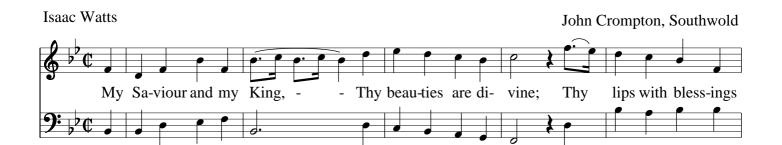
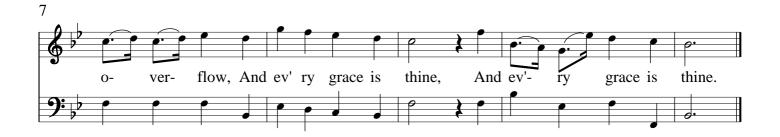
Walpole





(2) orv l

Now make thy glory known, Gird on thy dreadful sword, And ride in majesty to spread The conquests of thy word.

(3)

Strike through thy stubborn foes, Or melt their hearts t'obey, While justice, meekness, grace, and truth, Attend thy glorious ways. (4)

Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

(8)

O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

Trans./ed. Tony Singleton, July 2007, from *The Psalm-Singer's Assistant by John Crompton of Southwold*, pub.1778