IT IS FINISHED



2. He has sown the precious seed, nothing left for us unsown; ours it is to reap the fields, make the harvest-joy our own.

3. His the pardon, ours the sin, – great the sin, the pardon great; his the good, and ours the ill, his the love, and ours the hate.

4. Ours the darkness and the gloom, his the shade-dispelling light; ours the cloud, and his the sun, his the day-spring, ours the night.

5. His the labour, ours the rest, his the death, and ours the life; ours the fruits of victory, his the agony and strife.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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