

Thou, True And Only God, Lead'st Forth  
by Charles Wesley

1 THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth  
The immortal armies of the sky;  
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth,  
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly.  
With downcast eye the angelic choir  
Appear before thy awful face;  
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,  
And through heaven's vault resound thy praise,  
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art;  
The conscious creature feels thy nod,  
Whose forming hand on every part  
Impressed the image of its God.

2 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;  
Justice and truth before thee stand;  
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,  
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.  
Each evening shows thy tender love,  
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace  
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,  
Thy willing mercy flies apace.  
To thy benign indulgent care,  
Father, this light, this breath we owe;  
And all we have, and all we are,  
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

3 Parent of good, thy bounteous hand  
Incessant blessings down distils,  
And all in air, or sea, or land,  
With plenteous food and gladness fills.  
All things in thee live, move, and are,  
Thy power infused doth all sustain;  
Even those thy daily favours share  
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.  
Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray  
Alike on all impartial pour;  
To all, who hate or bless thy sway,  
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet, while at length who scorned thy might  
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,  
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,  
Of those who to thy love aspire!  
All creatures, praise the eternal name!  
Ye hosts that to his court belong,  
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,  
Awake the everlasting song!  
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,  
The power omnipotent is thine,  
And when created nature dies,  
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.