



2. Our brother's fight is over, his arduous race is run; 'twas by thy grace and power the prize of life he won: he now is sweetly sleeping, his spirit rests with thee; and though thy saints are weeping, our song is victory!

3. Soon thou wilt come in glory, with all thy church to shine; our bodies raised in honour, and beauty, Lord, – like thine: then, then we'll raise still louder the song which now we sing, "O Grave, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?"

4. O Son of God, we thank thee, we bless thy holy name; thy love once made thee willing to bear our sin and shame; and now thy love is waiting thy Church, like thee, to raise: First-born of many brethren, thine – thine be all the praise!

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