

BELMONT.

C.M.

From *Sacred Melodies*, 1812.

1 The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where love - liest flowers a - bound ;

Since Christ, our nev - er - fa - ding life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground. A - men.

2

O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.

3

Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.

4

Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.

5

Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter day
Of glory in the skies! Amen.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.