

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.