

O Jesus, Our King
Charles Wesley, 1746.

O Jesus, our King,
Thy glory we sing,
Thy rising declare,
And join the pomp, and the benefit share.
Thy conquest we feel
O'er death and o'er hell,
Redeemed from the grave,
And bold we proclaim Thee almighty to save.

We know that our Head
Is risen indeed,
Thy record receive,
And raised by the power of Thy spirit we live.
Thy Spirit attests
The truth in our breasts,
Thy witness imparts
The first resurrection of faith to our hearts.

Thou conquered beneath
The sharpness of death,
Our souls to retrieve,
And open the kingdom to all that believe.
Believing on Thee,
We rise from the tree,
And heavenward move,
And fly to Thy throne on the wings of Thy love.

Thy love that o'ercame
Our sorrow and shame,
And ransomed our race,
And sent Thee to God to prepare us a place;
Go after, it cries,
Proceed to the skies,
By Immanuel led,
So follow, and suffer, and reign with your head.