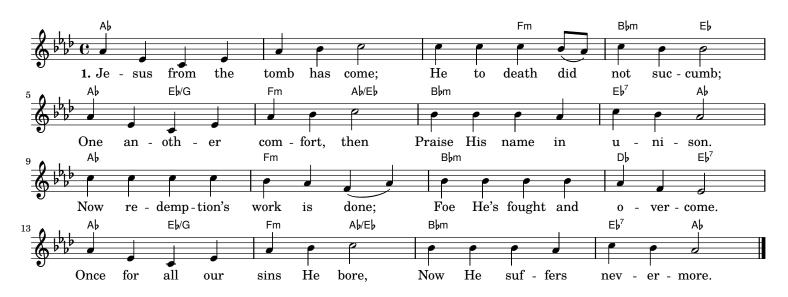
Jesus from the tomb has come

Praise of the Lord — His Resurrection

8107



- 2. Hades, boulder, soldiers 'round—
 None could harm or hold Him down;
 Though He briefly suffered pain,
 We eternal blessing gain.
 He who died can die no more;
 Satan's scheming days are o'er;
 Since an empty tomb we see,
 Countless tombs shall empty be.
- 3. From the grain of wheat that died,
 Many grains were multiplied;
 Once He was the only one;
 Now the church He has become.
 As His Body with our Head,
 To the heavens we ascend;
 With Him buried, with Him soar;
 Praise His name forevermore.