

ETERNAL Power! Whose high abode
Befits the grandeur of our God—
Unending space beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings,
And throngs of shining ones around,
Fall worshipping upon the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And we have learned to speak Thy name;
But O, the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
- 5 God is in Heaven, and we below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
While awe and wonder rule our tongues.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748