

O HUMBLE souls who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
(Such wonders love can do!)
Thus cold in death that body lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs:
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er th'angelic bands He rears
His once dishonoured head;
And through unnumbered years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like His shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51