

All hail the pow'r of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
bring forth the royal diadem

*To crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him Lord of all.*

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
praise Him Whose way of pain ye trod,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Ye prophets who our freedom won,
ye searchers, great and small,
by whom the work of truth is done,
now 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.

Bless Him, each poor oppressed race
that Christ did upward call;
His hand in each achievement trace,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
to Him their hearts enthral:
lift high the universal song,
and crown Him Lord of all.