





- 2. In Heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung, Nor fully reckon'd there; And yet thou maks't the infant tongue Thy boundless praise declare.
- Employs my wond'ring sight The moon that nightly rules the sky, With stars of feebler light.
- 3. When Heav'n, thy beautious work on high, 4. What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st To keep him in thy mind? Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st To them so wondrous kind?