

Good Is the Lord, the Heav'nly King

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Uzziah Burnap, 1895.

Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King,  
Who makes the earth His care;  
Visits the pastures every spring,  
And bids the grass appear.  
The clouds, like rivers, raised on high  
Pour out at Thy command  
Their watery blessings from the sky,  
To cheer the thirsty land.

The softened ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring;  
The valleys rich provision yield,  
And the poor laborers sing.  
The little hills, on every side,  
Rejoice at falling showers;  
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,  
Perfume the air with flowers.

The barren clods, refreshed with rain,  
Promise a joyful crop;  
The parching grounds look green again,  
And raise the reaper's hope.  
The various months Thy goodness crowns;  
How bounteous Thy ways!  
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout Thy praise.