

# 612R God of All Worlds

♩=130

1. God of all worlds, let thanks and praise to you for - ev - er  
2. Your child am I, and not an hour, re - vol - ving in the  
3. Some souls do doubt, and not a - lone your be - ing, God, and  
fill my soul, with bles - sings you have crowned my days, my  
orbs a - bove, but brings some to - ken of your power, but  
bound - less might, but doubt the fir - ma - ment, your throne, and  
heart, my head, my hand con - trol. O, let no vain pre - sump - tions  
brings some to - ken of your love; and shall this bo - som dare re -  
doubt the sun's me - ri - dian light; and doubt the fa - shion of one's  
rise, no im - pious mur - mur in my heart, to crave what - e'er your  
- pine, in night time dare de - ny the dawn, or spurn the trea - sures  
frame, the voice one hears, the breath one draws; O way - laid mor - tals,  
will de - nies, or shrink from what your hands im - part.  
of the mine, be - cause one dia - mond is with - drawn?  
who pro - claim ef - fects un - num - bered with - out cause!

Words: John Quincy Adams (1767-1848), paraphrase of Psalm 14, rev. REH (2006)  
Music: DEUS TUORUM MILITUM (L.M.D.), Grenoble Antiphoner (1753)