

New Wonders of Thy Mighty Hand  
Charles Coffin, 1736.  
Scottish Psalter, 1615.

New wonders of Thy mighty hand,  
Lord, we today admire,  
Writ on the firmament above  
In glittering orbs of fire.

The sun is ruler of the day,  
The silver moon of night,  
The starry hosts adorn the sky  
In ordered ranks of light.

But e'en that glorious sun must set,  
And knows his going down,  
That silver moon must wax and wane,  
The stars their courses own.

Still in an ever changing round  
The daylight comes and goes;  
But Thou art evermore the same,  
No change Thy mercy knows.

Why waver then our troubled hearts?  
Thine is a father's care;  
And they, eternal life who seek,  
Eternal life shall share.

All praise, all glory be ascribed  
To God the One in Three,  
Who bids us cast our care on Him,  
To Him for comfort flee.