Before the Lord’s eternal throne, ye nations, bow with sacred joy; know that the Lord is God alone; he can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power without our aid formed us of clay and gave us breath; and when like wandering sheep we strayed, he saved us from the power of death.

We are his people, we his care, our souls, and all our mortal frame: what lasting honors shall we rear, almighty Maker, to thy Name?

We’ll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, high as the heaven our voices raise; and earth, with her ten thousand tongues, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command, vast as eternity thy love; firm as a rock thy truth must stand, when rolling years shall cease to move.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)  
Music: Adapted from *Musicalisches Hand-Buch* (Hamburg, 1690), harmony by William Henry Monk (1823-1889)