

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord (Wordsworth)
Words: Christopher Wordsworth, 1862
Music: Konrad Kocher, 1838

Holy, holy, holy, Lord
God of Hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored!
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid;
Praise to Thee let all things give;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command,
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

Thee apostles, prophets thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee, the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Godhead one, and Persons three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.