

Comfort

*That you may not grieve, as do the rest who have no hope.
I Thessalonians 4:13*

The Lord of life is risen,
Who once was crucified;
And death can never vanquish
A soul for which He died.

Though overwhelmed with anguish
Our mourning spirits sing,
O Grave where is your victory?
O Death where is your sting?

Our Savior sympathizes
With all our pain and grief,
His loving care surrounds us.
With solace and relief.

And this our precious comfort;
The dead in Christ shall rise,
And those who sleep in Jesus
Wake with Him in the skies.

We're longing for the moment
When Christ's triumphant voice
Will call us from our sorrows
And make our hearts rejoice.

The spirit and the body
Will be united there,
With all of His redeemed ones,
To meet Him in the air.

*(Compatible with **IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING**)*

*Bud Morris
9/25/93*