

The Grave Itself a Garden Is
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.
William Bradbury, 1844.

The grave itself a garden is,
Where loveliest flowers abound;
Since Christ, our never fading Life,
Sprang from that holy ground.

O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
So holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might fly with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter day
Of glory in the skies!