## THE MCTORY OF FAITH



I hear his parting breath; entombed I see him lying, a captive held of death; yet peacefully he sleepeth, no foe disturbs him now, and love Divine still keepeth its impress on his brow.

3. But lo! the seal is broken!
rolled back the mighty stone;
in vain was set the token
that friend and foe should own;
the weeping Mary bending,
sees not her Saviour there;
but sons of light attending,
a joyful message bear.

4. The Lord is risen! He liveth, the first-born from the dead; to him the Father giveth to be creation's head; o'er all for ever reigning, of death he holds the keys, and hell, his might constraining, obeys his high decrees.

5. Flies now the gloom that shaded the vale of death to me; the terrors that invaded are lost, O Christ, in thee! The grave, no more appalling, invites me to repose; asleep in Jesus falling, to rise as Jesus rose.

6. O when to life awaking, the night for ever gone, my soul, this dust forsaking, puts incorruption on; Lord, in thy lustre shining, in thine own beauty dressed, my sun no more declining, thy service is my rest!

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