

Hail to the King

Translated by John Brownlie, 1913.

James Langran, 1861.

Hail to the King, who comes in weakness now,  
No wreath of gold encircleth His brow,  
Lowly His state in lowly worship bow;  
Hail to the King! Hail to the King!

Born of His maiden mother, pure as snow,  
Son of our God, begotten long ago,  
Ere yet the stream of time began to flow;  
Hail to the King! Hail to the King!

Nowhere was found a shelter for His head,  
Humble He lay, e'en where the oxen fed,  
No couch nor crib, a manger was His bed;  
Hail to the King! Hail to the King!

Herdsmen were there who heard the angels sing;  
Wise men from far who myrrh and incense bring,  
No other hand bestowed an offering;  
Hail to the King! Hail to the King!

Hail to the King! O Christ, upon Thy throne,  
Look on the souls which Thou didst make Thine own,  
When by Thy birth and death Thou didst atone;  
Hail to the King! Hail to the King!