

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord  
Can search his secret will;  
But they perform his heavenly word,  
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first offerings bring;  
The eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
Sound from a feeble voice.

L. M.

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WATTS.

1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings:  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too!