

4. Amazing knowledge, vast, and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
5. O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.—
6. Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
7. If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
8. If, mounted on a morning ray  
I fly beyond the western sea,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
9. Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night ;  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.
10. Oh ! may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

WATTS

## SECTION XXV.

*All nature attests the great Creator.*

1. HAST thou beheld the glorious sun,  
Through all the sky his circuit run,  
At rising morn, at closing day,  
And when he beam'd his noontide ray ?
2. Say, didst thou e'er attentive view  
The ev'ning cloud, or morning dew ?  
Or, after rain, the wat'ry bow  
Rise in the east, a beauteous show ?