1. I hear th'Accuser roar of ills that I have done;
2. Sin, Satan, Death press near to harass and to appall;
3. Before, behind, around, they set their fierce array
4. I meet them face to face, through Jesus' conquest blest;
5. There, in his book, I bear a more than conqueror's name:

6. His be the Victor's name, who fought the fight alone!
Triumphant saints no honor claim; their conquest was his own.

7. By weakness and defeat he won the meed and crown; trod all his foes beneath his feet by being trodden down!

8. He hell, in hell, laid low; made sin, he sin o'erthrew; bowed to the grave, and killed it so, and Death, by dying, slew.

9. Bless, bless the Conqueror slain, slain by divine decree, who lived, who died, who lives again, for thee, his church, for thee!