

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 19) 88. 88. 88.

Creation

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

G Major
Jacob French, 1802

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Great God, the heav'ns' well - or - dered to frame De - clares the glo - ries of thy name; There
2. From night to day, from day to night, The daw - ning and the dy - ing light, Lec -

3. Yet their di - vine in - struc - tions run Far as the jour - neys of the sun, And
4. Where - e'er he spreads his beams a - broad, He smiles and speaks his Ma - ker, God; All

5. I love the vol - umes of thy word; What light and joy those leaves af - ford To
6. From the dis - cov - eries of thy law The light per - fect rules of life I draw; These

7. Thy threat - enings wake my slum - bering eyes, And warn me where my dan - ger lies; But
8. Who knows the er - rors of his thoughts? And My God, for - give my my se - cret faults, And

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

thy rich works of won - der shine; A thou - sand star - ry beau - ties there, A
tures of heav'n - ly wis - dom read; With si - lent stel - lo - quence they raise Our

8

eve - ry na - tion knows their voice; The sun, like some young bride - groom dressed, Breaks
na - ture joins to show thy praise: Thus, God in eve - ry crea - ture shines; Fair

8

souls be - nigh - ted and dis - tressed! Thy pre - cepts guide my doubt - ful way, Thy
are my stu - dy and dis - light: Thy Not ho - ney so in - vites the taste, Nor

'tis thy ble - sed gos - pel, Lord, That makes my guilt - ty con - science clean, Con -
from pre - sump - tuous sins re - strain; Ac - cept my my poor at - tempts at praise, That

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

thou - sand ra - diant marks ap - pear Of bound - less power and skill di - vine. A
thoughts to our Cre - a - tor's praise And nei - ther sound nor lan - guage need. With

3

from the cham - bers of the east, Rolls round, and makes the earth re - joice. The
is the book of na - ture's lines, But fai - rer is thy book of grace. Fair

8

fear gold for - bids my feet to stray, Thy pro - mise leads my heart to the rest. Thy
that hath my the fur - nace past, Ap - pears so plea - sing to the sight. Not

verts my soul, wub - dues my sin, And gives a free, but large re - ward. That
I have read thy book of grace, And And book of na - ture, not in vain. That

1. 2.