

Keep Silence, All Created Things
Words: Isaac Watts.
Music: Amzi or Lucius Chapin, 1813.

Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Makers nod!
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Chained to His throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angels form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfills some deep design.

Here He exalts neglected worms
To scepters and a crown;
And there the following page He turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

In Thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!