

O King of Glory
Henry Fox, 1899.
Edward Bellerby.

O King of Glory, God of Grace,
Age after age is telling
Thy mercy to a fallen race;
The Lord with mankind dwelling
Thou didst of old send forth Thy Word,
Pardon and peace revealing;
From slumber waked, our fathers heard,
And sought the nation's healing.

To every land the word has gone,
"Christ comes, go forth to meet Him";
Where darkness dwelt the light has shone,
Prepare, O earth, to meet Him.
Break, Afric, break thine age-long chains,
Proud Islam's bondage spurning;
Sing, India, sing o'er all thy plains,
Sorrow to joy is turning.

Land of the rising sun, arise,
Thy better day is dawning,
From shore to shore the message flies,
That hails earth's brighter morning.
Kinsmen afar responsive sing,
Pass on the Gospel story;
Sing, comrade band, "Make Jesus king,"
The Lord comes back in glory.