The Lord of Heaven confess





The Lord of heaven confess, on high his glory raise, him let all angels bless, him all his armies praise; him glorify, sun, moon and stars, ye higher spheres and cloudy sky.

The shining worlds above in glorious order stand, or in swift courses move, by his supreme command. He spoke the word: and all their frame from nothing came, to praise the Lord.

Ye kings and judges, fear the Lord, the sovereign King, and while you rule us here his heavenly honours sing: nor let the dream of power and state make you forget his power supreme.

Let all the nations fear the God who rules above; he brings his people near and makes them taste his love: while earth and sky attempt his praise, his saints shall raise his honour high.

George Wither (1558-1667) & Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

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