

# Brest

Transcribed from *Music in Miniature*, 1779.

Tr. 1. Praise, everlasting praise, be paid To him that earth's foundation laid; Praise to the God whose strong decrees Sway the creation as he please.  
2. Praise to the goodness of the Lord, Who rules his people by his word, And there, as strong as his decrees, He sets his kindest pro - mi - ses.

C. 3. Firm are the words his prophets give, Sweet words on which his children live; Each of them is the voice of God, Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.  
4. Each of them powerful as that sound That bid the new-made world go round; And stronger than the solid poles On which the wheel of na - ture rolls.

T. 5. Whence then should doubts and fears arise? Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes? Slowly, alas! our mind receives The comfort that our Maker gives.  
6. O for a strong, a lasting faith, To credit what th'Al - migh - ty saith! T'em - brace the message of his Son, And call the joys of heav'n our own.

B. 7. Then should the earth's old pillars shake, And all the wheels of nature break, Our steady souls should fear no more Than solid rocks when billows roar.  
8. Our ev - er - las - ting hopes a - rise A - bove the ru - in - a - ble skies, Where the eternal Builder reigns, And his own courts his power sustains.