

T H E  
G L O R I E S of G O D

Exceed all Worship.

I.

**E**TERNAL Power! whose high Abode  
Becomes the Grandeur of a God;  
Infinite Lengths beyond the Bounds  
Where the Skies roll their little Rounds.

II.

The lowest Step about thy Seat  
Rises too high for *Gabriel's* Feet,  
In vain the tall Arch-Angel tries  
To reach thine height with wondring Eyes:

III.

'Thy dazzling Beauties whilst he Sings  
He hides his Face behind his Wings,  
And Ranks of Shining Thrones around  
Fall Worshipping, and spread the Ground.

IV.

I V.

Lord, what shall Earth and Ashes do!  
We would adore our Maker too,  
From Sin and Dust to thee we cry  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

V.

Earth from afar has heard thy Fame,  
And Worms have learnt to lisp thy Name.  
But, O, the Glories of thy Mind  
Leave all our soaring Thoughts behind.

V I.

God is in Heaven, and Men below,  
Short be our Tunes, our Words be few;  
A Sacred Reverence checks our Songs,  
And Praise fits silent on our Tongues.

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*The END of the First BOOK.*

*Tibi silet Laus, O Deus.*

*Pfal. lxx. i.*