

*The Lord,
the True Divine*



Song 6 The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,

Isaiah 44:9–20 (Futility of idols carved by man); Psalm 115:4–8 (Idols have eyes but cannot see); Jeremiah 10:1–16 (The Lord is the true God, the living God, the everlasting King); Deuteronomy 4:35 (The Lord is God; there is no other)

The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,
Creator of the heavens, earth's sacred spring,
Your name in might ascends, forever reigns,
None compares to You, in glory You remain.

From forest wood, a craftsman carves his idol's frame,
Adorns with gold and silver, bows to lifeless claim,
With nails it stands unmoved, devoid of sacred flame,
On shoulders borne, it fades in fleeting, empty aim.

The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,
None compares to You, in glory You remain.

The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,
Creator of the heavens, earth's sacred spring,
Your name in might ascends, forever reigns,
None compares to You, in glory You remain.

They carve its eyes, its mouth, a form of lifeless art,
Yet sightless eyes can't see, mute lips no truth impart,
These idols, void of breath, shall crumble and depart,
In judgment's hour, they turn to dust, no spark, no heart.

The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,
None compares to You, in glory You remain.

The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,
Creator of the heavens, earth's sacred spring,
Your name in might ascends, forever reigns,
None compares to You, in glory You remain.

In power, the Lord did shape the earth's eternal form,
With wisdom spread the heavens, their starry light adorned,
He wove the light and dark, mankind in love He formed,
The Sovereign Light, who breathes all life, forever warmed.

The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,
None compares to You, in glory You remain.

The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,
Creator of the heavens, earth's sacred spring,
Your name in might ascends, forever reigns,
None compares to You, in glory You remain.

He lifts the clouds on high, sends rain to kiss the ground,
With lightning's flash and winds, His wonders do abound,
The Lord of Hosts, who formed all things, in might renowned,
We praise, we sing, we dance, His glory to resound.

The Lord, the true Divine, eternal King,
None compares to You, in glory You remain.

KJC-DNN