

12 Fear not the face of mortals
Who are but dust and soon decay
Whose breath are in their nostrils
And soon they'll moulder back to clay

13 I have one blessed comfort
Which bates me up when troubles come
My war will soon be ended
And then my Lord will take me home

14 I shal arise and meet him
And then my warpair will be ore
And walk the streets of zion
And praise his name forever more