1 Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus; His the scep - ter, his the throne;
2 Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of heav - en, Here on earth our food, our stay;
3 Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or - phans Are we left in sor - row now;

Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone.
Al - le - lu - ia! Here the sin - ful Flee to you from day to day.
Al - le - lu - ia! He is near us; Faith be - lieves, nor ques - tions how.

Hark! The songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood:
In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners, Earth’s Re - deem - er, hear our plea
Though the cloud from sight re - ceived him When the for - ty days were o’er,

“Je - sus out of ev’ry na - tion Has re - deemed us by his blood.”
Where the songs of all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.
Shall our hearts for - get his prom - ise: “I am with you ev - er-more”?

Tune: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827, alt.

HYMN TO JOY 87 87 D