

1 — C.M. — I. Watts

The Infinity of God
Ps. 147. 5; Heb. 4. 13

1 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we! Let the
whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee!

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 [Nature and time quite naked lie
To thy immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.]

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new!

5 Our lives through various scenes are
drawn, And vexed with trifling cares,
While thy eternal thought moves on Thy
undisturbed affairs.

7 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee!

2 --- C.M. --- I. Watts

The Eternity of God.
Ps. 90. 2; Lam. 5. 19; Hab. 1. 12

1 Lord, raise my soul above the ground,
And draw my thoughts to thee;
Teach me, with sweet and solemn sound,
To praise the eternal Three.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures! look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well; let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day
When the old creation dies.

3 --- L.M. --- R. Burnham

The Power of God.
Exod. 15. 6; Ps. 62. 11

1 God is my everlasting King;
God is my Strength, and I will sing;
His power upholds my feeble frame,
And I'm victorious through his name.

2 Devils retreat when he appears;
Then I arise above my fears,
And every fiery dart repel,
And vanquish all the force of hell.

3 Through the Redeemer's precious blood,
I feel the mighty power of God;
Through the rich aid divinely given,
I rise from earth, and soar to heaven.

4 [Dear Lord, thy weaker saints inspire,
And fill them with celestial fire;
On thy kind arm may they rely,
And all their foes shall surely fly.]

5 Now, Lord, thy wondrous power exert,
And every ransomed soul support;
Give us fresh strength to wing our way
To regions of eternal day.

6 [There may we praise the great I AM,
And shout the victories of the Lamb;
Raise every chorus to his blood,
And triumph in the power of God.]

4 --- C.M. --- I. Watts
The Sovereignty of God.
Job. 23. 13; Rom. 9. 15-18

1 Keep silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, & worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave TO BE.

3 Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 [Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.]

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

5 --- C.M. --- I. Watts
The Wisdom of God.
1 Cor. 1. 24; Eph. 3. 9-11

1 The Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power, and truth, & boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gosp wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs;
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

6 --- L.M. --- B. Beddome
The Wisdom and Knowledge of God.
Ps. 139

1 God's ways are just, his counsels wise;
No darkness can prevent his eyes;
No thought can fly, nor thing can move,
Unknown to him that sits above.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells;
Performs his works, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,

Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

7 --- **C.M.** --- **S. Medley**
The Wisdom and Goodness of God.
Exod. 34. 6

1 God shall alone the refuge be,
And comfort of my mind;
Too wise to be mistaken, He,
Too good to be unkind.

2 In all his holy, sovereign will,
He is, I daily find,
Too wise to be mistaken, still
Too good to be unkind.

3 [When I the tempter's rage endure,
'Tis God supports my mind;
Too wise to be mistaken, sure,
Too good to be unkind.]

4 [When sore afflictions on me lie,
He is (though I am blind)
Too wise to be mistaken, yea,
Too good to be unkind.]

5 What though I can't his goings see,
Nor all his footsteps find?
Too wise to be mistaken, He,
Too good to be unkind.

6 Hereafter he will make me know,
And I shall surely find,
He was too wise to err, and O,
Too good to be unkind.

8 --- **L.M.** --- **B. Beddome**
The Justice and Goodness of God.
Deut. 32. 4

1 Great God! my Maker and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees;
Thy threatenings and thy promises;

The joys of heaven, the pains of hell
What angels taste, what devils feel;

3 Thy terrors and thy acts of grace;
Thy threatening rod, and smiling face;
Thy wounding and thy healing word;
A world undone, a world restored;

4 While these excite my fear and joy,
While these my tuneful lips employ,
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

9 --- **L.M.** --- **S. Medley**
The Loving-Kindness of God.
Ps. 36. 7

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 [Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!]

4 [When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!]

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not!

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,

And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

10 --- L.M. --- J. Kent

The Everlasting Love of God.

Jer. 31. 3; Eph. 2. 4, 5

1 'Twas with an everlasting love
That God his own elect embraced;
Before he made the worlds above,
Or earth on her huge columns placed.

2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primeval shades of darkness drove,
They on his sacred bosom lay,
Loved with an everlasting love.

3 Then in the glass of his decrees,
Christ and his bride appeared as one;
Her sin, by imputation, his,
Whilst she in spotless splendour shone.

4 O love, how high thy glories swell!
How great, immutable, and free!
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are swallowed up, O love, in thee!

5 [Loved, when a wretch defiled with sin,
At war with heaven, in league with hell,
A slave to every lust obscene;
Who, living, lived but to rebel.]

6 Believer, here thy comfort stands
From first to last salvation's free,
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from thee.

