

At the Name of Jesus  
Caroline Noel, 1870.  
James Mountain, 1876.

At the name of Jesus, every knee shall bow,  
Every tongue confess Him King of glory now;  
'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call Him Lord,  
Who from the beginning was the mighty Word.

Mighty and mysterious in the highest height,  
God from everlasting, very light of light:  
In the Father's bosom with the spirit blest,  
Love, in love eternal, rest, in perfect rest.

At His voice creation sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces, all the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations, stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly orders, in their great array.

Humbled for a season, to receive a name  
From the lips of sinners unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it, spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious when from death He passed.

Bore it up triumphant with its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures, to the central height,  
To the throne of Godhead, to the Father's breast;  
Filled it with the glory of that perfect rest.

Name Him, brothers, name Him, with love strong as death  
But with awe and wonder, and with bated breath!  
He is God the Savior, He is Christ the Lord,  
Ever to be worshipped, trusted and adored.

In your hearts enthrone Him; there let Him subdue  
All that is not holy, all that is not true;  
Crown Him as your captain in temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus shall return again,  
With His Father's glory, with His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him King of glory now.