

All the Sacrifice is Ended

Samuel Stone, 1866.

Henry Smart, 1867.

All the sacrifice is ended,
Breathed His body's latest breath,
And His human Soul hath wended
Where the weary rest beneath;
Christ as Man hath comprehended
All the human law of death!

Yet not there His Soul remaineth
Nor His body in the tomb:
Lo! what sudden glory gaineth
Quick dominion o'er the gloom!
Yea, o'er death and hell He reigneth
Bursting back the gates of doom!

Manifold the attestation
Brethren tell the marvel o'er,
And the soldiers from their station,
And the angels at the door,
And His own Word's revelation,
"Lo! I live for evermore."

Hail, thou morn of resurrection,
Primal holy Easter Day!
Now the hours of deep dejection
'Neath the night-clouds' dark array,
Foes' reviling, friends' defection,
In thy glory pass away!

Now He lives and reigns for ever!
That we too may enter in
Where eternal life shall never
Taste of sorrow or of sin,
Where from Him no death shall sever
Those He vanquished death to win.

Savior! in our night of weeping
Tell us of the joyful morn,
Guard our souls, their vigil keeping
In the hours of hate and scorn
Raise us falling, wake us sleeping,
Till our Easter Day be born.