

O ! make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old.  
O ! teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

O ! Father by Thy mercy,  
And by Thy Spirit's grace,  
May we abide forever  
On this sure resting place :  
And pass from life's long battle,  
To Thy blest home of love,  
And see in heaven's own radiance,  
Jerusalem above.

### 3RD HYMN.

**A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
To crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from His altar call ;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners ! ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
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.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.