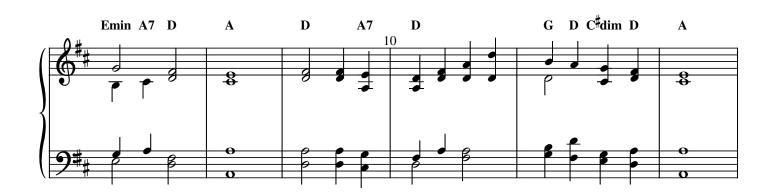
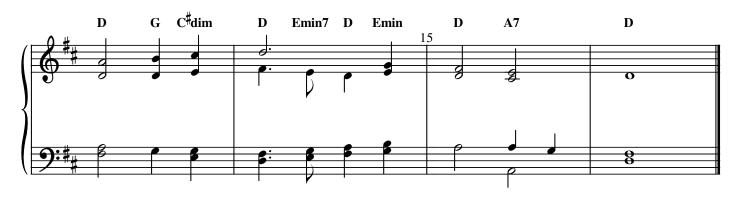
Jesus shall Reign, where e're the Sun







Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head; His Name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song; And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound wherever He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blessed.

Isaac Watts