

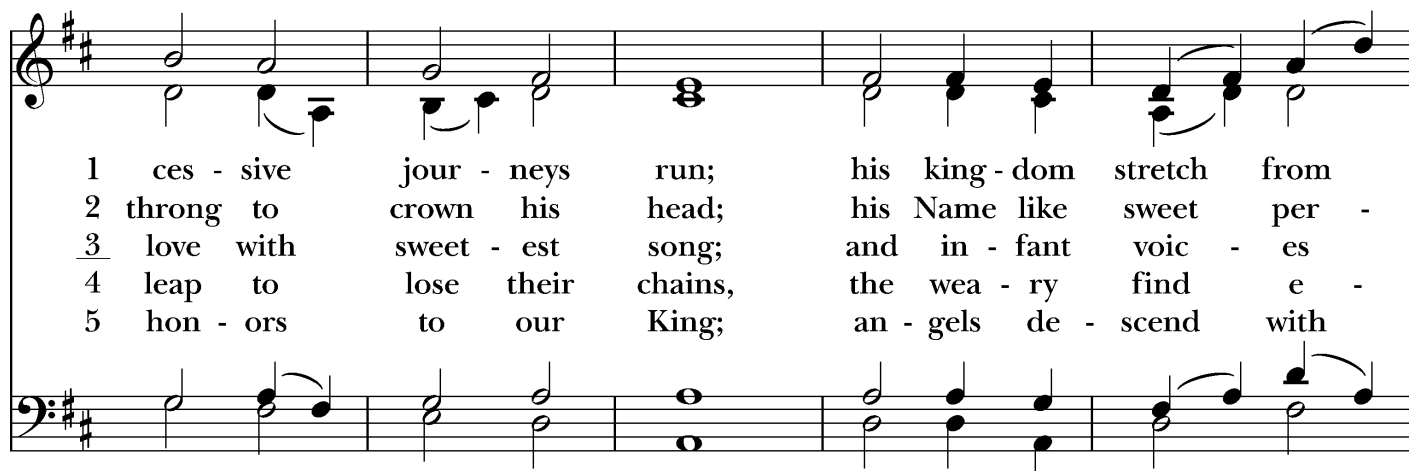
PROCESSIONAL HYMN 544

*Jesus shall reign where'er the sun*

DUKE STREET



1 Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun doth his suc -  
 2 To him shall end - less prayer be made, and prais - es  
 3 Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue dwell on his  
 4 Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er he reigns: the pris - oners  
 5 Let ev - ery crea - ture rise and bring pe - cu - liar



1 ces - sive jour - neys run; his king - dom stretch from  
 2 throng to crown his head; his Name like sweet per -  
 3 love with sweet - est song; and in - fant voic - es  
 4 leap to lose their chains, the wea - ry find e -  
 5 hon - ors to our King; an - gels de - scend with

