

The Lord Reigns in Majesty

The LORD God reigns in majesty;
Let all the nations quake.
He dwells between the cherubim;
Let earth's foundations shake.
Supreme in Zion is the Lord,
Exalted gloriously.
All nations, praise his name with awe:
The Holy One is he.

The mighty King loves justice well,
And equity ordains;
He rules his people righteously
And faithfulness maintains.
O magnify the LORD our God,
Let him exalted be;
In worship at his footstool bow:
The Holy One is he.

When priests and prophets called on God,
He their petitions heard.
His cloudy pillar led them on,
And they obeyed his word.
Tho' sending judgments for their sins,
He pardoned graciously.
Exalt the LORD and worship him:
The Holy One is he.

Amid the Fears That Oppress Our Day

Amid the fears that oppress our day,
Across the clouds that obscure our way,
One golden truth sheds its shining ray—
Our God is sovereign still.

REFRAIN: His holy purpose unchanging stands,
the stars still turn at their Lord's commands;
He holds the world in his mighty hands—
Our God is sovereign still!
Our God is sovereign still!

Though wars may rise, and though kingdoms fall,
Though ills may threaten, and fears enthrall,
Our God still lives, and he hears our call—
Our God is sovereign still.

Though fierce the fight 'gainst the hosts of wrong,
His Word is rue, and his arm is strong;
The day is his: raise his triumph song—
Our God is sovereign still.

When Christ shall come to receive his own,
When his the kingdom, the pow'r, the throne,
Eternal King he shall reign alone—
Our God is sovereign still.

Jerusalem the Golden

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.