

The Grave Itself a Garden Is

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: BELMONT

| s, - | m - - - r - | d - - - t, - | t, - ʌ, - d - | s, - - - s - |
The grave it- self a garden is, Where

| s - f - m - | m - r - d - | d - - - - - | t, - - - s, - |
loveliest flow'rs a- bound; Since

| m - - - r - | d - - - t, - | t, - ʌ, - d - | s, - - - s - |
Christ, our never fading Life, Sprang

| s - f - r - | d - m - r - | d - - - - |
from that holy ground.

The other verses

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>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.</p> <p>3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter day
Of glory in the skies!</p> |
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Melody and words from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune BELMONT by William Gardiner (1770–1853); words by Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.