

Priests, The "King Of Kings"

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Alone with none but thee, my God,
I journey on my way.
What need I fear when thou art near,
O King of night and day?
More safe am I within thy hand
than if a host didst round me stand.

The child of God can fear no ill,
his chosen dread no foe...
...'Tis not from chance our comfort springs.
thou art our trust, O King of kings.

My destined time is known to thee,
and death doth know his hour;
did warriors strong around me throng,
they could not stay his power:
no walls of stone can man defend
when thou thy messenger doth send.

The child of God can fear no ill,
his chosen dread no foe...
...'Tis not from chance our comfort springs.
thou art our trust, O King of kings.

My life I yield to thy decree,
and bow to thy control
in peaceful calm, for from thine arm
no power can wrest my soul.
Could earthly omens e'er appall
a man that heeds the heavenly call?

The child of God can fear no ill,
his chosen dread no foe...
...'Tis not from chance our comfort springs.
thou art our trust, O King of kings.

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