

HYMN 107.

C. M.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty !
- 2 How great his power is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace :
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.
- 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.

HYMN 108.

L. M.

- 1 Great God ! to thee my voice I raise
To thee my youngest hours belong ;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.