





- The proudest hills his presence felt,
 Their height nor strength could help afford;
 The proudest hills like wax did melt
 In presence of th' Amighty Lord.
- You, who to serve this Lord aspire,
 Abhor what's il, and truth esteem;
 He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
 And them from wicked hands redeem.
- Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord:
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.