

To Christ the Lord of worlds we sing,
the nations' universal King.
Hail, conqu'ring Christ, Whose reign alone
over our hearts and souls we own.

Christ, Who art known the Prince of peace,
bid all rebellious tumults cease;
call home Thy straying sheep, and hold
for ever in one faithful fold.

For this, Thine arms, on Calvary,
were stretched across th' empurpled tree,
and the sharp spear that through Thee ran
laid bare the heart that burned for man.

For this, in forms of bread and wine
lies Hid the plentitude divine,
and from Thy wounded body runs
the stream of life to all Thy sons.

May those who rule o'er men below
Thee for their greater sovereign know,
and human wisdom, arts and laws,
in Thee repose as in their cause.

Let kingly signs of pomp and state
unto Thy name be dedicate,
city and hearth and household be
under Thy gentle sceptre free.

Praise be to Christ, Whose name and throne
o'er every throne and name we own;
and equal praises still repeat
to Father and to Paraclete.