1. Jesus shall reign wher’er the sun Does its success cease.
   His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. To Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown His head; His name like sweet per-
   visions, How fume shall rise With ev’ry morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of ev’ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And infant voices with greatest joy to our King; Angels descend with shore to shore, Their early blessings on His name.

4. Let ev’ry creature rise and bring Honor and glory to our King; And earth repeat the loud “Amen”!

Tune: John Hatton, c. 1710-1793
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