

BENEDICITE.

Oh, all ye works of God, lift up your voice
And bless the Lord! Let the arched empyrean,
With starry splendour pulsing, now rejoice;
Ye winged tempests, chant your sounding pæan:
Answer, ye deeps, and let the land accord
Her tribute—rock, stream, tree, hill, vale, frost, flame,
In grateful concert magnify the Lord:
Bless ye the Lord, and praise His holy name!
And ye, oh sons of men: ye priests who dwell
Within His temple gates: ye lowly souls
Whom God Himself hath taught, His Israel—
Oh swell the ceaseless harmony that rolls
From ordered Nature up to Nature's King:
Bless ye the Lord; His praise forever sing!