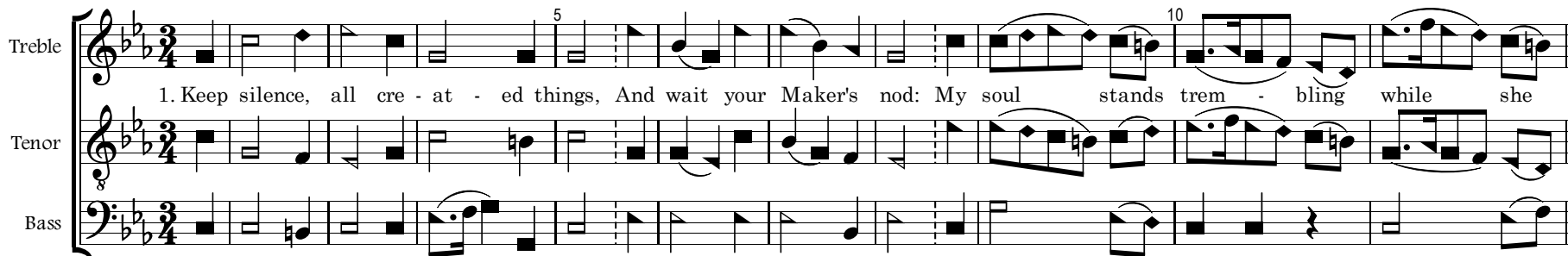
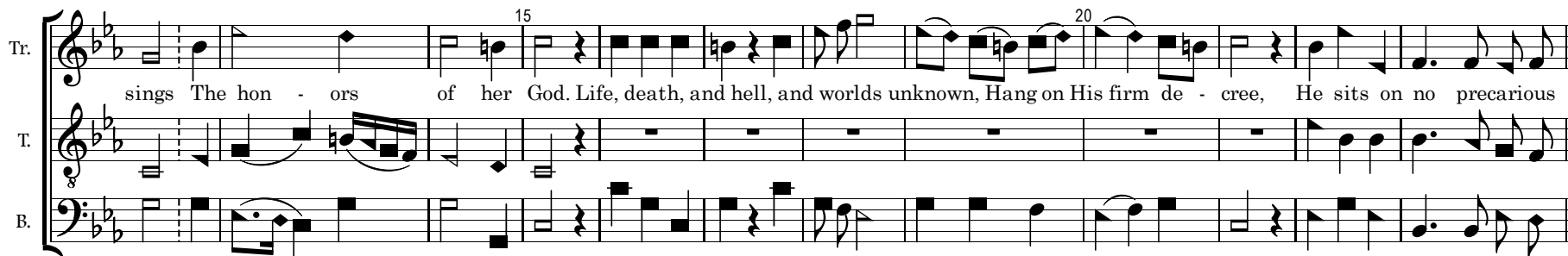


Richmond

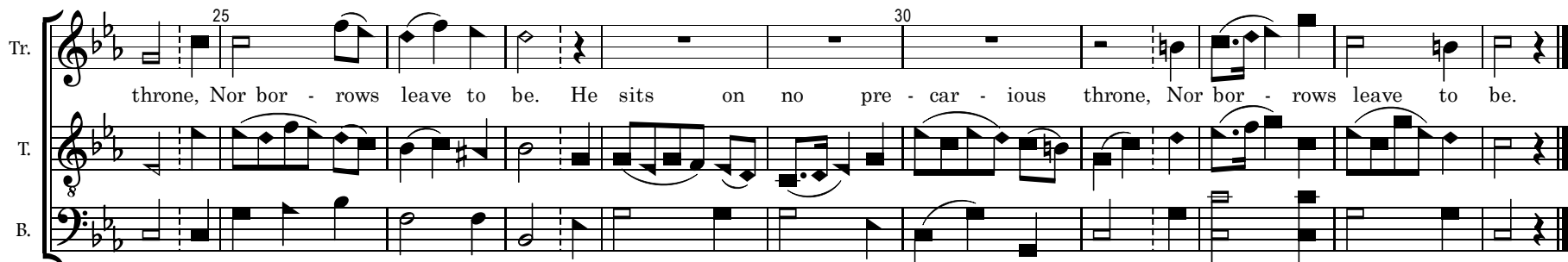
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1. Keep silence, all cre - at - ed things, And wait your Maker's nod: My soul stands trem - bling while she



sings The hon - ors of her God. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown, Hang on His firm de - cree, He sits on no precarious



throne, Nor bor - rows leave to be. He sits on no pre - car - ious throne, Nor bor - rows leave to be.

2. The mighty voice bade ancient night
Her endless realms resign;
And, lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.
Now wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides the vast moving frame;
While all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to His name.

3. He spake: the sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.
Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars:
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim His wars.

4. Chained to the throne, a volume lies
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by eternal pen.
His providence unfolds the book..
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfil some deep design.

5. Here He exalts neglected worms
To scepters and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

6. My God, I never longed to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.
In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!