Tho’ now we bear the chilly blast

1. Though now we bear the chilly blast,
Though cradled now in woe,
The church shall ev’ry storm outlast,
Outlive each cruel foe.

2. Then shall we sing of battles won,
Of garments roll’d in blood,
Of myriads slain by David’s Son,
The conq’ring Lamb of God;

3. Of blood that loos’d the captive’s chain,
Redeem’d his life, and seal’d
The record of a deathless name
That lives in heav’n reveal’d.