

With Songs and Honors Sounding Loud

Isaac Watts, 1719.

William Wheale, 1729.

With songs and honors sounding loud,  
Address the Lord on high;  
Over the heav'ns He spreads His cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.

He sends His showers of blessing down  
To cheer the plains below;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He hears the raven's cry;  
But man, who tastes His finest wheat,  
Should raise His honors high.

His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.

When from the dreadful stores on high  
He pours the rattling hail,  
The wretch that dares this God defy  
Shall find his courage fail.

He sends His Word, and melts the snow,  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey His mighty Word:  
With songs and honors sounding loud,  
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.