

Isles of the Deep, Rejoice!

Words: Edward Denny, 1839

Music: Andrew Tait, 1749.

Isles of the deep, rejoice! rejoice!
Ye ransomed nations, sing
The praises of your Lord and God,
The triumphs of your King.

He comes, and at His mighty word,
The clouds are fleeting past,
And o'er the land of promise see,
The glory breaks at last.

There He, upon His ancient throne,
His power and grace displays,
While Salem with its echoing hills,
Send forth the voice of praise.

Oh, let His praises fill the earth
While all the blest above,
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of His love.

Sing, ye redeemed! Before the throne,
Ye white-robed myriads fall;
Sing for the Lord of glory reigns,
The Christ the heir of all.