

Far as Creation's Bounds Extend

James Merrick(1720-1769)

Franz Haydn, 1798.

Far as creation's bounds extend,  
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;  
One chorus of perpetual praise  
To Thee thy various works shall raise;  
Thy saints to Thee in hymns impart  
The transports of a grateful heart.

They chant the splendors of Thy name,  
Delighted with the wondrous theme;  
And bid the world's wide realm admire  
The glories of the Almighty Sire,  
Whose throne all nature's wreck survives,  
Whose power through endless ages lives.

From Thee, great God, while every eye  
Expectant waits the wished supply,  
Their bread proportioned to the day,  
Thy opening hands to each convey;  
In every sorrow of the heart  
Eternal mercy bears a part.

Who ask Thine aid with heart sincere  
Shall find Thy succors ever near;  
To Thee their prayer in each distress  
Thy suffering servants, Lord, address;  
And prove Thee, verging on the grave,  
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.