



'Tis no strife of pow'r with pow'r; short the struggle, were it so; patient suff'ring suits this hour, 'tis by death he deals the blow.
 When he yields his latest breath, then the foe perceives his fall, he who had the pow'r of death, vanquished lies, and gives up all.

3. He who late was seen to bow on the cross, behold he lives!
Then a victim, victor now, lo! eternal life he gives, fruit of that mysterious hour, when he seemed as though he fell, yielding to superior pow'r, yet victorious, strange to tell.

4. Knowing this, his people can look on Death, without alarm; vanquished by "the Son of Man", he has lost his pow'r to harm. Ye who have "in bondage been, through the fear of Death," be glad, he who bore the guilt of sin, conquered Death, then be not sad!

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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