











- 2. Here we walk in weakness ever,
 Yet He exalts into His favor,
 If He but see a faithful heart.
 All His foes shall fear and tremble,
 When we, His loyal friends, assemble,
 Whom nothing from His love can part.
 Thine own, O Lord, are we,
 Both near and dear to Thee,
 Jesus, Savior!
 Thou didst ordain
 That we obtain
 Thy joy through grief, reproach, and pain.
- 3. Thou before us art ascended And we, unto Thy grace commended, Will follow firmly bound to Thee, By Thy mighty pow'r surrounded, And all our enemies confounded, We then Thy Kingdom's heirs shall be. My brethren, shall not there Our Lord be wondrous fair? Amen! Amen! When death doth call, God takes us all To live with Him in heav'n's bright hall!