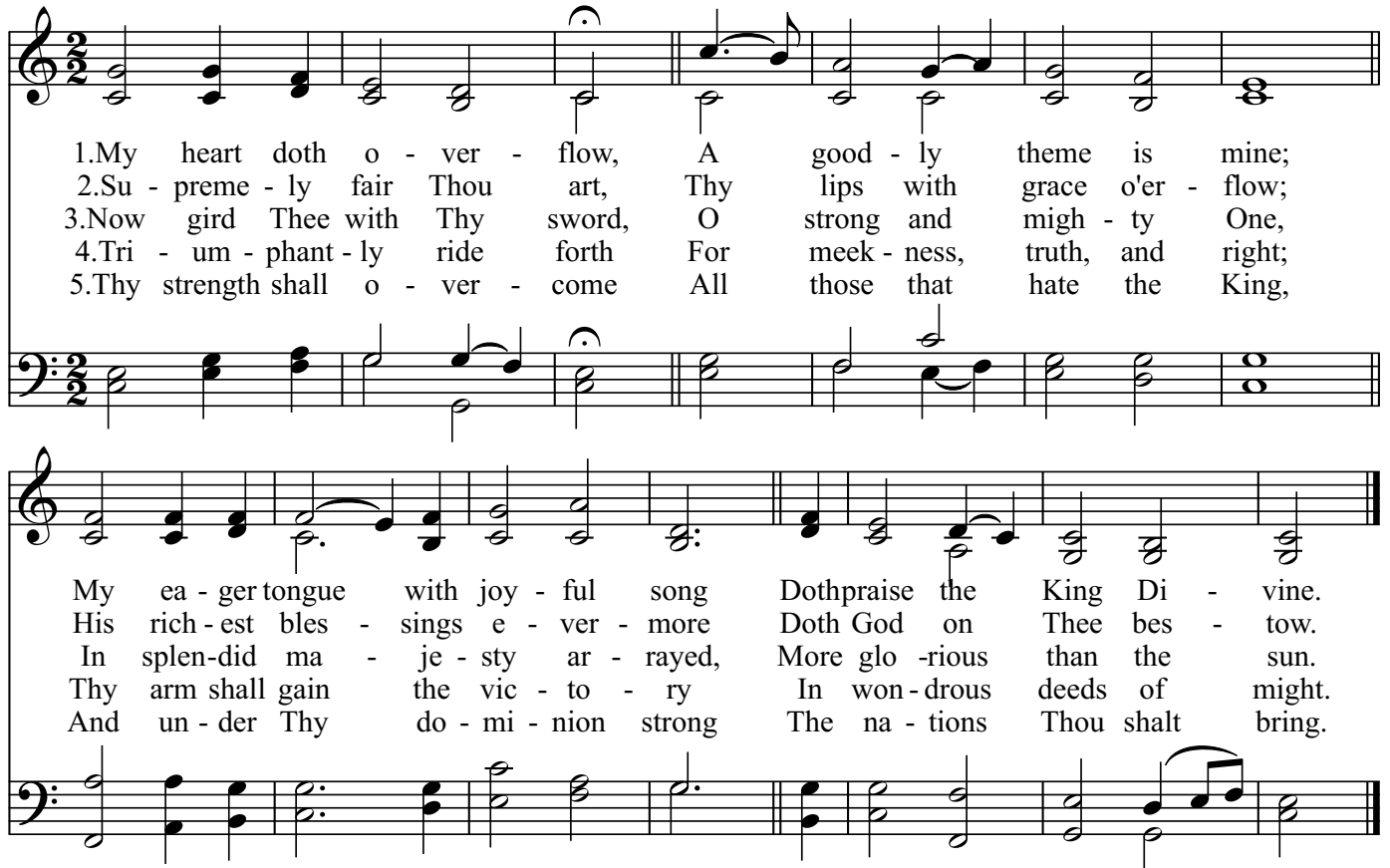


## 124. The Royal Majesty of Christ



1. My heart doth o - ver - flow, A good - ly theme is mine;  
 2. Su - preme - ly fair Thou art, Thy lips with grace o'er - flow;  
 3. Now gird Thee with Thy sword, O strong and migh - ty One,  
 4. Tri - um - phant - ly ride forth For meek - ness, truth, and right;  
 5. Thy strength shall o - ver - come All those that hate the King,

My ea - ger tongue with joy - ful song Doth praise the King Di - vine.  
 His rich - est bles - sings e - ver - more Doth God on Thee bes - tow.  
 In splen - did ma - je - sty ar - rayed, More glo - rious than the sun.  
 Thy arm shall gain the vic - to - ry In won - drous deeds of might.  
 And un - der Thy do - mi - nion strong The na - tions Thou shalt bring.

6. Thy royal throne, O God,  
 For evermore shall stand;  
 Eternal truth and justice wield  
 The scepter in Thy hand.

7. Since Thou art sinless found,  
 The Lord, Thy God confessed,  
 Anointeth Thee with perfect joy,  
 Thou art supremely blest.

8. Thy garments breathe of myrrh  
 And spices sweet and rare;  
 Glad strains of heavenly music ring  
 Throughout Thy palace fair.

9. Amid Thy glorious train  
 King's daughters waiting stand,  
 And fairest gems bedeck Thy bride,  
 The queen at Thy right hand.