

Let Sion in Her King Rejoice

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: Thoro Harris, 1905.

Let Sion in her king rejoice;
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise,
He utters His almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacobs God is still our aid:
Behold the works His hand has wrought,
What desolations He has made!

From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high His thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

He breaks the bow, He cuts the spear,
Chariots He burns with heavnly flame;
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of His name.

Be still, and learn that I am God;
Ill be exalted oer the lands;
I will be known and feared abroad;
But still My throne in Sion stands.

O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near Thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.