

174 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

XI.

Trembles the King of Fears,
Whene'er thy Crofs appears.
Once its dreaded Force he found:
Saviour, cleave again the Sky;
Slain by an Eternal Wound,
Death shall then for ever die!

II^d HYMN to CHRIST the King.

I.

JESU, Thou art our King,
To Me thy Succour bring.
CHRIST the Mighty One art Thou,
Help, for All on Thee is laid:
This the Word; I claim it Now,
Send me now the Promis'd Aid.

II.

High on thy Father's Throne,
O look with Pity down!
Help, O help! attend my Call,
Captive lead Captivity,
King of Glory, Lord of All,
CHRIST, be Lord, be King to Me!

III.

I pant to feel Thy Sway,
And only Thee t'obey:
Thee my Spirit gasps to meet,
This my one, my ceaseless Pray'r,
Make, O make my Heart thy Seat,
O set up thy Kingdom there!
Triumph,

IV.

Triumph, and reign in Me,
 And spread Thy Victory:
 Hell, and Death, and Sin controul,
 Pride, and Self, and ev'ry Foe,
 All subdue; thro' all my Soul,
 Conqu'ring, and to conquer go.

*The SAVIOUR glorified by All.
 From the German.*

I.

THOU, JESU, art our King,
 Thy ceaseless Praise we sing:
 Praise shall our glad Tongue employ,
 Praise o'erflow our grateful Soul,
 While we vital Breath enjoy,
 While eternal Ages roll.

II.

Thou art th' Eternal Light,
 That shin'st in deepest Night.
 Wondring gaz'd th' Angelic Train,
 While Thou bow'd'st the Heav'ns beneath,
 God with GOD wert Man with Man,
 Man to save from endless Death.

III.

Thou for our Pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our Sicknefs born:
 All our Sins on Thee were laid;
 Thou with unexampled Grace,
 All the mighty Debt hast paid
 Due from *Adam's* helpless Race.

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Thou

The King.

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Pray'r,
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Triumph,