

Sing to the Lord, Ye Distant Lands

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Heinrich Zeuner, 1839.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!  
Ye tribes of every tongue!  
His new discovered grace demands  
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, "Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds His throne."

Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful day;  
Joy through the earth be seen;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea;  
Ye mountains! sink; ye valleys, rise;  
Prepare the Lord His way.

Behold, He comes He comes to bless  
The nations as their God;  
To show the world His righteousness,  
And send His truth abroad.

But when His voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their judge appear!