The Glories of My Maker God

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
The glories of my Maker God, My

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
joyful voice shall sing, And

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
call the nations to adore Their

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
Former and their King.

The other verses

2 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues:
We claim some kindred with the skies
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let groveling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's Name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); 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.