

This Spacious Earth Is All the Lord's

Isaac Watts, 1719.

John Gould, 1849.

This spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds:
He raised the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker God?

He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Savior bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face:
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Savior's He.

Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Savior way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

Raised from the dead, He goes before;
He opens Heav'n's eternal door,
To give His saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.