

**T**HIS is the day the Lord has made,  
He calls the hours His own;  
Let Heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

2 Today He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
Today the saints His triumphs spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

3 All praises to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!  
O help us, Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, Who comes to man  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes, in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*