



- 2. What else, but trials, here is granted? Safe from the ordeal – who can come? A wintry field with gravestones planted, such is on earth our dreary home: we see, like soon-forgotten story form after form away has passed, – yet One, when all that's transitory is gone, our life and light shall last.
- 3. We now move on, in fetters grievous, at every step drawn tighter round: on every side fresh lures deceive us, e'en in our holiest things are found: but he who, 'gainst all ill-abettors how we should strive example gives, he has the strength to loose our fetters – we know, that our Redeemer lives.
- 4. And, living, may he love and guide us! thus changing darkness into day: tho' Death may chill our hearts, beside us his heart, our source of life shall stay: this shames all human riddles – Dying is turned to life and happiness! Sin's wages our best good supplying, while he shall crown his saints with bliss!
- 5. Haste onward then, ye hours, to meet it! ye ages, that on earth shall be: our Rock of hope, ye mortals greet it – a Saviour for eternity. Now Faith her flight is upward winging, borne on by him new life that gives, and, as she soars, is ever singing – "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

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