

- 5. My soul, bear now your part, triumph in God above; with a well-tunéd heart sing now the songs of love; you are his own, whose precious blood shed for your good his love made known.
- 6. Away, distrustful care!
  I have your promise, Lord;
  to banish all despair,
  I have your oath and word;
  and therefore I shall see your face
  and there your grace shall magnify.
- 7. With your triumphant flock then I shall numbered be; built on th'eternal Rock, his glory we shall see. The heav'ns so high with praise shall ring and all shall sing in harmony.