

# Lancaster

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G minor  
Nehemiah Shumway, 1793

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. The Lord, how fear-ful is His name, How wide is His com - mand!

Na-ture, with

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

Na - ture, with all her mov - ing frame, Rests on His

Na - ture, with all her mov-ing

Na-ture, with all her mov - ing frame, Rests on His migh - ty hand.

all her mov-ing frame, Rests on His migh - ty hand. Na - ture, with all her

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

migh - ty hand. Na - ture, with

frame, Na - ture, with all her mov - ing frame, Rests

Na - ture, with all her mov - ing frame, Rests on His migh - ty

mov - ing frame, Na - ture with all her mov - ing frame, Rests

Tr. all her mov - ing frame, Na - ture, with all her mov - ing

C. on His migh - ty hand, Na - ture, with all her

T. hand,                      Rests on His migh - ty hand. Na - ture, with

B. on His migh - ty hand. Na - ture, with all her

Tr. frame,                      Rests on His migh - ty hand.

C. mov - ing frame, rests on His migh - ty hand.

T. all her mov - ing frame, Rests on His migh - ty hand.

B. mov - ing frame, Rests on His migh - ty hand.

2. Immortal glory forms his throne,  
And light his awful robe ;  
While, with a smile or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.

3. A word of his almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas;  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them as he please.

4. Adoring angels round him fall  
In all their mining forms :  
His sovereign eye looks through them all,  
And pities mortal worms.

5. His bowels to our worthless race,  
In sweet compassion move:  
He clothes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, Love.

6. Now let the Lord forever reign,  
And sway us as he will,  
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,  
We are his favorites still.

7. No move shall peevish passion rise;  
The tongue no more complain:  
"Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,  
And love resumes again.