

Father, How Wide Thy Glories Shine

Isaac Watts, 1706.

John Dykes, 1875.

Father, how wide Thy glories shine!
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill,
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.

But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Our souls are filled with awe divine
To see what God performs.

Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;
We love and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

Part of Thy name divinely stands
On all Thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of Thy hands,
Or impress of Thy feet.

When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
O the dear mysteries of His cross,
The triumph of his groans.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.