On This Most Holy Day of Days

John Burrows
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On this most holy day of days, We raise our hearts on high,
As he ascended to his throne, Sol-lemn the vows he made;
When dawned that fate-ful judg-ment day, End-ing his earth-ly race,
So make our hearts more pure, O Lord, Like bles-sed Charles to grow

Hon-or a king who was con-demned To suf-fer and to die.
Hum-bly re-ceived the bles-sed Host In pur-est white ar-rayed.
Snow-fall with pur-est white a-dorned His fin-al rest-ing place.
Dai-ly more cleansed in Je-sus' blood, More white than win-ter's snow.