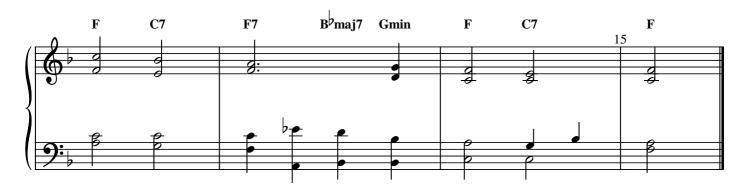
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

Francis Duckworth, 1862-1941

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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.

Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud amen!

Isaac Watts