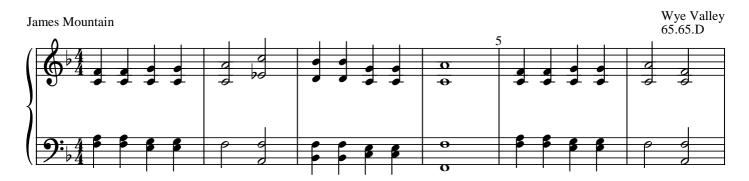
At the Name of Jesus, every knee shall bow







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.

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.

In your hearts enthrone Him; there let Him subdue All that is not holy, all that is not true; Crown Him as your Captain in temptation's hour; Let His will enfold you in its light and power.

Watch for 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 M. Noel