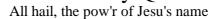
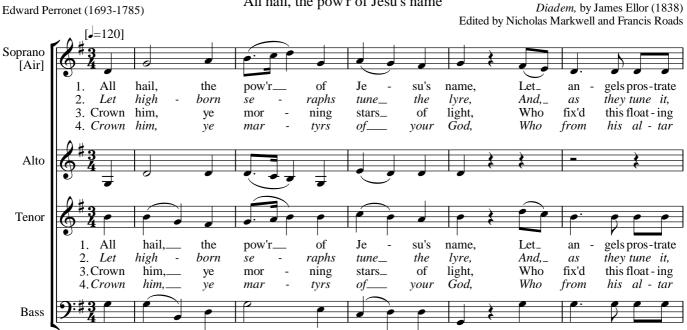
London Gallery Quire 409







- Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- Hail him, ye heirs of David's line, Whom David Lord did call; The God incarnate, Man divine, And crown him Lord of all.
- Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go; spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 8. Let ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue That bounds creation's call, Now shout, in universal song, The crownèd Lord of all.

Alto editorial (NM).

