

THAT God the Lord is ever nigh,
Though veiled in awesome majesty,
His mighty works declare!
His hand the universe upholds,
His eye the peopled world beholds
With providential care.

2 The Lord sets up; the Lord pulls down;
To Him the monarch owes his crown,
The conqueror his wreath;
In Him all creatures live and move;
He reigns supreme in Heaven above,
And in the earth beneath.

3 Great King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Whose hand chastises and rewards,
Thee only we adore;
To Thee the voice of praise shall rise,
In hallelujahs to the skies,
When time shall be no more.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862