

**Can Creatures to Perfection Find**

Words: Isaac Watts, 1706-09.

Music: Griffith Jones, 1890.

Can creatures to perfection find  
Th eternal, uncreated Mind?  
Or can the largest stretch of thought  
Measure and search His nature out?

Tis high as Heavn, tis deep as hell  
And what can mortals know or tell?  
His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all the shining worlds on high.

But man, vain man, would fain be wise;  
Born like a wild young colt, He flies  
Through all the follies of His mind,  
And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.

God is a king of power unknown,  
Firm are the orders of His throne;  
If He resolve, who dares oppose,  
Or ask him why or what He does?

He wounds the heart, and He makes whole  
He calms the tempest of the soul;  
When He shuts up in long despair,  
Who can remove the heavy bar?

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;  
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;  
The pillars of Heavns starry roof  
Tremble and start at His reproof.

He gave the vaulted Heavn its form,  
The crooked serpent, and the worm;  
He breaks the billows with His breath,  
And smites the sons of pride to death.

These are a portion of His ways;  
But who shall dare describe His face?  
Who can endure His light, or stand  
To hear the thunders of His hand?