

METRE 3 Isaac Watts **MATTHIAS S.M.** Samuel Stanley

1. Al - might - y Ma - ker, God! How won - drous is thy name!  
2. Na - ture in eve - ry dress Her hum - ble hom - age pays,  
3. My soul would rise and sing To her Cre - a - tor too,  
4. But pride, that bu - sy sin, Spoils all that I per - form,  
5. Cre - ate my soul a - new, Else all my wor - ship's vain;

# MATTHIAS—Continued

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Thy glo - ries, how dif - fused a - broad, Through the cre - a - tion's frame, Through the cre - a - tion's frame.  
 And finds a thou - sand ways t' ex - press Thine un - dis - sem - bled praise, Thine un - dis - sem - bled praise.

Fain would my tongue a - dore my King, And pay the wor - ship due, And pay the wor - ship due.  
 Curs'd pride, that creeps se - cure - ly in, And swells a haugh - ty worm, And swells a haugh - ty worm.

This wretch - ed heart will ne'er be true, Un - til 'tis formed a - gain, Un - til 'tis formed a - gain.