

Infinite God, to Thee We Raise

Words: Charles Wesley, 1746.

Music: Joseph Barnby, 1872.

Infinite God, to Thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise,
By all Thy works on earth adored,
We worship Thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before Thy throne.

Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record Thy praise,
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To extol Thy majesty divine.

Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of Thee they justly make their boast;
The church, to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives, with those around the throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.