

Blessing, Honour, Thanks, And Praise
by Charles Wesley

1 BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee;
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God;
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

5 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain,
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain;
Thou art entered into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.