

Let Arthur me in my throne
Descend and be seated.

Rev. III. 21.

6-8s.

1.

Stupendous mystery of grace!
Shall one of Adam's sinful race,
Shall I, the sinner's chief, sit down
With God, and his eternal Son,
And shine like Jesus glorified,
Triumphant at my Saviour's side!
2.

O thou who hast the victory won,
Regard me from thy Father's throne,
Regard my faith, which is not mine,
My humble confidence divine,
That thou wilt all my foes subdue,
And bring me more than conqueror thro.
3.

Full of the pure immortal hope
I felt thine after sufferings up,
Conformed to an everliving God,
I strive, resisting unto blood,
And mounting on thy cross arise,
To share thy throne above the skies.