



## From Methodist Hymn Book

50

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful  
voice;  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth  
tell,  
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed,  
Without our aid he did us make;  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

668

THOU, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was  
strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing  
tongue;

Nor now on Zion's height alone  
The favoured worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

O thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The holy prophet's harp was strung,  
To thee at last in every clime,  
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

721

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed;  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth,  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace the herald go,  
And righteousness in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger  
To him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see;  
With offerings of devotion  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest,  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever,  
His changeless name of Love.