

# Love's redeeming work is done

Charles Wesley (1707-1788) alt. The Editors  
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1. Love's redeeming work is done;  
run the race, the trophy won;  
now our Sun's eclipse is past,  
glory bright unveiled at last!
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ has opened paradise.
3. Praise our risen, glorious King;  
where, O death, is now your sting?  
Once he died the world to save,  
where your vict'ry, boasting grave?
4. Now we soar where Christ has led,  
foll'wing our exalted Head;  
made like him, like him we rise;  
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
5. Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!  
Praise to you by both be giv'n;  
you we greet triumphant now;  
earth and heav'n in homage bow.

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