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  - I All hail the power of Jesus' name!

    Let angels prostrate fall;

    Bring forth the royal diadem,

    And crown him—Lord of all.
  - 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,Ye ransomed from the fall!Hail him, who saves you by his grace,And crown him—Lord of all.
  - 3 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.
- 4 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;
   We'll join the everlasting song,
   And crown him—Lord of all.

