

Who fled their Master while he liv'd, should, now
That he is dead, wax bold ; and, from the grave
Stealing the body, teach that he has risen
By his own power, and so seduce mankind,
But all the efforts of his foes are vain,
To hold him in the tomb ; as well may night,
By rolling to the eastern gates of morn,
A gloomy cloud keep back the rising sun.

Scarcely had the sabbath ended, and the dawn
Shed feeble twilight o'er Judea's hills ;
When a bright angel bursting from the sky,
Descended to the sepulchre ; the earth
Quak'd at his coming, and the guard turn'd pale
With icy terror ! Back he roll'd the stone
From the grave's mouth, and boldly sat on it,
Despite the Roman spears that glittered in
The radiant beams of his own countenance,
And sparkling robes ! Then, bursting the strong
bands
Of death and hell, the Son of God walk'd forth,
A mighty conqueror, to die no more !