

Creator of the World, to Thee

Charles Coffin, 1736.

Johann Knig, 1738.

Creator of the world, to Thee

And endless rest of joy belongs;

And heavenly choirs are ever free

To sing on high their festal songs.

But we are fallen creatures here,

Where pain and sorrow daily come;

And how can we in exile drear

Sing out, as they, sweet songs of Home?

O Father, who dost promise still

That they who mourn shall blessed be,

Grant us to weep for deeds of ill

That banish us so long from Thee.

But weeping, grant us faith to rest

In hope upon Thy loving care;

Till Thou restore us, with the blest,

Their songs of praise in Heav'n to share.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

The God whom Heav'n and earth adore,

From men and from the angel host

Be praise and glory evermore.