We sing of God, the mighty source









We sing of God, the might source Of all things; the stupendous force On which all strength depends; From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes, All period, power, and enterprise Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clust'ring spheres He made, The glorious light, the soothing shade, Dale, meadow, grove, and hill; The multitudinous abyss, Where secrecy remains in bliss, And wisdom hides her skill. Glorious the sun in mid career; Glorious the assembled fires appear; Glorious the comet's train: Glorious the trumpet and alarm; Glorious the almighty stretched out arm; Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious, most glorious is the crown Of Him that brought salvation down By meekness, called man's son; Seers that stupendous truth believed, And now the matchless deed's achieved, Determined, dared, and done.

Christopher Smart