

Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord
Christians Magazine, 1766.
Ignaz Pleyel, 1791.

's version:

Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to Thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that Thou art true.
Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green arrayed,
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.
Lo! abundantly they bloom,
Lebanon is hither come,
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

See, these barren souls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
We behold (the objects we!)
Christ, the incarnate Deity,
Christ, in whom Thy glories shine,
Excellence of strength divine.

Ye that tremble at his frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down;
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest his truth should fail,
Jesus is unchangeable.

God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom,
He shall come and save you too;
We, O Lord, have found thee true!
Blind we were, but now we see,
Deal; we hearken now to thee,
Dumb, for thee our tongues employ,
Lame, and, lo! we leap for joy.

Faint we were, and parched with drought,
Water at Thy word gushed out,
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness;
Still we gasp Thy grace to know,
Here for ever let it flow,
Make the thirsty land a pool;
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

Benjamin Williams' version, alt.

Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored!
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

Though unworthy of Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.

When, with angel harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant songs we raise.