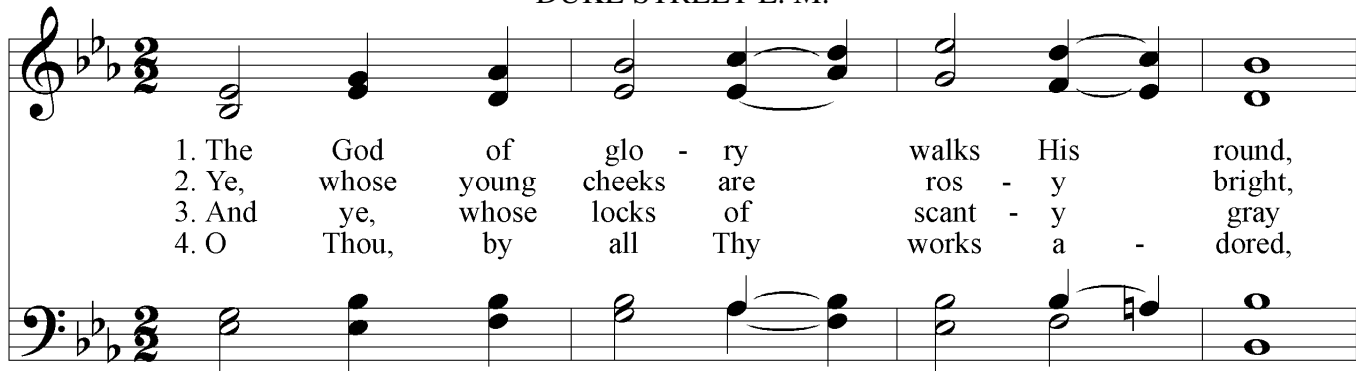
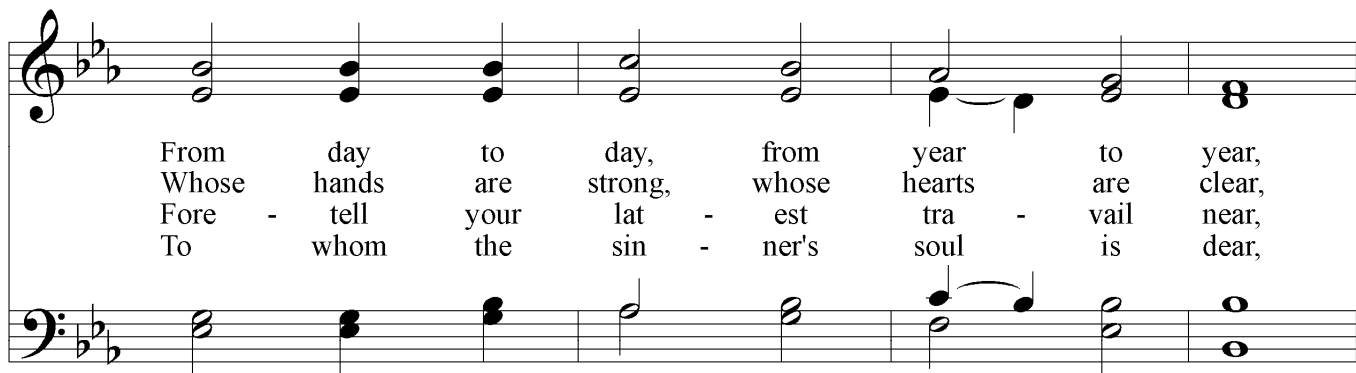


# The God Of Glory Walks His Round

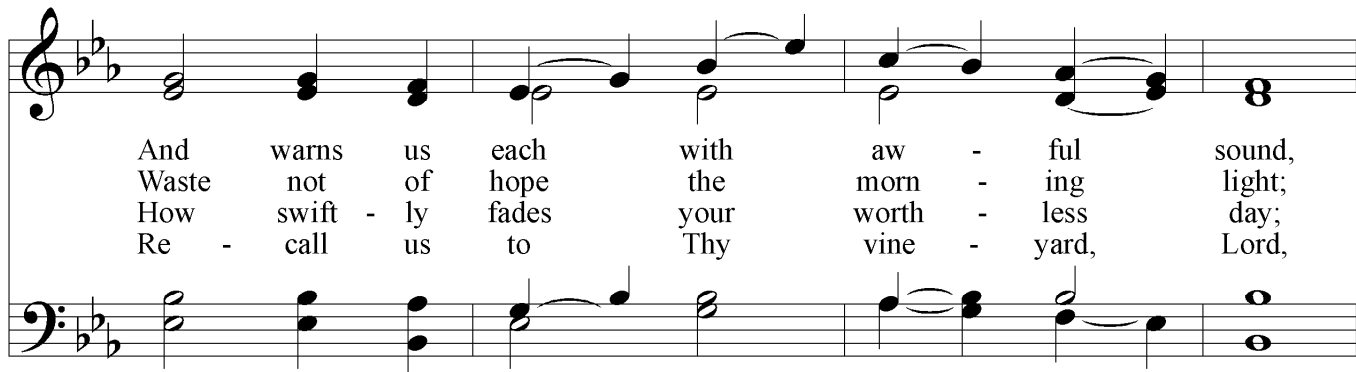
DUKE STREET L. M.



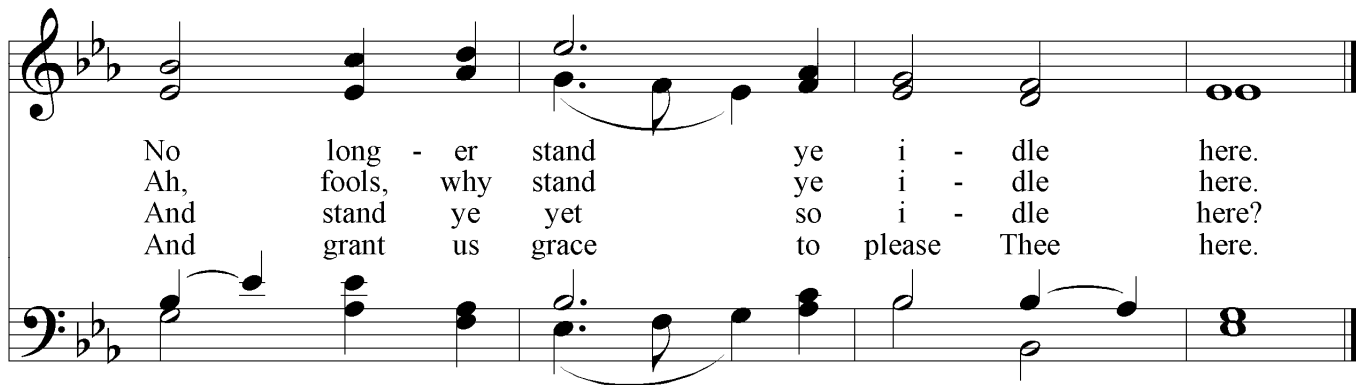
1. The God of glo - ry walks His round,  
2. Ye, whose young cheeks are ros - y bright,  
3. And ye, whose locks of scant - y gray  
4. O Thou, by all Thy works a - dored,



From day to day, from year to year,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,  
Fore - tell your lat - est tra - vail near,  
To whom the sin - ner's soul is dear,



And warns us each with aw - ful sound,  
Waste not of hope the morn - ing light;  
How swift - ly fades your worth - less day;  
Re - call us to Thy vine - yard, Lord,



No long - er stand ye i - dle here.  
Ah, fools, why stand ye i - dle here.  
And stand ye yet so i - dle here?  
And grant us grace to please Thee here.