

Syria

Transcribed from *The Harmonist's Companion*, 1797.

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. The swelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence conveyed by secret veins, They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

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From pleasant trees which shade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink: Their songs the lark and linnet raise, And chide our silence in his praise.

2. My soul, thy great Creator praise:
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

4. Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord;
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

6. How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

8. Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

10. In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

3. The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
The unfathomed deep he makes his bed.
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

5. But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

7. The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'ereign grace.

9. His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honored with his own delight;
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

11. I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.
Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame
An equal honor to his name?