Verse 1

Come, people of the risen King,
who delight to bring him praise;
come all, and tune your hearts to sing
to the Morning Star of grace.

From the shifting shadows of the earth
we will lift our eyes to him,
where steady arms of mercy reach
to gather children in.

Chorus

Rejoice! Rejoice!
Let ev'ry tongue rejoice!
One heart, one voice;
O church of Christ, rejoice!

Verse 2

Come, those whose joy is morning sun,
and those weeping through the night;
come, those who tell of battles won,
and those struggling in the fight.

For his perfect love will never change,
and his mercies never cease,
but follow us through all our days
in the certain hope of peace.

Verse 3

Come, young and old from ev'ry land,
men and women of the faith;
come, those with full or empty hands—
find the riches of his grace.

Over all the world his people sing—
shore to shore we hear them call,
the truth that cries through ev'ry age:
"Our God is all in all!"