
A
Song of Praise

TO
G O D.

PSALM C. *In Trissyllable Feet.*

I.

Sing aloud to the Lord: Let the two Frozen Poles
Awake to the Song, and dissolve in the Praise;
At the Fiery Line will we kindle our Souls,
Nor the Worship be quench't by the Western Seas.

II.

Come Nations adoring the Infinite King,
With Zeal in your Bosoms, and Joy in your Eyes:
His Wonderful Name should eternally ring
Round the broad Globe of Earth to the Circling Skies.

III.

III.

'Twas he that gave Life to our Souls with a Breath,
He fashion'd our Clay to the Figure of Men ;
And when we had stray'd to the Regions of Death,
He reduc'd his own Sheep to his Pastures again.

IV.

We enter his Gates with *Hosannahs* and Songs,
The Arches resound with the Notes that we raise ;
Thus while our Devotions are paid with our Tongues,
Thy Temple adores by repeating the Praise,

V.

Thy Power shakes the World, and makes it self known ;
Thy Love like Eternity has ne're a Bound ;
The Truth of our God must stand firm as his Throne
When the Wheels of old Time shall cease to go round.