

Ye Servants Of God, Your Master Proclaim  
by Charles Wesley

1 YE servants of God, Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad His wonderful name;  
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.

2 The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,  
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice;  
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here;  
While we are adoring, He always is near.

3 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;  
And still he is nigh, His presence we have;  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our king.

4 "Salvation to God Who sits on the throne,"  
Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son;  
Our Jesus's praises The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.

5 Then let us adore, And give him his right,  
All glory and power, All wisdom and might,  
All honour and blessing, With angels above,  
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.