

Songs of Immortal Praise

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Thomas Crossley, 1876.

Songs of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and He my tongue
To spread His name abroad.

How great the works His hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th'eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That His first thoughts designed.

When He redeemed His chosen sons,
He fixed His covenant sure;
The orders that His lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read Thy name?

To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys Thy will.