

Ye Fainting Souls, Lift Up Your Eyes
Rossiter Raymond, 1875.
Karl Wilhelm.

Ye fainting souls, lift up your eyes
To where the morning lights the skies!
The awful shadows flee away
Before the swift advancing day.
The Lord is ris'n; He could not die;
He lives for you eternally;
And by His victory o'er the grave
His people He will surely save!

No longer mourn your seeming loss;
No longer weep before the cross,
Nor search the darkness of the tomb;
While overhead the morn has come!
Now what shall harm your joyful souls
While your Redeemer all controls?
No night shall hide again His face;
No grave shall be His resting place.