

Clap Your Hands, Ye People All
By Charles Wesley

Clap your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on Whom ye call;
Lift your voice, and shout His praise,
Triumph in His sovereign grace!

Glorious is the Lord most High,
Terrible in majesty;
He His sovereign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth He reigns.

Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes His seat above the sky:
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God.

Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise Him with the host divine;
Emulate the heavenly powers,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthroned above,
Trumpet forth His conquering love;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King!

Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and Heav'n!
Power He now to us imparts;
Praise Him with believing hearts.

Wonderful in saving power,
Him let all our hearts adore;
Earth and Heav'n repeat the cry,
"Glory be to God most High!"