

O North, with all thy vales of green

O North, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and vales between,
uplift the voice of psalms;
raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
and let the youthful West reply.

Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well beloved Son
he brings a train of brighter years;
his kingdom is begun.
he comes, a guilty world to bless
with mercy, truth and righteousness.

O Father, haste the promised hour,
when at his feet shall lie
all rule, authority, and power,
beneath the ample sky;
when he shall reign from pole to pole,
the Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words he said
amid their daily cares
and by the loving life he led
shall seek to pattern theirs;
and he who conquered death shall win
the mightier conquest over sin.