

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?