

With Christ We Share a Mystic Grave

John Neale, 1853.

Gerard Cobb(1838-1904)

With Christ we share a mystic grave,

With Christ we buried lie;

But 'tis not in the darksome cave

By mournful Calvary.

The pure and bright baptismal flood

Entombs our nature's stain;

New creatures from the cleansing wave

With Christ we rise again.

Thrice blest, if through this world of strife,

And sin, and selfish care,

Our snow white robe of righteousness

We undefiled wear.

Thrice blest, if through the gate of death

All glorious and free

We to our joyful rising pass,

O risen Lord, with Thee.