New hope in Martha woke;
Thy brother, he shall rise again,
The gracious Saviour spoke:
The living shall not die,
If in Me they believe,
And though they in the dust may lie,
The very dead shall live.

"Into the Master's face,
The sad one meekly gazed;
No doubt where faith is placed.
Thou art, thou art the Christ—
In thee the dead shall live—
Whatever thou shalt ask of God,
I know that God will give.

"Before an open tomb,
A joyful group is seen;
The grave has yielded' up its dead,
And faith once more is green.
No longer, tears are thine
Sweet Martha, soul of faith!
Thy love for Christ has found reward,
Thy brother won from death!"