

- H**OW shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne?
- 2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But His all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Whose depths we cannot sound.
- 4 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees;
Firm as a rock His Truth remains,
To guard His promises.
- 5 Justice upon an awesome throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 6 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak Thy forgiving word,
That it may be my joy to sing
The mercies of my Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748