

We may be oft in danger,
In sorrow oft we may,
The seven-fold heated furnace
May sometimes bar our way ;
Praise God ! we cannot perish,
All foes we can defy ;
With Christ our life is hidden,
And Christ can never die.

We died to sin with Jesus ;
Then let our actions prove
His Resurrection's power,
The holy walk of love ;
With loins for ever girded,
With lamps for ever bright,
Until the Christ from heaven
Shall greet our longing sight.

The grave may claim this body,
This frame may turn to dust ;
'Tis but a short-lived triumph,
Our Lord shall keep His trust ;
Forth springing from Death's portal
We soon shall shout and sing
' O Grave, where is thy victory ?
And where, O Death, thy sting ? "

If sleeping then or waking,
The hour shall shortly come
When the azure veil shall open
And Christ will call us home ;