

In dumb and nerveless death for evermore?
No! No! It cannot be! Can darkness hide
From Thee the suppliant? Can thick clouds shut
out

His prayer from Thy Mercy seat? Art Thou
Not stronger than the Grave, and Death, and Hell?
Is not Thine arm Omnipotent to snatch
From deepest depths of ruin? Is not Thy love
From all eternity? And is it not
To endless ages changeless? Hast thou not
So loved the world as to give up Thy Son—
Thine only and beloved Son—to die
That whosoever looks to Him in faith,
Might never, never perish? Is He not
The living One who died and rose again,
And liveth evermore? Who over Death,
And Hell, and Satan triumphed, and has now
The keys of Death and Hell, and whom He saves
Shall never, never perish? Is He not
The Shepherd of the flock, and follows after
The wanderers from the fold?

Oh! hear me then,
Thou gracious Shepherd! In Thy mighty arms,
The guilty, wandering sheep bear to the fold;
That 'mong the hosts of heaven there may be joy,
That I, redeemed, Thy mercy may proclaim,
On earth to men, and evermore in Heaven,
Sing hallelujahs to Thy Holy Name.
