

Ye Humble Souls That Seek the Lord
Philip Doddridge(1702-1751)
James Anderson, 1885.

Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.

Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Savior lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

High o'er the angelic bands He rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

With joy like His shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with His ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.