

Hymn Lyrics

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Resting from his work today

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in the tomb the Savior lay;
still he slept, from head to feet
shrouded in the winding-sheet,
lying in the rock alone,
hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen
watching long the Magdalene;
early, ere the break of day,
sorrowful she took her way
to the holy garden glade,
where her buried Lord was laid.

So with thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
in this rocky heart of mine,
where in pure embalmed cell
none but thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
true affection's offering;
close the door from sight and sound
of the busy world around;
and in patient watch remain
till my Lord appear again.