

O King of kings, whose reign of old

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hath been from everlasting,  
before whose throne their crowns of gold  
the white-robed saints are casting;  
while all the shining courts on high  
with angel-songs are ringing,  
O let thy children venture nigh,  
their lowly homage bringing.

For every heart, made glad by thee,  
with thankful praise is swelling;  
and every tongue, with joy set free,  
its happy theme is telling.  
Thou hast been mindful of thine own,  
and lo! we come confessing--  
'tis thou hast dowered our Empire's throne  
with countless years of blessing.

Lead on, O Lord, thy people still,  
new grace and wisdom giving,  
to larger love and purer will,  
and nobler heights of living.  
And while of all thy love below  
they chant the glorious story,  
O teach them first thy Christ to know,  
and magnify his glory.

Words: William Walsham How, 1897

Music: Bishopgarth

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