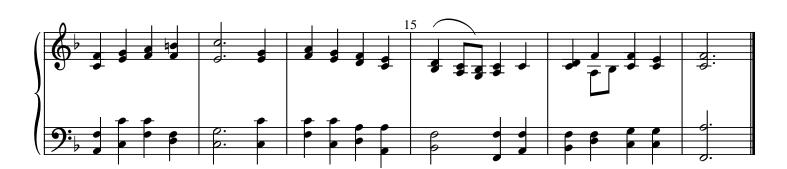
The Lord and King of all things







The Lord and king of all things But yesterday was born; And Stephen's glorious offering His birth-tide shall adorn: No pearls of orient splendor, No jewels can he show; But with his own true heart's blood His shining vestments glow.

Come, ye that love the martyrs, And pluck the flowers of song, And weave them in a garland, For this our suppliant throng; And cry, O thou that shinest In grace's brightest ray, Christ's valiant protomartyr, For peace and favor pray! Thou first of all confessors,
Of all the deacons crown,
Of every following athlete,
The glory and renown:
Make supplication, standing
Before Christ's royal throne,
That He would give the kingdom,
And for our sins atone!

Henry Bramley