


Isaac Watts, 1717
(Psalm 47)


86. 86. (C. M.)


Knoxville


Transcribed from *The Village Harmony*, 1803.


E Major
Abraham Maxim, 1802

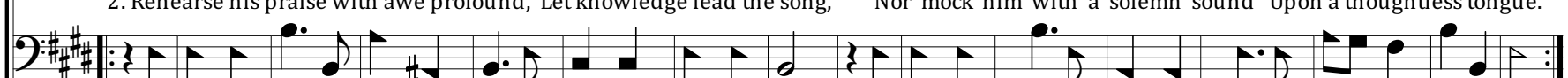
Tr.  1. O for a shout of sa - cred joy To God the sovereign King! Let eve-ry land their tongues employ, And hymns of tri - umph sing.

T.  2. While angels shout and praise their King, Let mortals learn their strains; Let all the earth his ho - nors sing; O'er all the earth he reigns.

B.  3. In Is - rael stood his an - cient throne, He loved that chosen race; But now he calls the world his own, And heathens taste his grace.

Tr.  1. Je-sus our God a - scends on high, His heav'nly guards around At-tend him ri-sing through the sky, With trumpets' joyful sound.

T.  2. Rehearse his praise with awe profound, Let knowledge lead the song, Nor mock him with a solemn sound Upon a thoughtless tongue.

B.  3. Know all the nations are the Lord's, Where Abraham's God is known; While powers and princes, shields and swords, Submit before his throne.