Jesus shall reign where’er the sun
Does its successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where’er He reigns;
The prisoners leap to lose their chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all who suffer want are blessed.

Let all the people rise and bring
their special honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen!