

Sinners, Rejoice: Your Peace Is Made
By Charles Wesley

Sinners, rejoice: your peace is made;
Your Savior on the cross hath bled:
Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
On all His works again hath smiled;
Hath grace through Him and blessing giv'n,
To all in earth and all in Heav'n.

Angels rejoice in Jesus' grace,
And vie with man's more favored race;
The blood that did for us atone,
Conferred on them some gift unknown;
Their joy through Jesus' pains abounds,
They triumph by His glorious wounds.

Or, stablished and confirmed by Him
Who did our lower world redeem,
Secure they keep their blest estate,
Firm on an everlasting seat;
Or, raised above themselves, aspire,
In bliss improved, in glory higher.

Him they beheld, our conquering God,
Returned with garments rolled in blood!
They saw, and kindled at the sight,
And filled with shouts the realms of light;
With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kissed His bleeding feet.

They saw Him in the courts above.
With all His recent prints of love;
The wounds, the blood! they heard its voice,
That heightened all their highest joys;
They felt it sprinkled through the skies,
And shared that better sacrifice.

Not angel tongues can e'er express
The unutterable happiness;
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
The bliss wherein through Christ they live,
But all your Heav'n, ye glorious powers,
And all your God, is doubly ours!