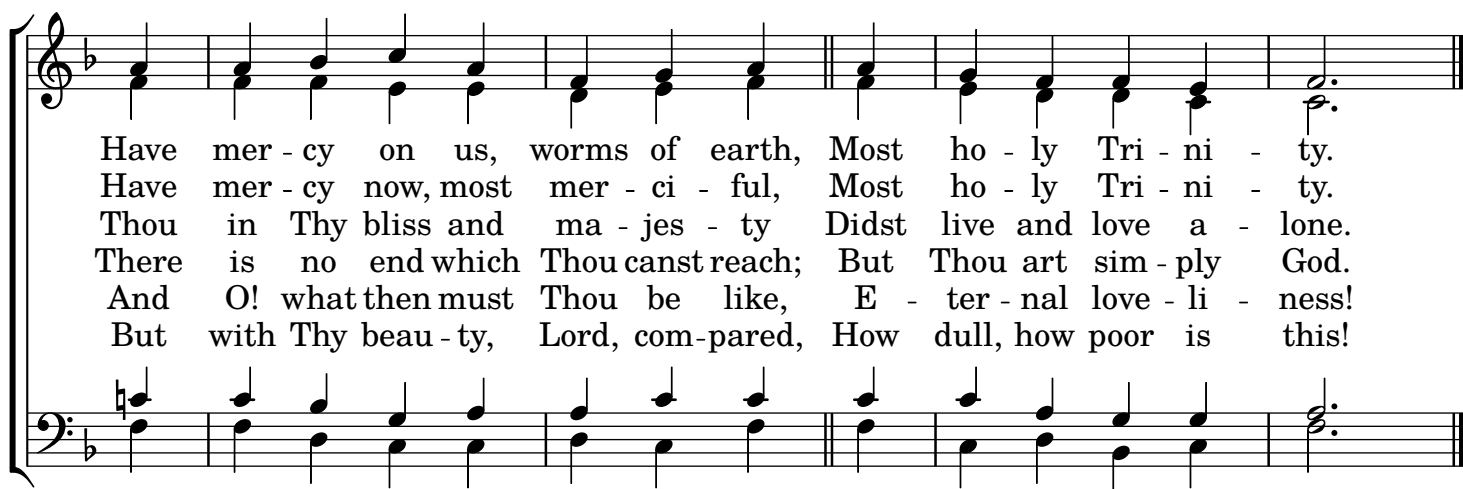


1. Have mer - cy on us, God most high, Who lift our hearts to Thee;
 2. Most an - cient of all mys - ter - ies, Be - fore Thy throne we lie;
 3. When heav'n and earth were yet un-made, When time was yet un - known,
 4. Thou wert not born; there was no fount From which Thy Be - ing flowed;
 5. How won - der - ful cre - a - tion is, The work which Thou didst bless,
 6. How beau - ti - ful the An - gels are, The Saints how bright in bliss;



Have mer - cy on us, worms of earth, Most ho - ly Tri - ni - ty.
 Have mer - cy now, most mer - ci - ful, Most ho - ly Tri - ni - ty.
 Thou in Thy bliss and ma - jes - ty Didst live and love a - lone.
 There is no end which Thou canst reach; But Thou art sim - ply God.
 And O! what then must Thou be like, E - ter - nal love - li - ness!
 But with Thy beau - ty, Lord, com - pared, How dull, how poor is this!

Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)