

Ye Islands of the Northern Sea

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: James Wade, 1865.

Ye islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Savior reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares His way,
And mountains melt to plains.

His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys His smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

The heavens His rightful power proclaim;
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

Adoring angels at His birth
Make the Redeemer known:
Thus shall He come to judge the earth,
And angels guard His throne.

His foes shall tremble at His sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.

The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.