

Ye Holy Souls, in God Rejoice

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Thoro Harris.

Ye holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new:
Sing of His name, His Word, His ways,
His works of nature and of race,
How wise and holy, just and true!

Justice and truth He ever loves,
And the whole earth His goodness proves,
His Word the heav'nly arches spread:
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of His mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their place
In the vast storehouse of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and Heav'n, and earth;
His everlasting orders keep.

Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands;
But His eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.