

**Let Every Tongue Thy Goodness Speak**

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: William Wheale, 1729.

Let every tongue Thy goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all;  
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.

When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distressed,  
Beneath some proud oppressors frown,  
Thou givst the mourners rest.

The Lord supports our tottering days,  
And guides our giddy youth;  
Holy and just are all His ways,  
And all His words are truth.

He knows the pains His servants feel,  
He hears His children cry,  
And their best wishes to fulfill,  
His grace is ever nigh.

His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere;  
He saves the souls whose humble love  
Is joined with holy fear.

His stubborn foes His sword shall slay,  
And pierce their hearts with pain;  
But none that serve the Lord shall say,  
They sought His aid in vain.

My lips shall dwell upon His praise,  
And spread His fame abroad;  
Let all the sons of Adam rise  
The honors of their God.