

NOW the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life:
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Meets his Lord, and soars and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

- 2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his earthly load;
Where the victors are at rest,
He is gathered unto God;
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall leave our house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.
- 4 Blessing, honour, thanks and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to Thy Word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour-Lord,
He for us the fight has won.