

THE SOWER.

THE VICTORY.

My chains are snapt, the bonds of sin are broken,
And I am free.

Oh! let the triumphs of His grace be spoken
Who died for me.

“O death, O grave,” I do not dread thy power,
The ransom's paid.

On Jesus, in that dark and dreadful hour,
My guilt was laid.

Yes, Jesus bore it—bore, in love unbounded,
What none can know.

He passed through death, and gloriously confounded
Our every foe.

And now He's risen, proclaim the joyful story,
The Lord's on high;

And *we in Him are raised to endless glory,*
And ne'er can die.

We wait to see the Morning Star appearing
In glory bright;

This blessed hope illumes, with beams most cheering
The hours of night.