

To strength sublime, of martyr fame ;
Who feared not prison, rack, or flame :
Stephen, Wycliffe, Ridley, Cranmer,
Huguenot and Covenanter,
A princely race ! Brave sons of God !
Who gained the skies through seas of blood.

Oh, listen all ! An anthem grand !
It comes from heaven's Angel Band :
"The Conqueror of death and sin !"
"The King of Glory, let Him in !"
They well remember Calvary's scene,
They saw the tomb where Christ had been,
And went with fiery chariot steed
Adown the way with swiftest speed,
And bore Him up to where the gate
Uplifted stood, and where did wait
The joy that floods the heavenly home,
And bursts like sunshine round the throne.

The transport grows, the heavens bend,
With weight of glory ; mark the trend

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