

72. JESUS OUR SAVIOR ROSE

A JOŠ PRE ZORE

p *mf* *f*

1. Je - sus our Sav - ior rose from the pris - on! Now, yes, now, He'll save thee for He has a -
 2. Thoughts now wend up - ward to heavn' - ly pla - ces, where we shall meet God and ev - er sing His

p *mf* *f*

mf *p* *f*

ri - sen; He has bro - ken death's dark deep - est pri - son. Some day in glo - ry we'll rise
 prais - es. Let us not dwell on this world - ly sor - row. May we not doubt, may our faith

pp *ff*

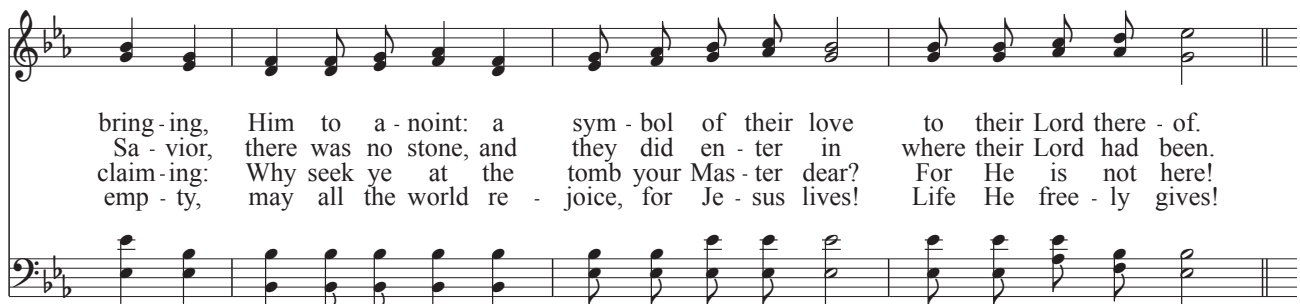
up to hea - ven, if we've been hum - ble, for the faith have striv'n! For the faith have striv'n!
 be more ground - ed. Look to God's heav - en, and with faith be bound. And with faith be bound!

73. TO JESUS' TOMB, BEFORE THE EARLY DAWNING

PRE RUJNE ZORE

1. To Je - sus' tomb, be - fore the ear - ly dawn - ing, three pi - ous wo - men, with great
 2. They asked, in sor - row: Who for us the stone will roll from the tomb where Christ, our
 3. Not find - ing Je - sus, grief did ov - er - take them, We know not where our Sa - vior
 4. He has a - ris - en, from this tomb of dark - ness, Tell His dis - ci - ples. Then with

sor - row went their Lord to la - ment. Myrrh they were bear - ing, spi - ces they were
 Lord, doth lie? For no man was nigh. Yet when they reached the tomb of their dear
 they have moved, for they Him re - moved. An - gels, in glo - ry, joy they were pro -
 joy they went, fear - ful yet con - tent. Oh, what great joy! He lives, the grave is



bring - ing, Him to a - noint: a sym - bol of their love to their Lord there - of.
 Sa - vior, there was no stone, and they did en - ter in where their Lord had been.
 claim - ing: Why seek ye at the tomb your Mas - ter dear? For He is not here!
 emp - ty, may all the world re - joice, for Je - sus lives! Life He free - ly gives!

74. HE LIVES

ON ŽIV



He lives, He lives, He lives, He lives, Death can - not keep his prey. He lives, He lives,
 lives, He lives, O what a glo - rious day! He lives, He lives, He
 lives, He lives All hon - or to the Son, For Christ our Sav - ior leads us on! On **Fine**
 the cross they nailed Him; and His soul in an - guish cried. For our sins He suf -
 fered, for His foes was cru - ci - fied. The dew of death clung round Him, the
 thorns of hate and shame, Yet it is fin - ished! Praise His **D.C. al Fine** name!