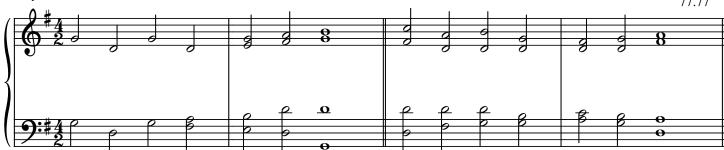
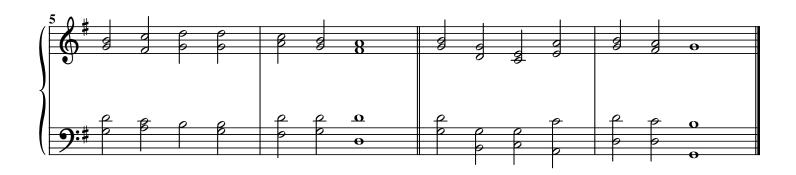
Clap your hands, you people all

Henry Leslie, c 1825-1876 Ephraim 77.77





Clap your hands, ye people all, Praise the God on whom ye call; Lift your voice, and shout His praise, Triumph in His sovereign grace!

Glorious is the Lord most High, Terrible in majesty; He His sovereign sway maintains, King o?er all the earth He reigns.

Jesus is gone up on high, Takes His seat above the sky: Shout the angel-choirs aloud, Echoing to the trump of God.

Sons of earth, the triumph join, Praise Him with the host divine; Emulate the heavenly powers, Their victorious Lord is ours. Shout the God enthroned above, Trumpet forth His conquering love; Praises to our Jesus sing, Praises to our glorious King!

Power is all to Jesus given, Power o?er hell, and earth, and Heav?n! Power He now to us imparts; Praise Him with believing hearts.

Wonderful in saving power, Him let all our hearts adore; Earth and Heav?n repeat the cry, 'Glory be to God most high!'

Charles Wesley

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