
ON THE FEAST OF THE HOLY NAME

AME.

Thou art the King of kings. That name
Have countless ages given to Thee,
And earthly rulers still proclaim
'Tis meet for Thy great majesty.
Creation's dawn beheld it Thine,
'Twill be the same at earth's decline!

The Prince of Peace Thou art. E'en now
Thy coming earthly strife doth quell,
The hearts of men with joy endow,
And clouds of enmity dispel;
Good-will and kindness increase
To issue in the day of Peace.

The God of hosts, the Lord of Heaven
And Earth speak Thine omnipotence.
The titles joyfully are given,
Nor need, in Christian land, defence;
For all the words our tongue can tell
Would ne'er Thy praise sufficient swell.

But not by these to-day we call—
A melody which sweetness breathes
Where'er its soothing notes may fall,
A garland which the heart it wreathes
Leaves fair forever—by the name
Of JESUS we Thine ear now claim.