

The Seasons Are Fixed by Wisdom Divine

From Psalm 104.

Charles Gabriel, 1912.

The seasons are fixed by wisdom divine,
The slow-changing moon show forth God's design;
The sun in his circuit his maker obeys,
And running his journey hastes not nor delays.

The Lord makes the night, when, leaving their lair,
The lions creep forth, God's bounty to share;
The Lord makes the morning, when beasts steal away
And men are beginning the work of the day.

How many and wise Thy works are, O Lord!
The earth with the wealth of wisdom is stored;
The sea bears in safety the ships to and fro,
And creatures unnumbered it shelters below.

Thy creatures all look to Thee for their food;
Thy hands open wide, they gather the good;
Thy face Thou concealest, in anguish they yearn;
Their breath Thou withholdest, to dust they return.

Thy Spirit, O Lord, makes life to abound,
The earth is renewed, and fruitful the ground;
To God ascribe glory and wisdom and might,
Let God in His creatures forever delight.

Before the Lord's might earth trembles and quakes,
The mountains are rent, and smoke from them breaks;
The Lord I will worship through all of my days,
Yea, while I have being my God I will praise.

Rejoicing in God, my thought shall be sweet,
While sinners depart in ruin complete;
My soul, bless Jehovah, His name be adored,
Come, praise Him, ye people, and worship the Lord.