

Great God, How Infinite Art Thou!

1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! How poor and weak are we!
 2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made:
 3. *E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres - ent in Thy view;*
 4. Our lives through var - ious scenes are drawn, And vexed with trif - ling cares;
 5. Great God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! How poor and weak are we!

Let the whole race of crea - tures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.
 Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.
To Thee there's noth - ing old ap - pears; To Thee there's noth - ing new.
 While Thine e - ter - nal thought moves on Thine un - dis - turbed af - fairs.
 Let the whole race of crea - tures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.

Music: Christopher Tye, 1533; arr. in William Daman's *Book of Musicke*, 1591
 Text: Isaac Watts, 1707

WINDSOR [OLD 116TH]
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