

Ye Sons of Men, with Joy Record

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

Widdop.

Ye sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let His power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

Let the high heavens your songs invite;
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun and moon and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

See earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its maker reigns.

But O that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

Thither, my soul, with rapture soar:
There in the land of praise adore:
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undecaying day.