

Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay
Thomas Kelly, 1804.
William Boyce(1710-1779)

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the Living midst the dead?
Remember how the Savior said
That He would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

The first begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

Why should His people now be sad?
None have such reason to be glad,
Ad reconciled to God.
Jesus, the mighty Savior, lives,
To them eternal life He gives,
The purchase of His blood.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

Ye ransomed, let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
Steadfast, immovable;
Be sure your labor's not in vain;
Your bodies shall be raised again,
No more corruptible.