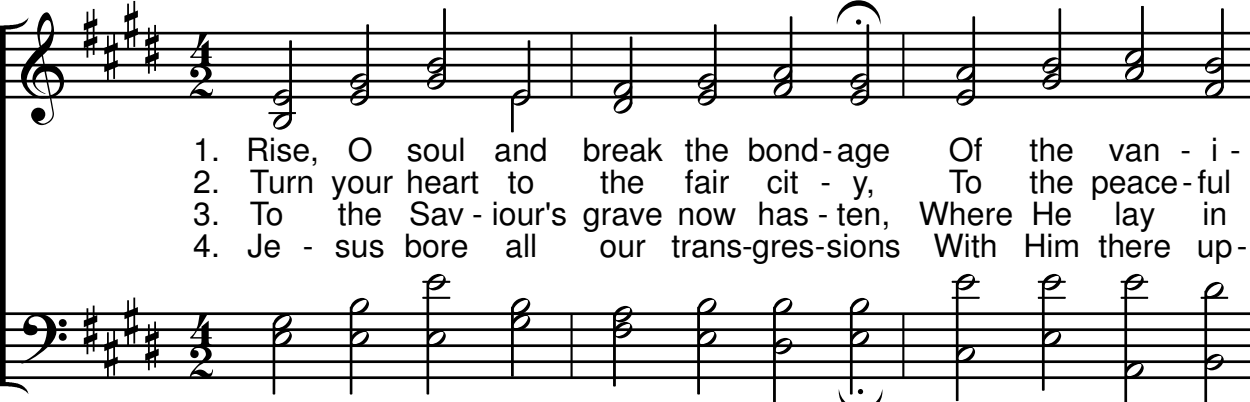


183. CHRIST THE RESURRECTED

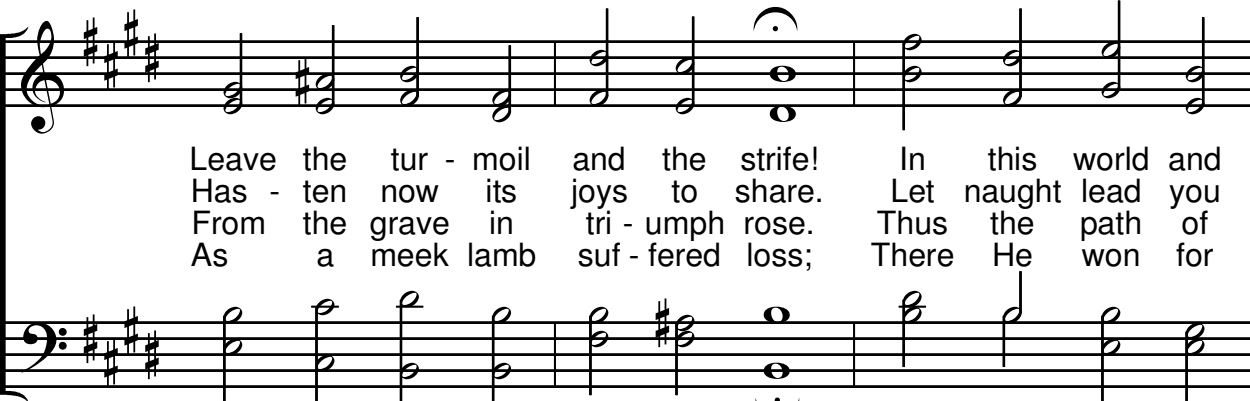
53, 80, 249.



