O God, thy power is wonderful





O God, thy power is wonderful, thy glory passing bright; thy wisdom, with its deep on deep, a rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing creation can behold; thy tenderness so meek, it wins the guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all and ever more should we thy creatures bless, most worshipful of attributes, thine awefull holiness. There's not a craving in the mind thou dost not meet and still; there's not a wish the heart can have which thou dost not fulfill.

O little heart of mine! shall pain or sorrow make thee moan, when all this God is all for thee, a Father all thine own?

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