

At the Grave

Robert Fletcher, 1895.

John Herbert.

At the grave where Christ lay sleeping,  
In the arms of death's embrace,  
Roman wards their watch were keeping,  
As the night wore on apace;  
Where in majesty descending,  
Came an angel from the throne,  
At the tomb of Joseph bending,  
Rolled away the ponderous stone.

Lo! the grave is rent asunder,  
And the watchers are as dead;  
Heav'n and earth beheld, in wonder,  
Death in chains a captive led:  
Angels, robed in white, are saying,  
"He is ris'n, He is not here":  
Christ, the call to life obeying,  
Thrills the world with hope and cheer.

Re-ascend, O King victorious,  
Take again Thy royal throne;  
There in Heav'n to rule all glorious,  
Till the earth becomes Thine own:  
Foes may hate Thee, they can never  
Overthrow Thy righteous sway;  
Thine shall be the kingdom ever,  
In the realms of perfect day.