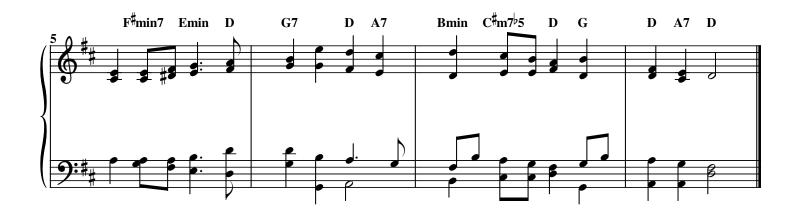
## He Reigns! the Lord, the Saviour, Reigns!





He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour, reigns! Sing to His Name in lofty strains, Let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in His praise exalt their voice.

Deep are His counsels, and unknown, But grace and truth support His throne; Though gloomy clouds His way surround, Justice is their eternal ground. In robes of judgment, lo, He comes! Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs; Before Him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies with wild dismay Fly from the sight; and shun the day; The lify your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Isaac Watts

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