shall quake before Thee,
All that now despise Thee mourn:
Then Thy saints shall rise to meet Thee,
With Thee in Thy kingdom reign;
Thine the praise and Thine the glory,
Lamb of God for sinners slain.

Lord, in all Thy pow'r and glory,
Still Thy tho'ts and eyes are here;
Watching o'er Thy ransomed people,
To Thy gracious heart so dear;
Thou for them art interceding—
Everlasting is Thy love—
And a blessed rest preparing
In our Father's house above.

James George Deck

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