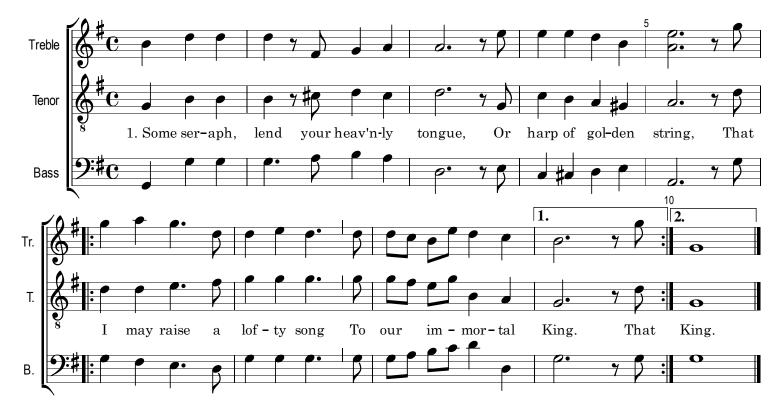
Salem

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G Major Oliver Holden, 1800



- 2. Thy names, how infinite they be! Great everlasting One! Boundless Thy might and majesly, And unconfined Thy throne!
- 3. Thy glories shine of wondrous size, And wondrous large Thy grace; Immortal day breaks from Thine eyes, And Gabriel veils his face.
- Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot sound,
 An ocean of infinities,
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.

- 5. The mysteries of creation lie Beneath enlightened minds; Thoughts can ascend above the sky, And fly before the winds.
- 6. Reason may grasp the massy hills, And stretch from pole to pole, But half Thy name our spirit fills, And overloads our soul.
- 7. In vain our haughty reason swells; For nothing's found in Thee But boundless inconceivables, And vast eternity!