

Upon the Sixth Day of the Week
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.
Samuel Stanley, ca. 1800.

Upon the sixth day of the week
The first man had his birth,
In God's own image bright and pure
Created from the earth.

Upon the sixth day of the week
The second Adam died,
And by the second Adam's death
Man was revived.

Upon the seventh day of the week
God from His works did rest,
And on that holy Sabbath day
The works of God were blessed.

Upon the seventh day of the week
Christ in the grave did rest,
The grave is now a holy place;
A Sabbath for the blest.

By tasting the forbidden tree
Man fell in Paradise;
Upon the tree Christ tasted death,
And by His death we rise.

Christ in a garden buried lay,
Which spring-flowers did adorn;
And there our Resurrection bloomed
On the bright Easter morn.

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Where loveliest flowers abound,
For Christ our amaranthine Life
Sprang from the holy ground.

He by the Spirit once was born
Pure from the virgin's womb,
And by the Spirit once again,
Born from the virgin tomb.

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

O may we buried be with Thee,
And with Thee, Lord, arise
To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!