

All Ye That Seek the Lord Who Died  
By Charles Wesley

All ye that seek the Lord Who died,  
Your God for sinners crucified,  
Prevent the earliest dawn, and come  
To worship at His sacred tomb.

Bring the sweet spices of your sighs,  
Your contrite hearts, and streaming eyes,  
Your sad complaints, and humble fears;  
Come, and embalm Him with your tears.

While thus ye love your souls t'employ,  
Your sorrow shall be turned to joy:  
Now, let all your grief be o'er!  
Believe, and ye shall weep no more.

An earthquake hath the cavern shook,  
And burst the door, and rent the rock;  
The Lord hath sent His angel down,  
And he hath rolled away the stone.

As snow behold his garment white,  
His countenance as lightning bright:  
He sits, and waves a flaming sword,  
And waits upon his rising Lord.

The third auspicious morn is come,  
And calls your Savior from the tomb,  
The bands of death are torn away,  
The yawning tomb gives back its prey.

Could neither seal nor stone secure,  
Nor men, nor devils make it sure?  
The seal is broke, the stone cast by,  
And all the powers of darkness fly.

The body breathes, and lifts His head,  
The keepers sink, and fall as dead;  
The dead restored to life appear,  
The living quake, and die for fear.

No power a band of soldiers have  
To keep one body in its grave:  
Surely it no dead body was  
That could the Roman eagles chase.

The Lord of Life is risen indeed,  
To death delivered in your stead;  
His rise proclaims your sins forgiv'n,  
And show the living way to Heav'n.

Haste then, ye souls that first believe,  
Who dare the Gospel-Word receive,  
Your faith with joyful hearts confess,  
Be bold, be Jesus' witnesses.

Go tell the followers of your Lord  
Their Jesus is to life restored;  
He lives, that they His life may find;  
He lives, to quicken all mankind.