

WE sing His love Who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

*Soon shall the Lord return, and we
Shall rise to immortality.*

- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious Day,
When death itself shall die away.
- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete:
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more!
- 5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious Day,
And this delightful scene display:
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Rowland Hill, 1744-1833