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JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
To poor to set my Saviour forth.

- But O what gentle terms, What condescending ways, Doth our Redeemer use To teach his heavenly grace! Mine eyes with joy and wonder see What forms of love He bears for me.
- 3 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless Thy Name,
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came,
 The joyful news of sin forgiven
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offered His blood, and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside:
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

- My Advocate appears
 For my defence on high;
 The Father bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by:
 Not all that hell or sin can say
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.
- 6 My dear almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing:
 Thine is the power; behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
- Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown:
 A feeble saint shall win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on,
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays
 Superior power, and guardian grace.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)



E boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's frame, His praise your song employ Above the starry frame; Your voices raise, ye cherubim And seraphim, to sing his praise

- Thou moon, that rulest the night,
 And sun, that guild'st the day;
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To him your homage pay;
 His praise declare, ye heavens above
 And clouds that move in liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came;
 And all shall last from changes free;
 His firm decree stands ever fast.
- 4 Let earth her tribute pay;
 Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
 And fish, that through the sea
 Glide swift with glittering scales.
 Fire, hail, and snow, and misty air,
 And winds that, where he bids them,
 blow.

- By hills and mountains, (all In grateful concert joined,)
 By cedars stately tall,
 And trees for fruit designed;
 By every beast, and creeping thing,
 And fowl of wing, his name be blest.
- Let all of royal birth,
 With those of humbler frame,
 And judges of the earth,
 His matchless praise proclaim.
 In this design let youth with maids,
 And hoary heads with children join.
- 7 United zeal be shown
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
 Earth's utmost ends his power obey;
 His glorious sway the sky transcends.
- 8. His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favours Israel's race
 Who still to him are nigh.
 O therefore raise your grateful voice
 And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

Psalm 148; Nahum Tate & Nicholas Brady, 1696

