1. This is a time for banners and bells, For trumpets and festive thongs; This is a time for holiday frills, For and marching songs: Come, sing to the Lord, Give thanks to the Lord, For He makes all things new, For He makes all things new!
1. This is a time for banners and bells,  
   For trumpets and festive throngs;  
   This is a time for holiday frills,  
   For worship and marching songs:  

   Come, sing to the Lord,  
   Give thanks to the Lord,  
   For He makes all things new,  
   For He makes all things new!

2. Think of the time when we were alone,  
   A nobody, weak and small,  
   Christ sought us out and made us His own,  
   The Bride of the Lord of all:  

   Come, sing to the Lord...

3. Cherish the time we spent in His grace,  
   The ones with the dream, and we,  
   Sheltered and fed and loved in this place  
   By Him who has made us free:  

   Come, sing to the Lord...

4. Live for the time of glory to come,  
   His pennant of love unfurled,  
   Cross-bearing pilgrims, heading for home,  
   Our faith overcomes the world:  

   Come, sing to the Lord...

5. Gloria Dei, Christ is alive,  
   And we, His beloved Bride,  
   Creature so rare, now seventy-five,  
   A diamond He wears with pride:  

   Come, sing to the Lord...