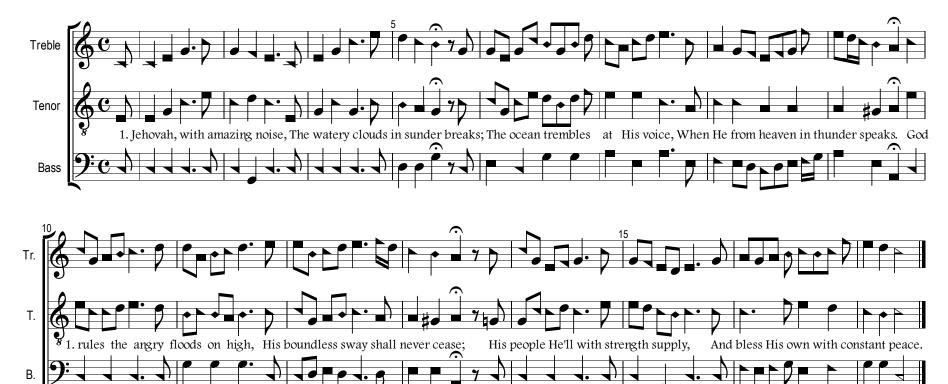
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2. Ye princes that in might excel, Your grateful sacrifice prepare; God's glorious actions loudly tell, His wond'rous power to all declare.

To His great name fresh altars raise, Devoutly due respect afford; Him in His holy temple praise, Where He's with solemn state adored. 3. How full of power his voice appears! With what majestic terror crowned! Which from their roots tall cedars tear And strew their scattere'd branches round.

He makes the Hinds to cast their young, And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare; While those that to His courts belong Securely sing His praises there.