

Thine angels Thou dost spirits make,  
To walk earth's ways within;  
Thy ministers a flaming fire  
To guard their gates from sin.

From Heaven Thou waterest the hills  
And givest springs their birth,  
Thou causest herbs to grow that man  
May bring forth from the earth.

Thou bearest in Thine hand the sea  
On which the ships assay;  
Thou makest darkness for the night,  
And light to fill the day.

The earth doth tremble at Thy look,  
Thy glory, Lord, is such—  
The very hills and mountains smoke  
If Thou their peaks but touch.

Yet man at dawn goes forth to work,  
Unbroken by Thy power;  
And for his labour Thou dost give  
The quiet evening hour.