

Ye Servants of th'Almighty King
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Lowell Mason, 1830.

Ye servants of th'Almighty King,
In every age His praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall His praise repeat.

Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands His high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place His power restrain,
Nor bound His universal reign.

Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

Behold His love! He stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honor of His sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

A word of His creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice;
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promised seed is born at last.

With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
If nature fails, the promise bears.