

A Child of the King

There will be no buildings named for me
No shrines to mark my passing
The memories of my deeds on earth
Will surely be short lasting

I can go wherever I want
Without the attention others bring
You may think me a common man
But I am a child of the King

Though I am a man of modest means
And I am not rich or poor
I have treasures beyond all measure
That await at heaven's door

Not from a natural birthright
Or some royal pedigree
I became a child of the King
When God adopted me

I am now heir of all things
And joint-heirs with Jesus Christ
To fill the longings of my soul
Nothing else could have sufficed

My Father is no ordinary king
He has power over all things
He sits high above all other thrones
And reigns as King of Kings

Lord, remind me that I am your son
And have a holy calling
I should be running the race before me
But am often only crawling

Remind me that my every thought
And my conduct in every thing
Should reflect the one I represent
And give glory to the King

Keep me faithful till I pass from here
To that place where angels sing
Where a mansion is prepared for me
And all the children of the King

