Their names are names of kings



Their names are names of kings Of heavenly line; The bliss of earthly things They did resign.

Chieftains they were, who warred With sword and shield; Victors for God the Lord On foughten field.

Sad were their days on earth, 'Mid hate and scorn, A life of pleasure's dearth, A death forlorn; Yet blest that end in woe, And those sad days; Only man's blame below; Above—God's praise.

A city of great name Is built for them, Of glorious golden fame— Jerusalem!

Redeemed with the precious blood From death and sin, Sons of the Triune God, They enter in. So doth the life of pain In glory close; Lord God, may we attain Their grand repose.

Samuel John Stone

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