

HYMN 450

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
bring forth the royal diadem,
and crown him Lord of all!
bring forth the royal diadem,
and crown him Lord of all!

Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
who from his altar call:
praise him whose way of pain ye trod,
and crown him Lord of all!
praise him whose way of pain ye trod,
and crown him Lord of all!

Hail him, the Heir of David's line,
whom David Lord did call,
the God incarnate, Man divine,
and crown him Lord of all!
the God incarnate, Man divine,
and crown him Lord of all!

Ye heirs of Israel's chosen race,
ye ransomed of the fall,
hail him who saves you by his grace,
and crown him Lord of all!
hail him who saves you by his grace,
and crown him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go, spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him Lord of all!
go, spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
on this terrestrial ball,
to him all majesty ascribe,
and crown him Lord of all!
to him all majesty ascribe,
and crown him Lord of all!

HYMN 567

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
was strong to heal and save;
it triumphed o'er disease and death,
o'er darkness and the grave.
To thee they went, the blind, the deaf,
the palsied, and the lame,
the leper set apart and shunned,
the sick with fevered frame.

And lo! thy touch brought life and health,
gave hearing, strength, and sight;
and youth renewed and frenzy calmed
owned thee, the Lord of light:
and now, O Lord, be near to bless,
almighty as of yore,
in crowded street, by restless couch,
as by Gennesaret's shore.

Be thou our great deliverer still,
thou Lord of life and death;
restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
with thine almighty breath:
to hands that work and eyes that see,
give wisdom's heavenly lore,
that whole and sick, and weak and strong,
may praise thee evermore.

HYMN 388

O worship the King, all glorious above!
O gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might! O sing of his grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!