
G O D

Sovereign and Gracious.

I.

THE Lord! how fearful is his Name?
How wide is his Command?

Nature with all its Mighty Frame
Lies rolling in his Hand.

II.

Immortal Glory forms his Throne,
And Light his Awful Robe;
Whilst with a Smile or with a Frown
He manages the Globe.

III.

A Word of His Almighty Breath
Can swell or sink the Seas;
Build the vast Empires of the Earth,
Or break 'em as he please.

IV.

Adoring Angels round him fall

In all their Shining Forms,

His Sovereign Eye looks thro' them all,

And pities Mortal Worms.

V.

His Bowels to our Worthless Race

In sweet Compassion move ;

He Cloaths his Looks with softest Grace,

And takes his Title, Love.

VI.

Now let the Lord for ever Reign,

And Sway us as he will,

Sick or in Health, in Ease or Pain,

We are his Favourites still.

VII.

No more shall peevish Passion rise,

The Tongue no more Complain ;

'Tis Sovereign Love that lends our Joys,

And Love resumes again.