

Capitulum CXXXII

The Triumphant of Christ.

Psalm LXXXVIII. 18. 4-6582-8s.

1. Rejoice the Lord is King!
Our Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
and triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
2. His kingdom cannot fail,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
3. He sits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
and fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.
4. He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure ecstatic joy;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I say rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home,
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.