

Clap Your Hands for Joy

Robert Lowry, 1873, alt.

Robert Lowry

$\text{♩} = 95$



1. Where the youth-ful son of Jes - se Touched the harp with sil - ver strains,
2. All the world was locked in slum-ber, Calm and still the dew - y night;
3. Thro' the line of dis - tant ag - es, Swift - er than the march of time,

While the peace-ful flock he tend-ed Grazed up-on the fer - tile plains—
Ev - ery star in shin - ing ar - mor Keep - ing watch on loft - y height;
Like a ri - ver sweep-ing on - ward, Comes the might-y strain sub - lime;

Where he list - ened to the mur-mur Of the brook-let, soft and low—
Then a sud - den burst of mu - sic! Thro' the air it rolled a - long;
Great Im-man-u - el, Prince and Sav - ior! Pure and spot-less, un - de-

Came the bless-èd in - fant Sav-ior, Ma - ny cen - turies long a - go.
Mul - ti - tudes of shin-ing an - gels Woke the earth with heav'n-ly song,
- filed, In Thy birth, O King of Glory, God to man is re - con - ciled.

Refrain

Clap your hands for joy, ye peo - ple, Clap your hands for joy, ye peo - ple,

Clap your hands, clap your hands, Hail the ris-ing morn; Shout ho - san-na,
Clap your hands for joy, ye peo-ple

shout ho - san-na, Clap your hands for joy, Clap your hands for joy;

Shout ho-san-na, shout ho-san-na, Shout ho-san-na for a Sav-ior born.