Great God, Thy Glories Shall Employ

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Great God, thy glories shall em-

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
ploy My holy fear, my

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
humble joy; My lips in

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
songs of honour bring Their

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
tribute to th'e- ternal King.

The other verses

2 Earth and the stars and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne,
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.

3 His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If he command who dares oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill?
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.

5 His Name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.

6 The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

7 Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.

8 His mercy like a boundless sea
Washes our loads of guilt away,
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.

9 Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

10 O tell me with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy Name.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.