

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Great God, the heavens' well-or-dered frame De-clar-es the glo-ries of Thy name; — There Thy rich works of

Tr.

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B.

won-der shine; A thou-sand star-ry beau-ties there, A thou-sand rad-iant marks ap-pear, Of bound-less

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marks ap-pear, Of bound-less power, thou-sand rad-iant marks ap-pear, Of bound-less power and skill di-vine. power and skill di-vine, A

2. From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3. Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4. Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his Maker God
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

5. I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6. From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

8. Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.