

Ye That Delight to Serve the Lord

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Joseph Barnby, 1872.

Ye that delight to serve the Lord,  
The honors of His name record,  
His sacred name for ever bless;  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams, or setting rays,  
Let lands and seas His power confess.

Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,  
Can give His vast dominion bounds,  
The heav'ns are far below His height:  
Let no created greatness dare  
With our eternal God compare,  
Armed with His uncreated might.

He bows His glorious head to view  
What the bright hosts of angels do,  
And bends His care to mortal things;  
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,  
He takes the needy from the door,  
And makes them company for kings.

When childless families despair,  
He sends the blessing of an heir,  
To rescue their expiring name;  
The mother, with a thankful voice,  
Proclaims His praises and her joys:  
Let every age advance His fame.