

# ETERNAL POWER

*Eternal Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God:  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds:*

*Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings:  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.*

*Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too;  
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.*

*Earth, from afar, hath heard Thy fame,  
And worms have learn'd to lisp Thy Name;  
But O! the glories of Thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.*

*God is in heaven, and men below:  
Be short our tunes; our words be few:  
A solemn reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.*

-- Isaac Watts, 1674-1748