

# Syracuse

Transcribed from *The Christian Harmonist*, 1804.

C Major  
 Samuel Holyoke, 1804

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. What is our God, \_\_\_\_\_ or what \_\_\_\_\_ his name, Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;  
 2. The spacious worlds \_\_\_\_\_ of heaven - ly light, Compared with him, how short they fall!  
 3. He spoke the won - drous word, \_\_\_\_\_ and, lo! Cre - a - tion rose at his command:

He dwells con - ceal'd,  
 They are too dark,  
 Whirlwinds and seas,

He dwells con -  
 They are too  
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 They are too dark, \_\_\_\_\_ They are too  
 Whirlwinds and seas, \_\_\_\_\_ Whirlwinds and

15

20

1. He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame, Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach, Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.  
 2. They are too dark, and he too bright: No - thing are they, and God is all, No - thing are they, and God is all.  
 3. Whirlwinds and seas their li - mits know, Bound in the hollow of his hand, Bound in the hol-low of his hand.

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4. There rests the earth, there roll the spheres.  
 There nature leans, and feels her prop:  
 But his own self-sufficiency bears  
 The weight of his own glories up.

5. The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
 Measuring their changes by the moon:  
 No ebb his sea of glory knows;  
 His age is one eternal noon.

6. Then fly, my song, an endless round,  
 The lofty tune let Michael raise:  
 All nature dwell upon the sound,  
 But we can ne'er fulfill the praise.