

Come, O My Soul, in Sacred Lays

Thomas Blacklock.

Frederick Venua, ca. 1810.

Come, O my soul, in sacred lays

Attempt thy great creator's praise:

But O, what tongue can speak His fame?

What verse can reach the lofty theme?

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Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,

He glory like a garment wears;

To form a robe of light divine,

Ten thousand suns around Him shine,

Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

In all our maker's grand designs,

Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;

His works, through all this wondrous frame,

Declare the glory of His name,

Declare the glory of His name.

Raised on devotion's lofty wing,

Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;

And let His praise employ thy tongue

Till listening worlds shall join the song,

Till listening worlds shall join the song.