

TO Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him that formed our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
The praises of our tongues;
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus Heaven shall raise His honours high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748