

O for a Shout of Sacred Joy  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Thomas Haweis, 1792.

O for a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sov'reign King!  
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus our God ascends on high,  
His heav'nly guards around  
Attend Him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains;  
Let all the earth His honors sing;  
O'er all the earth He reigns.

Rehearse His praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge lead the song,  
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

In Israel stood His ancient throne,  
He loved that chosen race;  
But now He calls the world His own,  
And heathens taste His grace.

The British islands are the Lords,  
There Abrahams God is known;  
While powers and princes, shields and swords,  
Submit before His throne.