

VAST are Thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon Thy word,
And every race of creature stands
Waiting their portion from Thy hands.

- 2 But when Thy face is turned, they mourn,
And dying to the dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are Thine.
- 3 Yet Thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men,
A word of Thy creating breath,
Repairs the waste of time and death.
- 4 At Thy mere touch the mountains smoke,
And earth stands trembling at Thy stroke!
Yet humble hearts may seek Thy face,
And trust their needs to sovereign grace.
- 5 In Thee our hopes and wishes meet,
O make our meditations sweet,
Praises shall all our hearts employ
Till they translate to endless joy.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748