

1. Not to our names, thou on - ly Just and True, Not to our worth-less names is glo-ry due; Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and jus-tice claim,

2. Heav'n is thy high - er court; there stands thy throne; And thro' the low - er worlds thy will be done; Earth is thy work; the heav'ns thy hand hath spread,

3. Vain are those art - ful shapes of eyes and ears, The molt-en im - age neith-er sees nor hears; Their hands are help-less, nor their feet can move;

4. The rich have stat - ues well a-dorned with gold; The poor con - tent with gods of coars-er mold, With tools of i - ron carve their sense-less stock,

5. In God we trust; our im-pious foes in vain At-tempt our ru - in, and op-pose his reign; Had they pre-vail'd, dark-ness had closed our days,

Im - mor-tal hon - ors to thy sov'-reign name. Shine thro' the earth from heaven, thy bless'd a-bode, Nor let the heath-en say, "And where's your God?"

But fools a - dore the gods their hands have made; The kneel-ing crowd with looks de-vout be - hold Their sil - ver sa - viors, and their saints of gold.

They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love; Yet sot - tish mor-tals make their long com-plaints To their deaf i - dols and their move - less saints.

Lopp'd from a tree or bro-ken from a rock; Peo - ple and priests drive on the sol-emn trade, And trust the gods that saws and ham - mers made.

And death and si - lence had for-bid His praise; But we are sav'd, and live; let songs a - rise, And Zi - on bless the God who built the skies.