



- 2. This earthly globe, the creature of a day, Though built by God's right hand, must pass away; And long oblivion creep over mortal things, The fate of empires, and the pride of Kings; Eternal night shall veil their proudest story, And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 3. But fixed, O God! Forever stands Thy throne, Jehovah reigns, a universe alone; The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame, Collected or diffused, is still the same; He dwells within His own unfathomed essesnce, And fills all space with His unbounded presence.
- 4. But O! Our highest notes the theme debase; And silence is our least injurious praise; Cease, cease your songs: the daring flight control; Revere Him in the stillness of your soul; With silent duty meekly bend before Him; And deep within your inmost heart adore Him.