

Ye boundless realms of joy

Ye boundless realms of joy,
exalt your Maker's fame,
his praise your song employ
above the starry frame;
your voices raise,
ye cherubim
and seraphim,
to sing his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
and sun, that guid'st the day,
ye glittering stars of light,
to him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
ye heavens above
and clouds that move
in liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
and praise his holy Name,
by whose almighty word
they all from nothing came;
and all shall last
from changes free;
his firm decree
stands ever fast.

United zeal be shown
his wondrous fame to raise,
whose glorious Name alone
deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
his power obey;
his glorious sway
the sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
he sets them up on high,
and favours Israel's race,
who still to him are nigh;
O therefore raise
your grateful voice,
and still rejoice
the Lord to praise.