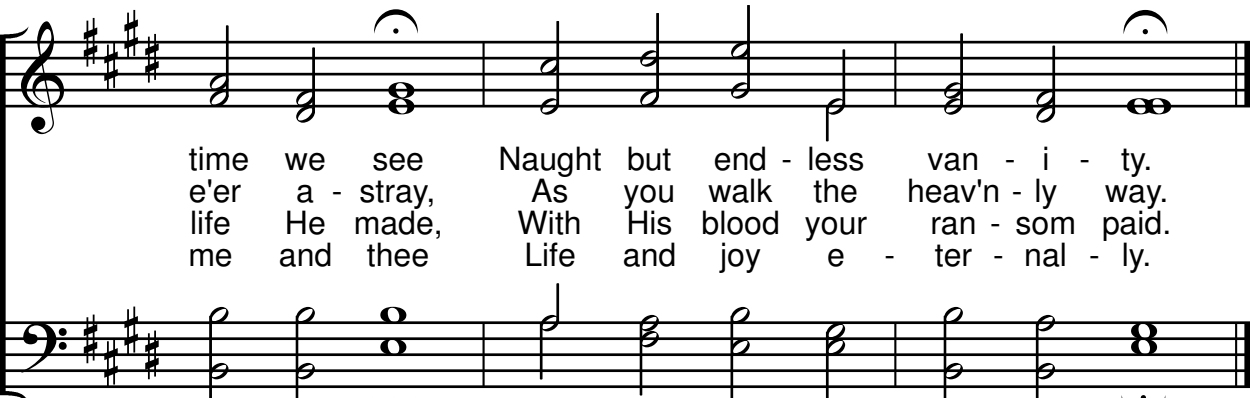
1. Rise, O soul and break the bond-age Of the van - i -
 2. Turn your heart to the fair cit - y, To the peace-ful
 3. To the Sav - iour's grave now has - ten, Where He lay in
 4. Je - sus bore all our trans-gres-sions With Him there up -



ties of life! Jour - ney on - ward to the king - dom;
 Zi - on there. Let no world - ly hope de - ceive you;
 calm re - pose. Christ, in strength from God the Fa - ther,
 on the cross, And for us en - dured the an - guish,



Leave the tur - moil and the strife! In this world and
 Has - ten now its joys to share. Let naught lead you
 From the grave in tri - umph rose. Thus the path of
 As a meek lamb suf - fered loss; There He won for



time we see Naught but end - less van - i - ty.
 e'er a - stray, As you walk the heav'n - ly way.
 life He made, With His blood your ran - som paid.
 me and thee Life and joy e - ter - nal - ly.

5. Death, the first, is now forever
Conquered and his might laid low,
For the Hero broke that scepter
When He to the grave did go.
Bonds are broken, dungeon's might;
Liberty is brought to light!
6. Now the very sting is taken
That gave second death its power;
Vanquished is the evil dragon
That so long did fiercely lower.
Now the serpent's poison may
No believer's heart dismay.
7. O, the lovely, glorious portal,
That o'er Jesus' grave I see:
"Jesus lives!" O words immortal,
Like a magnet drawing me!
"Jesus lives!" This, too, I see:
"Who believes shall live with Me!"
8. Thought of death does not appall me;
Jesus is my life and all.
I am now an heir of glory.
Though the mortal body fall
Into dust, again I'll rise
When He calls me from the skies.
9. Now with Job I say believing:
Jesus, my Redeemer lives!
New life I will be receiving
By the power that He gives;
He, the Strong, will me not leave,
Till He fin'ly breaks my grave.
10. As to Christ I cling forever,
He the Head, I, member true,
So He will forsake me never
Whatsoever I might pass through.
He, the First-fruit, goes ahead
That I may by Him be led.
11. Adam being dead within me,
Henceforth live Thou, Lord, in me.
What Thy sacred death did win me,
May it bring much fruit to Thee;
May the Spirit victor be
And the flesh succumb to Thee.
12. Thou of life the Prince and Giver,
For Thy death I now thank Thee!
Now my faith is fruitless never;
And my hope in death shall be
That in death I trust in Thee,
I shall not forsaken be!
13. O, how will the voice be ringing
That doth call us from the grave!
What sound will the trump be bringing,
Piercing every burial-cave:
"Come, ye dead," it loudly cries;
"Nothing hinders ye, arise!"
14. Thou the dust will then enliven;
All the bones new life will see;
A new form I will be given,
Then I shall immortal be;
And transfigured by Thy hand,
In Thy likeness I shall stand.
15. In my Saviour's resurrection
There is comfort; I am blest.
In His life my hopes renewing,
In His love my soul shall rest.
Everything I have in Thee,
Life and hope and victory.