

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

# LOUD HALLELUJAH L.M. in Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*, 1831.

1. Loud Hal-le - lu - jahs to the Lord, From distant worlds, where creatures dwell; Let heav'n be-gin the sol-emn word, And sound it dread - ful down to hell.

2. High on a throne his glo-ry dwells, An aw-ful throne of shi-ning bliss; Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell How dark thy beams compared to his.

3. Mor-tals, can you re-frain your tongue, When nature all a-round you sings? O for a shout from old and young, From humble swains and lof - ty kings!

4. Je - ho-vah! 'tis a glorious word! O may it dwell on eve-ry tongue! But saints, who best have known the Lord Are bound to raise the no-blest song.

## LOUD HALLELUJAH—Continued

The Lord, how ab - so - lute he reigns, Let eve - ry an - gel bend the knee; Sing of his love in heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his ter - rors be.

A - wake ye tem-pests, and his fame In sounds of dread-ful praise de-clare; Let the sweet whis-per of his name Fill eve - ry gen - tle breeze of air.

Wide as his vast do - mi-nion lies, Make the Cre - a - tor's name be known, Loud as his thun-der shout his praise, And sound it lof - ty as his throne.

Speak of the won-ders of that love Which Ga-briel plays on eve-ry chord, From all be - low and all a-bove Loud Hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord.