

Ye Servants of the Almighty King

Isaac Watts, Psalm 113

G D G C D D7 G Em Bm Am Bm G C G D

Ye ser-vants of the Al-might-y King, In ev - ery age His prais-es sing;
 A - bove the earth, be - yond the sky, Stands His high throne of maj - es - ty: Nor
 Which of the sons of Ad - am dare, Or an - gels, with their God com - pare? His
 Be - hold His love: He stoops to view What saints a - bove and an - gels do; And
 From dust and cot - ta - ges ob - scure, His grace ex - alts the hum - ble poor; Gives
 A word of His cre - a - ting voice Can make the bar - ren house re - joice: With

nc G C D G D nc G D G Am D D7 G

Where'er the sun shall rise or set, The na-tions shall His praise re - peat.
 time, nor place, His power re - strain, Nor bound His u - ni - ver - sal reign.
 glo - ries how di - vine - ly bright, Who dwells in un - cre - a - ted light!
 con - descends yet more to know The least af - fairs of men be - low.
 them the hon - our of His sons, And fits them for their heav - enly thrones.
 joy the moth - er views her son, And tells the won - ders God has done.

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