

THE Lord of glory reigns; He reigns on high,
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at His command,
Built by His Word and stablished by His hand.
Long stood His throne ere He began creation,
And His own Godhead is His firm foundation.

2 God is the eternal King: His foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound His reign;
In vain their storms, in vain their floods arise
To roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at Heaven they rage with wild commotion,
But Heaven's high arches scorn that swelling ocean.

3 Tempests shall rage no more, and floods be still,
And this mad world submit to Jesus' will.
Built on His Truth, His Church shall ever stand,
Firm are His promises and strong His hand.
Daughters and sons when you appear before Him,
Bow at His footstool, reverence and adore Him!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748