

Great King of Glory, Come
Benjamin Francis, 1774.
Charles Steggall(1826-1905)

Great King of glory, come,
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thine own;
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

In sweet, exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er Heav'n and earth He reigns
Through everlasting days;
He, with a nod, the world controls
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

To earth He bends His throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is His bounty known,
And wide His glories shine;
Fair Salem still His chosen rest
Is with His smiles and presence blest.

Here may Thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may Thy Word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound Thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display Thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

Here may the listening throng
Receive Thy truth in love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek Thy face,
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.