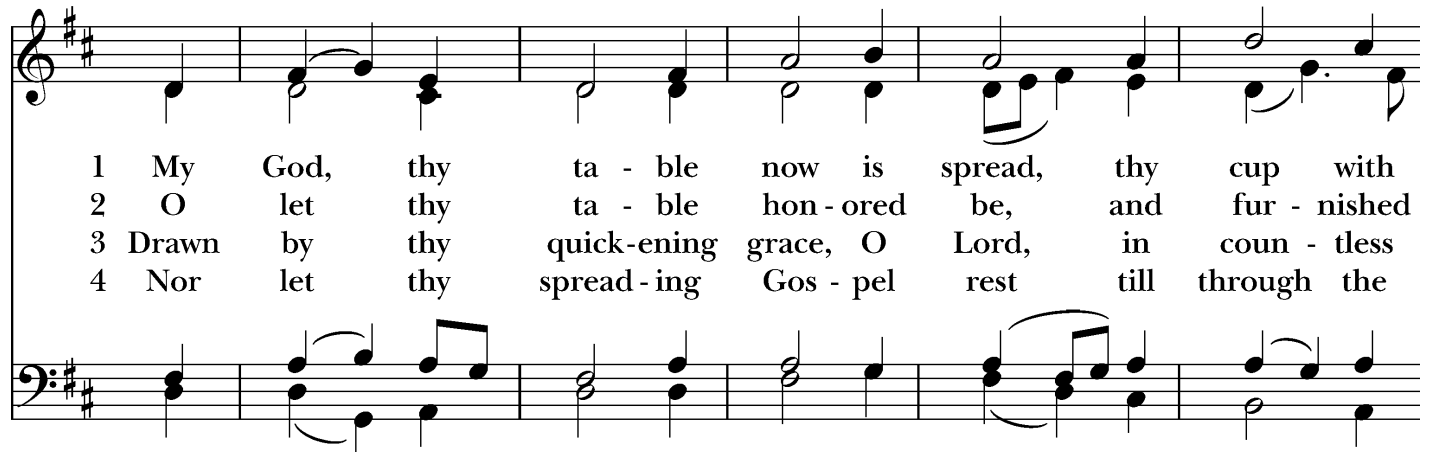


1 shore to shore, till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 2 fume shall rise with ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 3 shall pro - claim their ear - ly bless - ings on his Name.  
 4 ter - nal rest, and all who suf - fer want are blest.  
 5 songs a - gain, and earth re - peat the loud a - men.

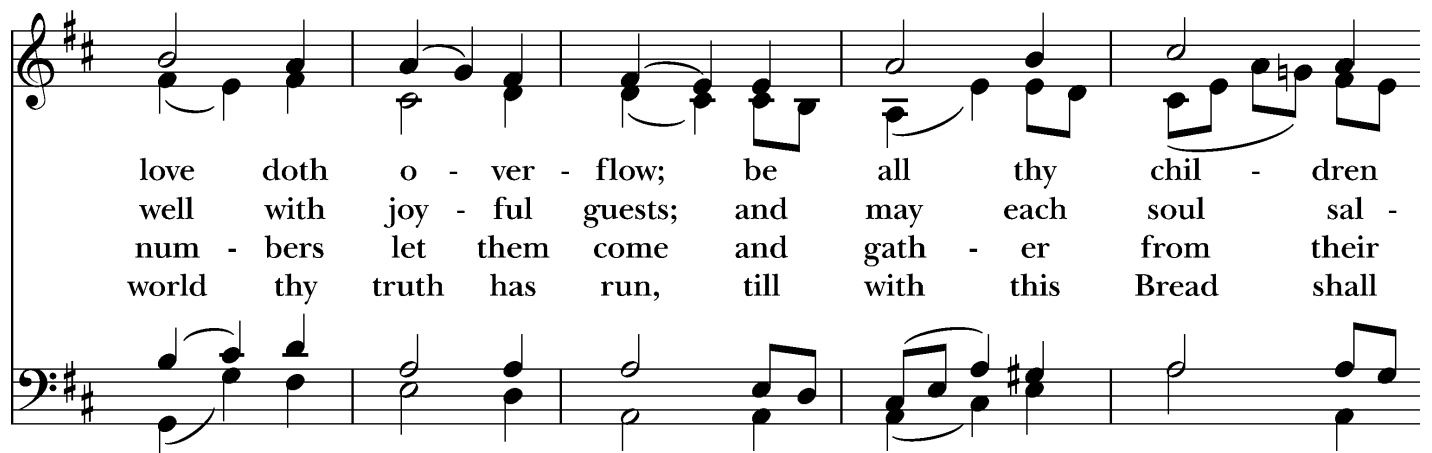
1 O Spi - rit of the liv - ing God, in  
 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, to  
 3 Be dark - ness, at thy com - ing, light; con -  
 4 Con - vert the na - tions! far and nigh the

all thy plen - i - tude of grace, wher - e'er the foot of  
 preach the rec - on - cil - ing word; give power and unc - tion  
 fu - sion, or - der in thy path; souls with - out strength in -  
 tri - umphs of the cross re - cord; the Name of Je - sus

