

That hides from view the holiest of all,
Rending in twain from top to bottom, shows
The mercy-seat to all alike reveal'd !
Nay ; ev'n the dead hear the victorious cry,
" 'Tis finish'd," and, arising from the tomb,
Walk to the holy city, and declare
That Jesus, dying, has abolish'd death,
And spoil'd the grave ! The angels hear the cry,
" 'Tis finish'd," and with speed, to heaven's bright
They bear the joyful tidings ; a glad shout [gates
Rings through the empyrean, onward still,
Throughout the universe, from sun to sun,
From star to star, resounding ; hell's dark caves
Alone the echoes mournfully return.

The scene is chang'd—now lowly in the tomb
The Saviour sleeps in death ; a darksome cloud
Hangs heavy o'er his chosen little band
Of faithful followers ; and all his foes
Rejoice. In the grave's mouth a stone is fixt
Secure, and seal'd. A Roman guard, well arm'd,
Before the sepulchre keeps anxious watch.
And why ? Lest those weak timid fishermen,