

Rest, Christian warrior ! rest, the war is past ;
Rest, for the fight is fought,
The battle bravely won ;
Death is disarm'd—the enemy—the last—
Yields to the strength supplied
By God's victorious Son !
No more thy cheering voice
May marshal for the field ;
That practised arm no more
The Spirit's sword shall wield ;
Our honor'd chief no more shall-need
Faith's all-protecting shield ;
Rest, Christian warrior ! rest.

Rest, pilgrim Bishop ! rest ; thy toils are o'er ;
Rest, for the great High-priest,
The Bishop of thy soul,
Stayeth thy pilgrimage for evermore ;
Run is the rugged race,
And gain'd is glory's goal !
Thou guileless man of God !
Thou venerable priest !
Unnumber'd works of love
Thy righteousness attest.
Apostle of the Western wilds,
Thy ministry was blest.
Rest, pilgrim Bishop ! rest.