

ALL who delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of His name record;
Where'er the circling sun displays
Its rising beams and setting rays:
Let every land God's power confess,
His sacred name for ever bless.

2 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give His vast dominion bounds;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare;
Armed with His uncreated might,
The skies are far below His height.

3 He bows His gracious eye to view
What His created beings do;
His hand provides the sinner's needs,
The hungry soul He richly feeds:
Bending His care to mortal things,
He lifts us high as heirs and kings.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†