Ye Servants of Th' Almighty King

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
Ye servants of th'Al- mighty King, In

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
every age his praises sing; Wher-

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
e'er the sun shall rise or set, The

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
nations shall his praise repeat.

The other verses

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

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

4 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.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 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.

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