Let the high heav'n's your songs in-vite, Those spacious fields of bril-liant light; Where
the high heav'n's your songs in-vite, those sp-a-cious fields of bril-liant light, Where
songs in-vite, Those sp-a-cious fields of bril-liant light; Where sun and moon and pla-nets roll, and
2. Sing earth in verdant robes arrayed,
   Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade:
   Peopled with life of various forms,
   Fishes and fowl, and beasts and worms.

View the broad sea's majestic plains,
   And think how wide its maker reigns:
   That band remotest nations joins,
   And on each wave his goodness shines.

3. But O! That brighter world above,
   Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
   God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
   For man a bleeding victim made.

Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
   There in the land of praise adore;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
   Demands an undecreasing day.