

Ye Servants of Our Glorious King  
From the Latin.  
Henry Gauntlett.

Ye servants of our glorious king,  
To Him your thankful praises bring;  
And tell the deeds that grace has done,  
The triumphs by His martyrs won.

Since they were faithful to the last,  
Their holy struggles now are past;  
The bitterness of death is o'er,  
And theirs is bliss forevermore.

The flame might scorch, the knife lay bare,  
And cruel beasts their members tear;  
No powers of earth, no powers of hell  
The souls that loved their Lord could quell.

Forever broken is the chain  
That sought to bind them, but in vain;  
O let us strive like them to win  
Our freedom from the bonds of sin.

O Savior, may our portion be  
With those who gave themselves to Thee,  
Through all eternity to sing  
All praise to Thee, the martyrs' king.