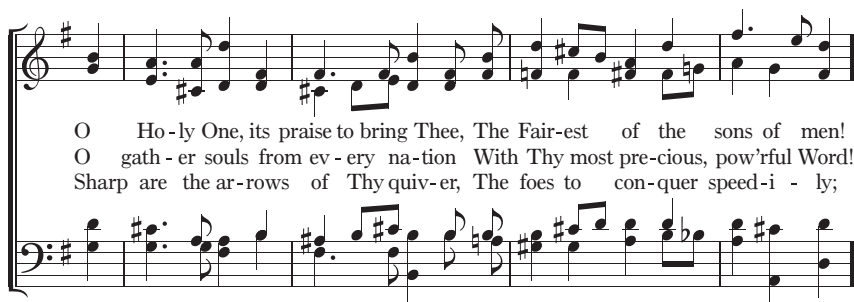
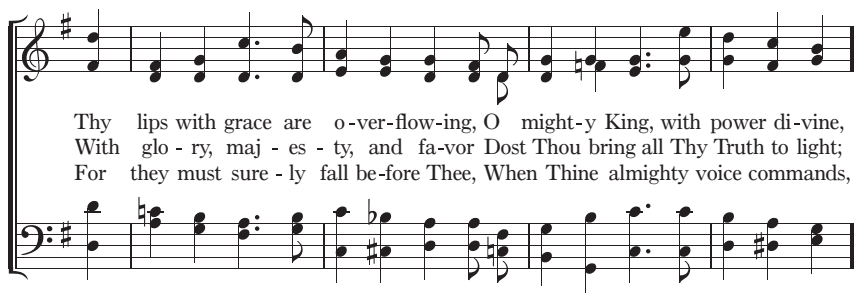


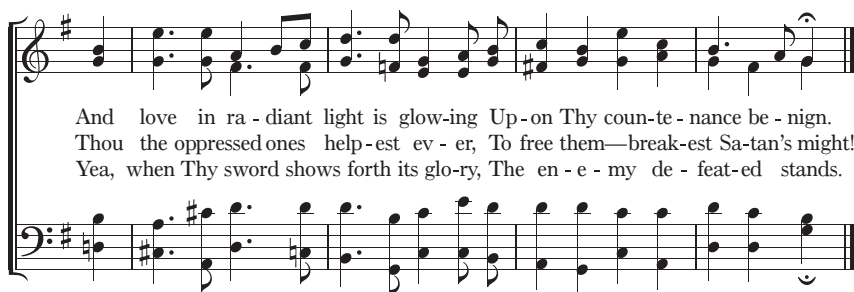
1. My heart is glad its songs to sing Thee, Who now as Zi-on's King dost reign;  
 2. Send now Thy tidings of sal-va-tion To all Thy peo-ple here, O Lord!  
 3. Thine arm is might-y to de-liv-er, And won-der-ful art Thou to see;



O Ho-ly One, its praise to bring Thee, The Fair-est of the sons of men!  
 O gath-er souls from ev-ery na-tion With Thy most pre-cious, pow'rful Word!  
 Sharp are the ar-rows of Thy quiv-er, The foes to con-quer speed-i-ly;



Thy lips with grace are o-ver-flow-ing, O might-y King, with power di-vine,  
 With glo-ry, maj-es-ty, and fa-vor Dost Thou bring all Thy Truth to light;  
 For they must sure-ly fall be-fore Thee, When Thine almighty voice commands,



And love in ra-diant light is glow-ing Up-on Thy coun-te-nance be-nign.  
 Thou the oppressed ones help-est ev-er, To free them—break-est Sa-tan's might!  
 Yea, when Thy sword shows forth its glo-ry, The en-e-my de-feat-ed stands.

4. Thy throne, O Christ, shall stand forever,  
Thy realm is filled with righteousness;  
Thy scepter is uplifted ever,  
Thou hatest all ungodliness;  
Thou art with oil of joy anointed  
Above Thy fellows, every one;  
The kingdom God to Thee appointed,  
Where peace and joys surround Thy throne.

5. Thy garments that are very precious  
Send forth a perfume, pure and rare,  
When Thou dost come from out Thy palace  
In kingly robes beyond compare!  
O Lord, so awesome in the glory  
Of heav'nly light and majesty;  
O Victor great, with praise and honor  
Wilt Thou be crowned eternally!

6. Arrayed in garments of Thy splendor  
Kings' daughters now before Thee stand;  
The Bride, in raiment bright with grandeur,  
Is standing at Thine own right hand.  
Belovèd Daughter, His voice heeding,  
Now thy devoted Lord adore;  
Forget thy people and their pleading,  
Thy father's house forevermore!

7. The Bride appears with grace adornèd,  
With her great King's most glorious dress.  
Her garments are in gold embroidered,  
With everlasting righteousness.  
Then, in the raiment He made precious  
With His own blood on Calvary,  
He leadeth her into His palace,  
To dwell with Him eternally.

8. Instead of fathers, Thou hast children  
Whom Thou dost set on earth to reign  
As rulers, and as they who conquer  
They follow in the Victor's train.  
They think of Thee with joy and gladness,  
All nations thank Thee and adore,  
And in the blessèd everlasting  
Thy praise shall sound forevermore!