

1. My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; When cloth'd in his ce - les - tial rays, He in full ma - jes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

2. An - gels, whom his own breath inspires His min - is - ters are fla - ming fires; And swift as thought their armies move, To bear his ven - geance or his love;

3. When earth was cover'd with the flood, Which high a - bove the mountains stood, He thunder'd, and the o - cean fled, Confined to its ap - pointed bed.

4. He bids the crys - tal fountains flow, And cheer the valleys as they go; There gen - tle herds their thirst al - lay, And for the streams wild ass - es bray,

The heav'ns are for his curtains spread; Th'un - fathom'd deep he makes his bed; Clouds are his chariot when he flies On wing - ed storms a - cross the skies.

The world's foun - da - tion by his hand Is pois'd, and shall for - ev - er stand; He binds the o - cean in his chain, Lest it should drown the earth a - gain.

The swell - ing bil - lows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence con - vey'd by se - cret veins, They spring on hills and drench the plains.

From pleasant trees which shade the brink, The lark and lin - net light to drink; Their song the lark and lin - net raise, And chide our si - lence in his praise.