#374 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus

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Rowland Huw Prichard, 1811 - 1887

1) Alleluia! Sing to Jesus! His the sceptre, His the throne;

2) Alleluia! Not as orphans are we left in sorrow now;

Alleluia! His the triumph, His the victory alone.

Alleluia! He is near us, faith believes, nor questions how.

Hark! The songs of peaceful Zion thunder like a mighty flood;

Though the cloud from sight received Him, when the forty days were o'er.

Jesus, out of every nation, hath redeemed us by His blood.

Shall our hearts forget His promise, I am with you evermore?
3) Alleluia! Bread of Heaven, Thou on earth our food, our stay;
4) Alleluia! King eternal, Thee The Lord of lords we own;
5) Alleluia! Sing to Jesus! His the sceptre, His the throne;

Alleluia! Here the sinful flee to Thee from day to day;
Alleluia! Born of Mary, earth Thy foot-stool, heav’n Thy Throne.

Alleluia! His the triumph, His the victory alone.

Intercessor Friend of sinners, Earth’s redeemer pleads for me,
Thou with-in the veil hast en-tered, robed in flesh our great high priest;
Hark! The songs of peaceful Zion thunder like a migh-ty flood;

Where the songs of all the sin-less sweep a-cross the cry-stal sea.
Thou on earth both priest and, vic-tim in the eu-cha-ris-tic feast.

Je-sus, out of e-v’ry na-tion, hath re-deemed us by His blood.