

- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That thee and mine oppose.
- 4 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;
- 5 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

PSALM IX. C. M.

- T**C celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 God is a constant, sure defence
Against oppressing rage;