

All Ye That Love the Lord, Rejoice

Isaac Watts, 1719.

William Jones, 1789.

All ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders show.

The Jews, the people of His grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Sion owns her King.

The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despised in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing;
For God shall raise the dead.

Then His high praise shall fill their tongues
Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all His friends
Who humbly loved Him here.

Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dared rebel;
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doomed to hell.

The royal sinners bound in chains
New triumphs shall afford:
Such honor for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord!