

**It is finished! blessed Jesus**

It is finished! Blessed Jesus,  
thou hast breathed thy latest sigh,  
teaching us, the sons of Adam,  
how the Son of God must die.

Lifeless lies the piercèd body,  
hidden in its rocky bed,  
laid aside like folded garment:  
where is now the spirit fled?

In the gloomy realms of darkness  
shines a light unknown before,  
for the Lord of dead and living  
enters at the open door.

See! he comes a willing victim,  
unresisting hither led;  
passing from the cross of sorrow  
to the mansions of the dead.

Lo! the heavenly light around him  
as he draws his people near;  
all amazed they stand rejoicing  
at the gracious words they hear.

For himself proclaims the story  
of his own incarnate life,  
and the death he died to save us,  
victor in that awful strife.

Patriarch and priest and prophet  
gather round him as he stands,  
in adoring faith and gladness,  
hearing of the piercèd hands.

O the bliss to which he calls them,  
ransomed by his precious Blood,  
from the gloomy realms of darkness  
to the Paradise of God!

There in lowliest joy and wonder  
stands the robber at his side,  
reaping now the blessèd promise  
spoken by the Crucified.

Jesus, Lord of dead and living,  
let thy mercy rest on me;  
grant me too, when life is finished,  
rest in Paradise with thee.

Words: William Dalrymple Maclagan, 1875

Music: Omni Die, Batty, Portsea

Meter: 87 87