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- 2. A body of clay
 He humbly put on,
 And then took away
 The sin we had done;
 And in it endured
 The wrath to us due,
 The curse we incurred,
 Our stripes and our woe.
- 3. Not only He died, But also arose, Laid weakness aside, And ever His foes (Sin, death, and the Devil) He triumphed o'er, And every evil, Dominion and power.
- 4. O merciful Lamb, Who sits on the throne, We bow at Thy name, We count Thee alone Deserving our blessing, And blessing we'll give, Without ever ceasing, So long as we live.