1. In the full choir a broken string Groans with a strange surprise: The rest in silence mourn their King, Who bleeds, and loves, and dies.

2. Seraph and saint, with dropping wings, Cease their harmonious breath: No blooming trees nor babbling springs While Jesus sleeps in death

3. Then all at once to living strains They summon every chord; Break up the tomb, and burst his chains, And show their rising Lord.

4. In awful state the conquering God Ascends his shining throne, While tuneful angels sound abroad The victories he has won.

5. Now let me rise and join their song, And be an angel too: My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here's joyful work for you!

6. I would begin the music here, And so my soul should rise. Oh for some heavenly notes, to bear My spirit to the skies!

7. There, ye that love my Savior, sit; There I would fain have place Among your thrones, or at your feet, So I might see his face.

8. I am confined to earth no more, But mount in haste above, To bless the God that I adore, And sing the Man I love.

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Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015. Measure 3, Tenor: A changed to A-sharp (like Treble); last note changed from C to B.

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