

Rejoice, the Lord is King!

Charles Wesley sen. (1707-88)

"Highbury", by Charles Wesley jun. (1757-1834)

Edited by Francis Roads

[Air] $\text{♩} = 120$

1. Re-joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a-dore,
 2. Je-sus the Sa-viour reigns, The God of truth and love;—
 3. His king-dom can-not fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
 4. He sits at God's right hand, Till all his foes sub-mit,—

6
 S Mor-tals give thanks and sing, Mor-tals give thanks and sing, And
 When he had purged our stains, When he had purged our stains, He
 The keys of death and hell, The keys of death and hell, Are
 And bow to his com-mand, And bow to his com-mand, And

A
 Mor-tals give thanks and sing, Mor-tals give thanks and sing, And
 When he had purged our stains, When he had purged our stains, He
 The keys of death and hell, The keys of death and hell, Are
 And bow to his com-mand, And bow to his com-mand, And

B
 Mor-tals give thanks and sing, Mor-tals give thanks and sing,
 When he had purged our stains, When he had purged our stains,
 The keys of death and hell, The keys of death and hell,
 And bow to his com-mand, And bow to his com-mand,

10
 S tri-umph, And tri-umph, And tri-umph e-ver-more.
 took, He took, He took his seat a-bove:
 to, Are to, Are to our Je-sus giv'n.
 fall, And fall, And fall be-neath his feet:

A
 tri-umph, And tri-umph, And tri-umph e-ver-more.
 took, He took, He took his seat a-bove:
 to, Are to, Are to our Je-sus giv'n.
 fall, And fall, And fall be-neath his feet:

B
 And tri-umph, And tri-umph e-ver-more.
 He took, He took his seat a-bove:
 Are to, Are to our Je-sus giv'n.
 And fall, And fall be-neath his feet:

Rejoice, the Lord is King!

13 CHORUS

S Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Re -

A Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Re -

B Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Re -

18

S joice a - gain, Re - joice a - gain, I say re - joice.

A joice a - gain, Re - joice a - gain, I say re - joice.

B joice a - gain, Re - joice a - gain, I say re - joice.

5. He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
 CHORUS

6. Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
 CHORUS

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text; underlined text is to be repeated in bars 10-12.
 Original key D. From *A Selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, (London, 1803), ed. Nones and Bowcher.