

Holy, Holy, Holy Is the Lord

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1867. Music: William Bradbury, 1869.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!
Sing, O ye people, gladly adore Him;
Let the mountains tremble at His word;
Let the hills be joyful before Him;
Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy,
Great is Jehovah, King over all.

Refrain

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!
Let the hills be joyful before Him.

Praise Him, praise Him! shout aloud for joy,
Watchman of Zion, herald the story;
Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy;
All the earth shall sing of His glory;
Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him,
Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine.

Refrain

King eternal, blessed be His name!
So may His children gladly adore Him;
When in Heav'n we join the happy strain,
When we cast our bright crowns before Him;
There in His likeness joyful awaking,
There we shall see Him, there we shall sing:

Refrain