

Eternal Wisdom, Thee We Praise
Isaac Watts(1674-1748)
Thomas Jackson, 1780.

Eternal wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings,
With Thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And Heaven's high palace rings.

Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

There Thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.

If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make Thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast,
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of Thy host.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At Thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

Lo! here Thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

There, the rough mountains of the deep
Obey Thy strong command,
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad.
Our souls with vast amazement fill.
And speak the builder God.

But the mild glories of Thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face

