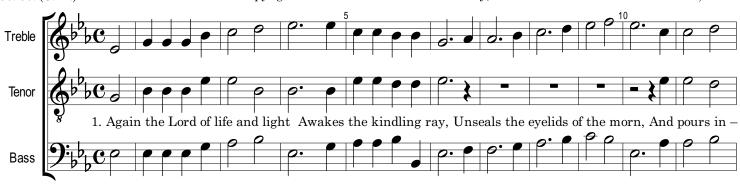
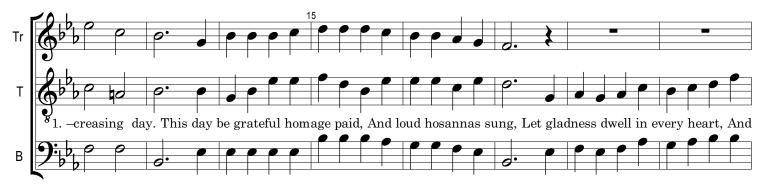
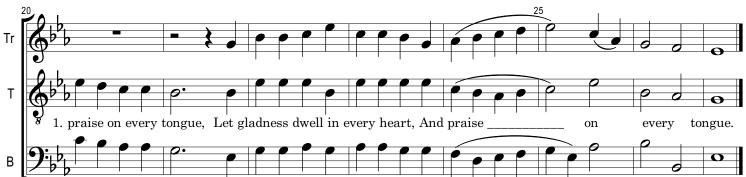
No copyright. Transcribed from Plain Psalmody, 1800.







2. O what a night was that, which wrapped The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

Ten thousand differing lips shall join To hail this welcome morn; Which scatters blessings from its wings, To nations yet unborn.

3. Jesus, the friend of human kind, With strong compassion moved, Descended like a pitying God, To save the souls he loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain To bind his soul in death; He shook their kingdom when he fell, With His expiring breath. 4. Not long the toils of hell could keep The hope of Judah's line; Corruption never could take hold, On aught so much divine.

And now His conquering chariot wheels Ascend the lofty skies; While broke, beneath His powerful cross, Death's iron scepter lies.

5. Exalted high at God's right hand, And Lord of all below, Through Him is pardoning love dispensed, And boundless blessings flow.

To Thee, my Savior and my King, Glad homage let me give; And stand prepared like Thee to die, With Thee that I may live.