

The sorrow of the world still worketh death.

But who is this that forth from Edom goes,
From Bozrah with dyed garments ; glorious
In His apparel ? Forward on His path
He fares in greatness of His strength. He hath—
Since for this end from out His place He rose—
The power to speak in righteousness and save.
O death, where is thy sting ? Himself He gave
For us. Where is thy victory ? O grave ?

Comfort thee, weary soul, and take thy rest.

Alone Christ trod the winepress ; forth is He
To rule the nations, and to pray for thee.
Thy name He bears, the great High Priest confessed
Of all the heavy-laden, on His breast
Before the throne of God. The mystery
Of all thy godliness with Jesus lies,
For whom He calls He also justifies,
And whom He justifies He glorifies.