

Father, How Wide Thy Glories Shine

Words: Isaac Watts, 1706.

Music: John Dykes, 1875.

Father, how wide Thy glories shine!  
How high Thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,  
Their motions speak Thy skill,  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read Thy patience still.

But when we view Thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Our souls are filled with awe divine  
To see what God performs.

Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;  
We love and we adore;  
The first archangel never saw  
So much of God before.

Part of Thy name divinely stands  
On all Thy creatures writ;  
They show the labor of Thy hands,  
Or impress of Thy feet.

When sinners break the Fathers laws,  
The dying Son atones;  
O the dear mysteries of His cross,  
The triumph of his groans.

Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice, or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuels name,  
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.