

O Lord My God! How Great Art Thou!  
John Adams(1767-1848)  
Lowell Mason, 1824.

O Lord my God! how great art Thou!  
With honor and with glory crowned;  
Light's dazzling splendors veil Thy brow,  
And gird the universe around.

Spirits and angels Thou hast made;  
Thy ministers a flaming fire;  
By Thee were earth's foundations laid;  
At Thy rebuke the floods retire.

Thine are the fountains of the deep;  
By Thee their waters swell or fail;  
Up to the mountain's summit creep,  
Or shrink beneath the lowly vale.

Thy fingers mark their utmost bound;  
That bound the waters may not pass;  
Their moisture swells the teeming ground,  
And paints the valleys o'er with grass.

The waving harvest, Lord, is Thine;  
The vineyard, and the olive's juice;  
Corn, wine, and oil, by Thee combine,  
Life, gladness, beauty, produce.

The moon for seasons Thou hast made,  
The sun for change of day and night;  
Of darkness Thine the deepest shade,  
And Thine the day's meridian light.

O Lord, Thy works are all divine;  
In wisdom hast Thou made them all;  
Earth's teeming multitudes are Thine;  
Thinepeopled oceans great and small.

All these on Thee for life depend;  
Thy Spirit speaks, and they are born;  
They gather what Thy bounties send;  
Thy hand of plenty fills the horn.

Thy face is hid they turn pale,  
With terror quake, with anguish burn;  
Their breath Thou givest to the gale;  
They die, and to their dust return.

And Thou, my soul, with pure delight,  
Thy voice to bless thy Maker raise;  
His praise let morning sing to night,  
And night to morn repeat His praise.