

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

Creation

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

G Major
Jacob French, 1802

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. Great God, the heav'ns' well-ordered frame Declares the glo - ries of thy name: There thy rich works of won - - - - der shine; A read; With

2. From night to day, from day to night, The dawning and the dy - ing light Lec - tures of heav'n - ly wis - - - - dom

3. Yet their di - vine instructions run Far as the jour - neys of the sun, And eve - ry na - tion knows their voice: The

4. Wher-e'er he spreads his beams a - broad, He smiles and speaks his Ma - ker God, All na - ture joins to show thy praise: Thus

5. I love the volumes of thy word; What light and joy those leaves af - ford To souls be - nigh - ted and dis - tressed! Thy

6. From the dis - co-veries of thy law The per - fect rules of life I draw; These are my stu dy and de - light: Not

7. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes, And warn me where my dan - ger lies; But 'tis thy bles - sed gos - - - - pel, Lord, That

8. Who knows the er - rors of his thoughts? My God, for - give my se - cret faults, And from pre - sump - tuous sins re - strain: Ac -

1. thou - sand star - ry beau - ties there, A thousand radiant marks ap - pear Of boundless power and skill di - vine. A

2. si - lent el - o - quence they raise Our thoughts to our Cre - a - tor's praise, And neither sound nor language need. With

3. sun, like some young bridegroom dressed, Breaks from the chambers of the east, Rolls round, and makes the earth re - joice. The

4. God in eve - ry crea - ture shines; Fair is the book of nature's lines, But fai - rer is thy book of grace. Thus

5. pre - cepts guide my doubt - ful way, Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest. Thy

6. ho - ney so in - vites the taste, Nor gold that hath the furnace past Ap - pears so pleasing to the sight. Not

7. makes my guilt - ty con - science clean, Con - verts my soul, sub - dues my sin, And gives a free, but large re - ward. That

8. - cept my poor at - tempts of praise, That I have read thy book of grace, And book of na - ture, not in vain. Ac -