

Isaac Watts, 1706
(*Lyric Poems, The Infinite*)
86. 86. (C. M.)

Salem

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Revised by B. C. Johnston, 2015.

G Major
Oliver Holden, 1800
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Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. Some seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue, Or harp of golden string; That I may raise a lofty song To our immortal King. That King.

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.

4. 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!