

O Lord most high, eternal King

Aeterne rex altissime

THE NEW HYMNAL (9th century)

translated by HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN (1874),

JOHN MASON NEALE (1818–1866),

ADAM F MCCUNE

O Lord most high, eternal King,
By you redeemed, your praise we sing;
From chains of death you set us free,
And grace has won the victory.

Ascending to the Father's throne
You claim the kingdom as your own;
Your days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is yours forevermore.

To you the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.

In awe and wonder angels see
How changed is our humanity,
How flesh makes pure as flesh did stain;
True God, true man, in flesh you reign.

So now we ask of you this day,
Forgive us all our sins, we pray;
Lift up our hearts by heavenly grace,
Lift us on high to see your face.

When on the clouds you come ablaze
In judgment at the end of days,
Forgive our debts, redeem us all,
Restore our crowns lost in the fall.

Be all our joy, almighty Lord,
As you will be our great reward.
Be all our glory; we adore
You, Lord, both now and evermore!

All praise from every heart and tongue
To you, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.