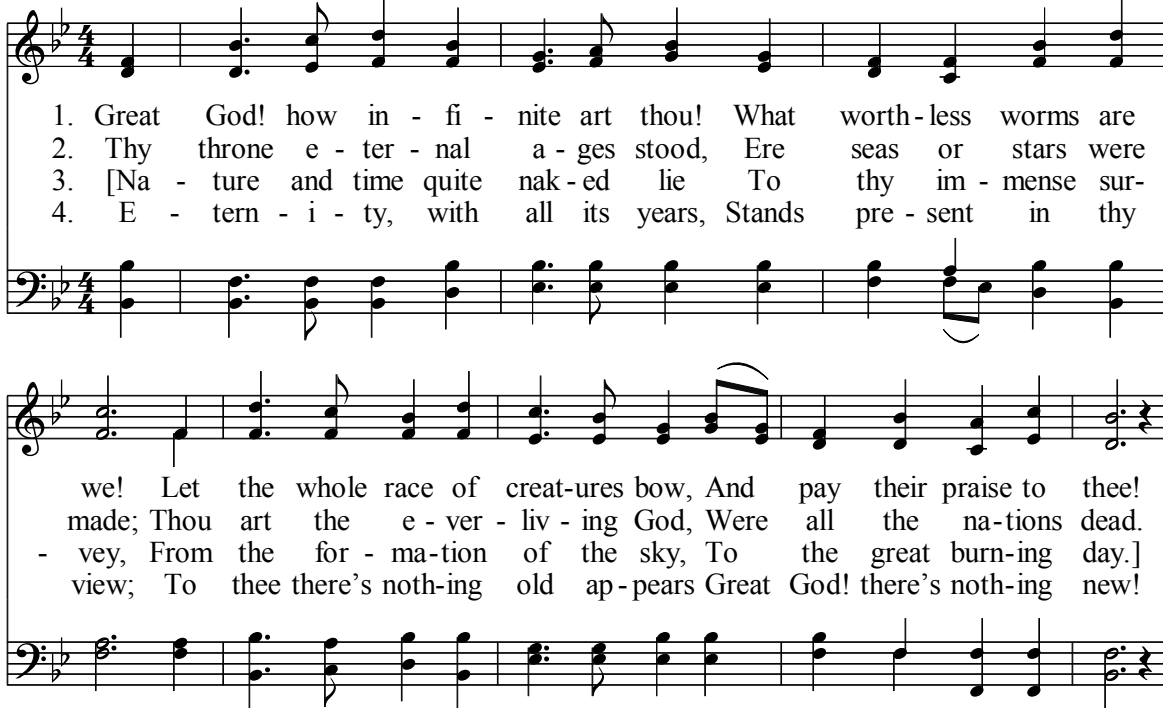


♩=100

The Infinity of God. Ps. 147. 5; Heb. 4. 13

I. Watts



1. Great God! how in - fi - nite art thou! What worth-less worms are
 2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were
 3. [Na - ture and time quite nak - ed lie To thy im - mense sur-
 4. E - tern - i - ty, with all its years, Stands pre - sent in thy

we! Let the whole race of creat-ures bow, And pay their praise to thee!
 made; Thou art the e - ver - liv - ing God, Were all the na-tions dead.
 - vey, From the for - ma-tion of the sky, To the great burn-ing day.]
 view; To thee there's noth-ing old ap-pears Great God! there's noth-ing new!

5. Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While thy eternal thought moves on
 Thy undisturbed affairs.

6. Great God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee!