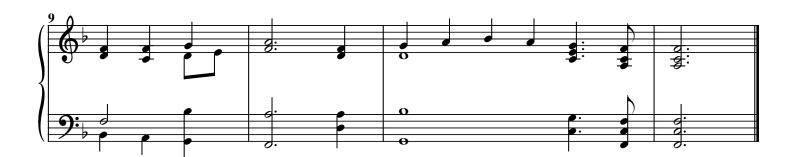
The eternal gifts of Christ the King







The eternal gifts of Christ the King, The Apostles' glorious deeds, we sing; And while due hymns of praise we pay, Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

The Church in these her princes boasts, These victor chiefs of warriors hosts; The soldiers of the heavenly hall, The lights that rose on earth for all.

The braved the terrors of the time, No torment shook their faith sublime; Soon, holy death brought peace and rest And light eternal with the blest. 'Twas thus the yearning faith of saints, The unconquered hope that never faints, The love of Christ that knows not shame, The prince of this world overcame.

In these the Father's glory shone; In these the will of God the Son; In these exults the Holy Ghost; Through these rejoice the heavenly host.

Redeemer, hear us of Thy love, That, with this glorious band above, Hereafter, of Thine endless grace, Thy servants also may have place.

Ambrose of Milan, 340-397