

2. Once they were mourning here below, And wet their couch with tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their victory came, They, with united breath, Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death. 4. They marked the footsteps that He trod His zeal inspired their breast; And, following their incarnate God, Possess the promised rest.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise For His own pattern given, While the long cloud of witnesses Show the same path to heav'n.