

PROVIDENCE L.M.

in *The New York Selection*, 1820

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud That veils and darkens thy de - signs.

2. For ev - er firm thy jus - tice stands, As mountains their foun - da - tions keep; Wise are the wonders of thy hands - Thy judgments are a might - y deep.

3. Thy prov - i - dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy bount - y share; The whole cre - a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.

4. My God, how ex - cel - lent thy grace, Whence all our hope and com - fort springs! The sons of Ad - am in dis - tress, Fly to the shadow of thy wings.