

- 2. Though once estrangéd far, We now approach the throne; For Jesus brings us near, And makes our cause His own: Strangers no more, To Thee we come, And find our home, And rest secure.
- 3. To Thee our souls we join,
 And love Thy sacred Name;
 No more our own, but Thine,
 We triumph in Thy claim.
 Our Father-King, Thy covenant grace
 Our souls embrace, Thy titles sing.
- 4 May all the nations throng
 To worship in Thy house;
 And Thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows;
 Indulgent still, Till earth conspire
 To join the choir On Zion's hill.