



2. Your truth and justice I'll proclaim:
Your goodness flows in endless stream;
Your mercy swift, your anger slow,
But fearful to the stubborn foe.

3. Let future times and nations raise
The long succession of your praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

4. But who can name your countless deeds?
Your greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable your ways,
Vast and immortal be your praise.

*Paraphrase of Ps.145 by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748,
adapted by Anthony G. Petti*