

1. God is a name my soul a-dores, Th'Al-mighty Three, th'E-ter - nal one; Na-ture and grace withall their pow'rs Confess the In - fi-nite, Unknown.

2. Thy voice produced the seas and spheres, Bid the waves roar and plan - ets shine; But no-thing like thy-self appears, Thro' all the spacious works of thine.

3. A glance of thine runs thro' the globes, Rules the bright worlds, & moves their frame; Bright sheets of light compose thy robes; Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

4. How shall affrighted mor - tals dare, To sing thy glo-ry or thy grace! Be - neath thy feet we lie so far, And see but shadows of thy face;

From thy Great Self thy Be - ing springs, Thou art thine own o - ri - gi - nal, made up of un-cre - a-ted things, And Self-suf - fi-cience bears them all.

Still rest-less na-ture dies and grows; From change to change the creatures run; Thy be-ing no suc-cession knows, And all these vast de - signs are one.

Thrones and do-min-ions round thee fall, And wor-ship in sub-mis-sive forms; Thy presence shakes this low-er ball, This lit - tle dwell-ing place of worms.

Who can be-hold thy blaz-ing light!—Who can ap-proach con-sum-ing fire! None but thy wisdom knows thy might, None but thy word can speak thy pow'r.