

Yea, I believe, although death's cloud
Enwarp my soul in gloom;
Thou art the Christ, the Son of God,
The Saviour that should come;--
Yea, Lord, I do believe!

Yea, I believe; what though the grave
Hath won my love from me;
I felt that Thou hadst power to save,
And still do trust in Thee;--
Yea, Lord, I do believe!

Yea, I believe; through ages past
Thy coming voice has heard;
The promised King has come at last,
My Saviour and my God;--
Yea, I do believe!

Yea, I believe; Lord let this hour
Some gracious token give;
O, grant a sweet, reviving power,
That others may believe;--
Yea, Lord, I do believe!

Widly her hands are joined in form of love,
As at the Saviour's feet the mourner lies;
Beseechingly she raises them above
While showers of teardrops blind her languid eyes;
Then looks, and pleads, and supplicates His aid
In words that win her brother from the dead.

Raise thy hands above, sweet mourner,
Higher, higher, toward the throne;
Ah, He sees thee, hears thy story,
Hears and feels that plaintive moan.

He has wept for human sorrows
Let thy sorrows with Him plead,
Raise thy hands in faith, and doubt not,
He hath power o'er the dead.