

## X.

Created Powers how weak they be!

How short our Praises fall!

So much akin to Nothing We,

And Thou th' Eternal All.

## THE

## Transcendent Glories

## OF THE

## DEITY.

## I.

**G**OD is a Name my Soul adores ;

Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One :

Nature and Grace with all their Powers

Confess the Infinite Unknown.

## II.

From thy Great Self thy Being Springs ;

Thou art thine own Original ;



Made up of Uncreated Things,  
And Self-Sufficiency bears them all.

III.

Thy Voice hath form'd the Seas and Spheres,  
Bid the Waves roar, and Planets shine ;  
But Nothing like thy Self appears  
Thro' all these Spacious Works of thine.

IV.

Still rolling Nature dies and grows ;  
From Change to Change the Creatures run :  
Thy Being no Succession knows,  
And all thy vast Designs are One.

V.

A Glance of thine runs thro' the Globes,  
Rules the Bright Worlds, and moves their Frame :  
Broad Sheets of Light compose thy Robes ;  
Thy Guards are form'd of living Flame.

VI.

Thrones and Dominions round thee fall  
And Worship in Submissive Forms ;  
Thy Presence shakes this lower Ball,  
This little Dwelling Place of Worms.



## VII.

Then how shall trembling Mortals dare  
 To sing thy Glory or thy Grace ;  
 Beneath thy Feet we lie so far,  
 And see but Shadows of thy Face ?

## VIII.

Who can behold the Blazing Light ?  
 Who can approach Consuming Flame ?  
 None but thy Wisdom knows thy Might ;  
 None but thy Word can speak thy Name.

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**GOD**