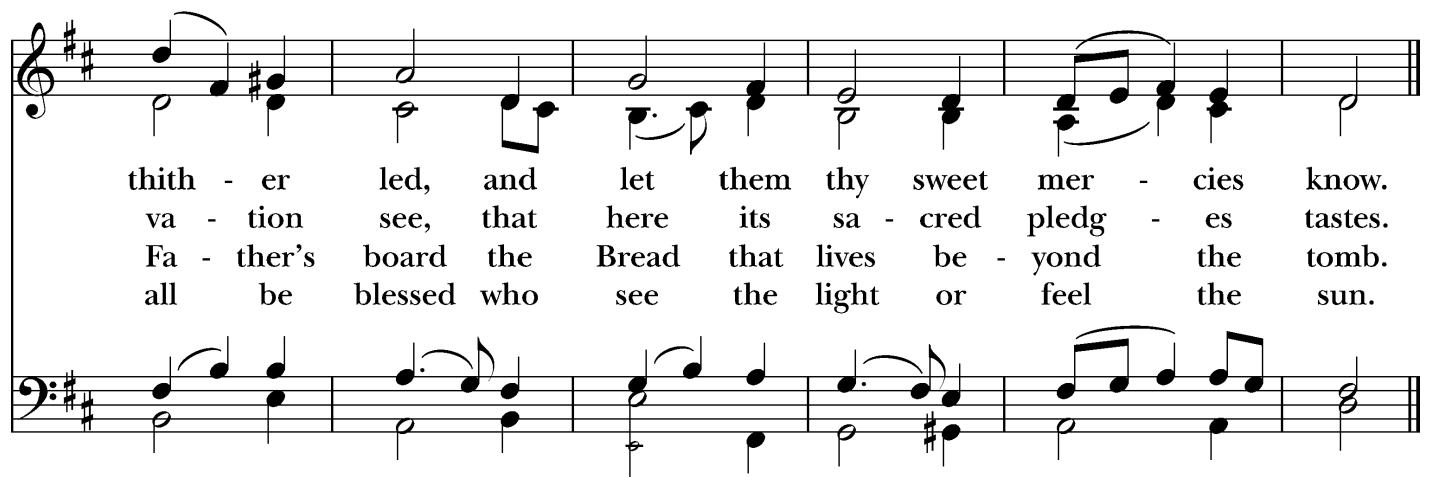
man hath trod, de - scend on our a - pos - tate race.  
 from a - bove, when - e'er the joy - ful sound is heard.  
 spire with might, bid mer - cy tri - umph o - ver wrath.  
 glo - ri - fy, till ev - ery peo - ple call him Lord.



1 My God, thy ta - ble now is spread, thy cup with  
 2 O let thy ta - ble hon - ored be, and fur - nished  
 3 Drawn by thy quick - ening grace, O Lord, in coun - tless  
 4 Nor let thy spread - ing Gos - pel rest till through the



love doth o - ver - flow; be all thy chil - dren  
 well with joy - ful guests; and may each soul sal -  
 num - bers let them come and gath - er from their  
 world thy truth has run, till with this Bread shall



thith - er led, and let them thy sweet mer - cies know.  
 va - tion see, that here its sa - cred pledg - es tastes.  
 Fa - ther's board the Bread that lives be - yond the tomb.  
 all be blessed who see the light or feel the sun.

1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, sweet land of  
 2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, land of the  
 3 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, and ring from  
 4 Our fa - thers' God, to thee, au - thor of

lib - er - ty, of thee I sing; land where my  
 no - ble free, thy name I love; I love thy  
 all the trees sweet free - dom's song; let mor - tal  
 lib - er - ty, to thee we sing; long may our

fa - thers died, land of the pil - grim's pride,  
 rocks and rills, thy woods and tem - pled hills;  
 tongues a - wake, let all that breathe par - take,  
 land be bright with free - dom's ho - ly light;

from ev - ery moun - tain - side let freed - om ring.  
 my heart with rap - ture thrills like that a - bove.  
 let rocks their si - lence break, the sound pro - long.  
 pro - tect us by thy might, great God, our King.