

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise,
Our hearts and voices in His praise:
His nature and His works invite
To make this service our delight.

- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
Eternal wisdom knows no bound:
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 3 He bids the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hand supplies,
And hearkens to a thousand cries.
- 4 What is the creature's skill or fame?
Or features of our human frame?
The vaunted mind, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for Him.
- 5 But saints are lovely in His sight,
He views believers with delight;
He sees their hopes, and knows their fear,
And owns and loves His image there.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748