

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:

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

5 One day 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.

*Caroline Maria Noel, 1817-77*