

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS RESURRECTION.

54

L. M.

"God forbid that I should glory, save
in the cross of our Lord Jesus
Christ."

- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 1 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my
God; [most,
All the vain things that charm me
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 2 See, from His head, His hands, His
feet, [down;
Sorrow and love flow mingled
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a
crown!
- 3 Were the whole realm of nature mine—
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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4. HIS RESURRECTION.

55

C. M.

"He is not here, but is risen."

- YE humble souls, that seek the
Chase all your fears away; [Lord,
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of Life was
Such wondrous love can do; [brought,
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 But raise your eyes, and tune your
The Saviour lives again! [songs,
Not all the holts and bare of death
The Conqueror could detain.
- 4 High o'er the angelic hands He
His once dishonored head: [rears
And through unnumbered years He
Who dwelt among the dead. [reigns,
- 5 With joy like His shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

56

L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep
around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the
ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath
your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But, lo! what sudden joys I see,
Jesus, the dead, reviv'd again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids His rise;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the
skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and
tell [reigns;
How high your great Deliverer
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of
hell, [chains.
And led the monster death in
- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous
King! [save;"
Born to redeem, and strong to
Then ask the monster, "Where's
thy sting?" [ing grave?"
And, "Where thy victory. boast-
- 57 Life in Christ. L. M.
- I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance
gives! [dead;
He lives, He lives, who once was
He lives, my everlasting Head!
- 2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to His name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!