

Sing Alleluia, all ye lands

Ancient

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia, all ye lands! Ye floods and o - ceans, clap your hands! The

King re - turns from glo - rious fight, Whose arms have shat - tered Sa - tan's might; Our

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glad - est song shall there - fore be, That GOD WAS REIGN - ING FROM THE TREE! *

2. The sling and five smooth stones have slain
The giant on the battle plain;
And Holofernes' falchion dread,
Hath sever'd Holofernes' head;
Our Chief is crown'd, for slain was He,
When GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

3. Alone, despised, and set at naught,
The press He trod, the fight He fought;
Alone He crush'd the Dragon down,
And so alone He wears the crown;
The sun is bright, the clouds must flee,
For GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

4. Jerusalem, arise and shine!
The glory of thy Lord is thine:
The victor's crown, the Royal Throne,
Are all His gift, and all thine own;
For all of His thine own shall be,
Since GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

* The allusion is to the old rendering of Psalm XCVI:10, so often quoted by early writers in their controversies with the Jews:
Tell it out among the nations, the Lord has reigned from the Tree