

**H**AIL, mighty Jesus! how divine  
Is Thy victorious sword!  
The strongest rebel must resign  
At Thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds Thine arrows give,  
They pierce the hardest heart;  
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,  
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh,  
Ride with majestic sway,  
Go forth, blest Prince, triumphantly,  
And make Thy foes obey.

4 And when Thy victories are complete,  
When all the chosen race  
Shall round the throne of glory meet,  
To sing Thy conquering grace . . .

5 O may my humble soul be found  
Among that favoured band!  
And I with them Thy praise will sound  
Throughout Emmanuel's land.

*Benjamin Wallin, 1711-82,  
Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*