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 pierced 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 pierced 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 blessed 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**