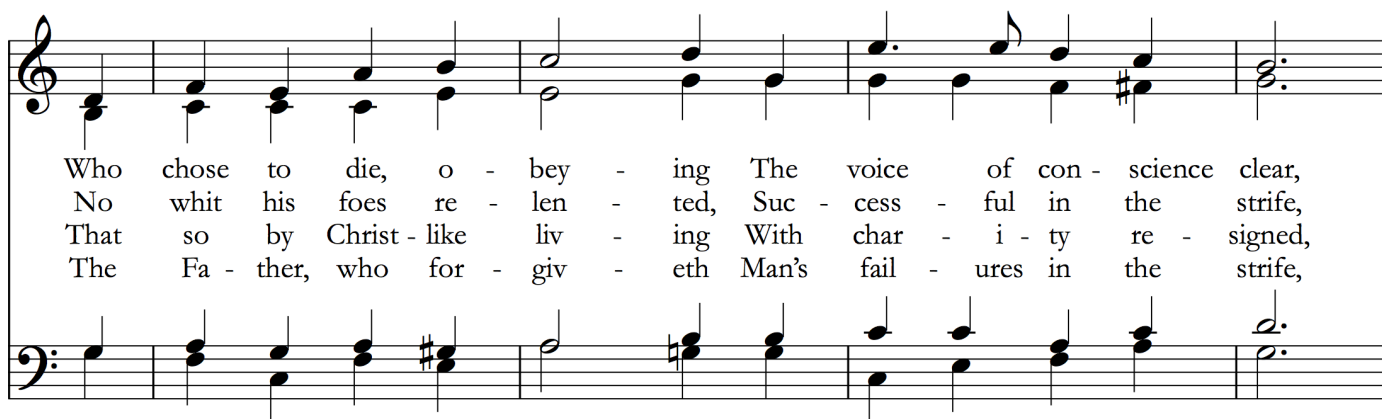


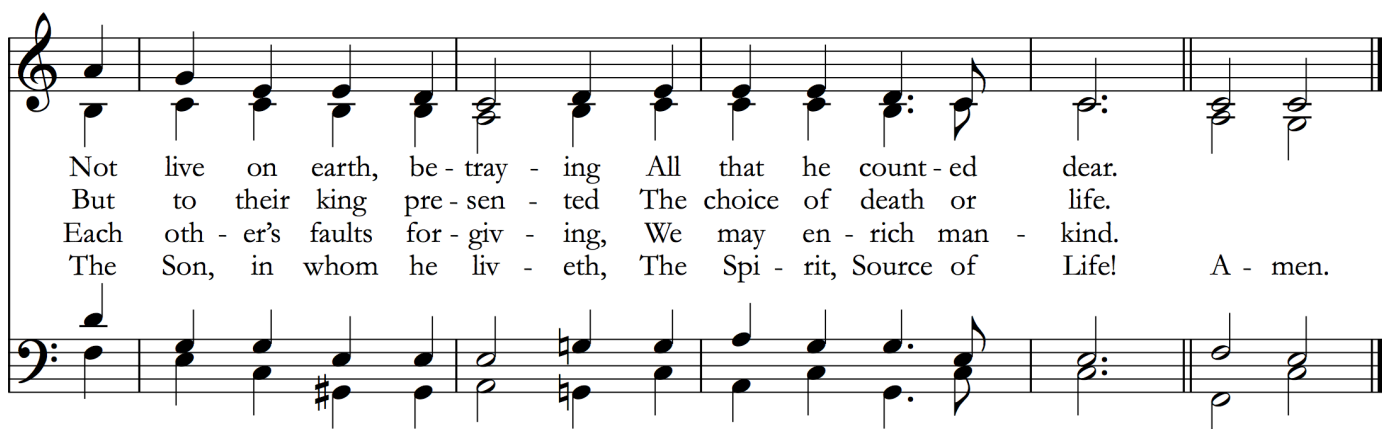
1. With thank - ful hearts thy glo - ry, O King of Saints, we sing,  
 2. For long his foes as - sailed him Till friends were ov - er - thrown,  
 3. Shall, then, his mem - ory per - ish? His name we ven - e - rate,  
 4. For all lives lived sin - cere - ly In Christ may God be blest,



Shown in the saint - ly sto - ry Of Charles, the Mar - tyr - King,  
 And this world's wea - pons failed him, And he was left a - lone.  
 The Faith he loved we cher - ish, His spi - rit em - u - late,  
 To mor - tals thus most clear - ly In mor - tals man - i - fest—



Who chose to die, o - bey - ing The voice of con - science clear,  
 No whit his foes re - len - ted, Suc - cess - ful in the strife,  
 That so by Christ - like liv - ing With char - i - ty re - signed,  
 The Fa - ther, who for - giv - eth Man's fail - ures in the strife,



Not live on earth, be - tray - ing All that he count - ed dear.  
 But to their king pre - sen - ted The choice of death or life.  
 Each oth - er's faults for - giv - ing, We may en - rich man - kind.  
 The Son, in whom he liv - eth, The Spi - rit, Source of Life! A - men.