Come, all you who glory in Christ, our God made Man,
In his time as bishop, Eusebius both preached and taught
Glo - ry then and bless - ing, be yours, O God most high,

Sing the won - drous sto - ry, which told the di - vine plan:
That this truth, un - hind - ered, to ev - ’ry soul be brought.
For your faith - ful ser - vant! Our prai - ses reach the sky!

How the in - car - na - tion won our ra - ce’s glo - ry,
Though the Ar - ian false - hoods sought to dim this glo - ry,
Fa - ther, Son, and Spi - rit, Tri - une, on - ly God-head,

How the Lord of Hea - ven put Sa - tan un - der - neath his ban.
He was e - ver faith - ful to all his Lord had wrought.
Hear your Church now ga - thered; and heed us when we cry.

Text: JMT
Melody: Prizri, O Marije / Maryy, look upon us (traditional)