

SALEM L.M.

1. He dies, the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a - round; A solemn dark-ness veils the skies, a sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For him who groaned be - neath your load; He shed a thou-sand drops for you, A thousand drops of rich - er blood.

3. Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree; The Lord of glo - ry dies for man! But lo! what sud - den joys we see, Je - sus, the dead re - vives a - gain.

4. The rising God for-sakes the tomb, (In vain the tomb for - bids him rise:) Che - ru-bic le-gions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.
 5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De - liv-'rer reigns; Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the mon-ster death in chains.