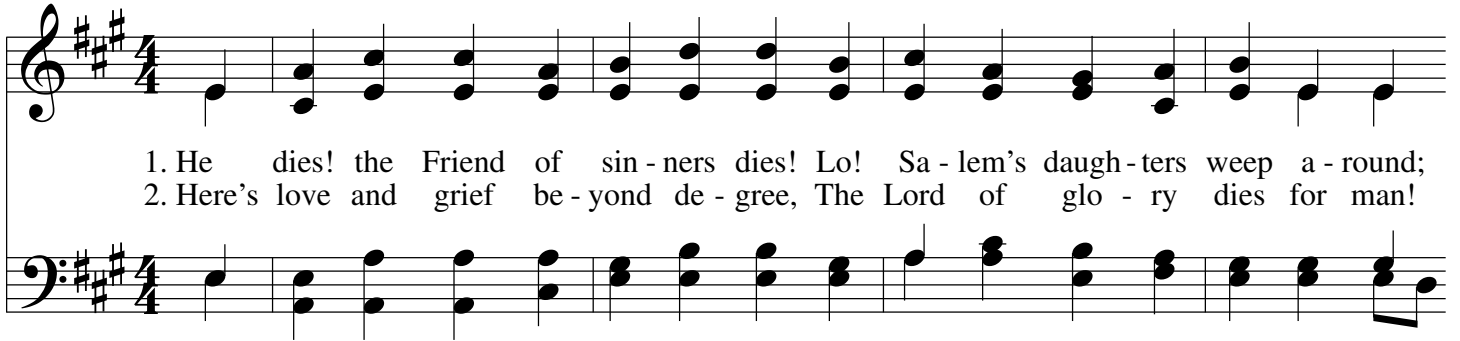
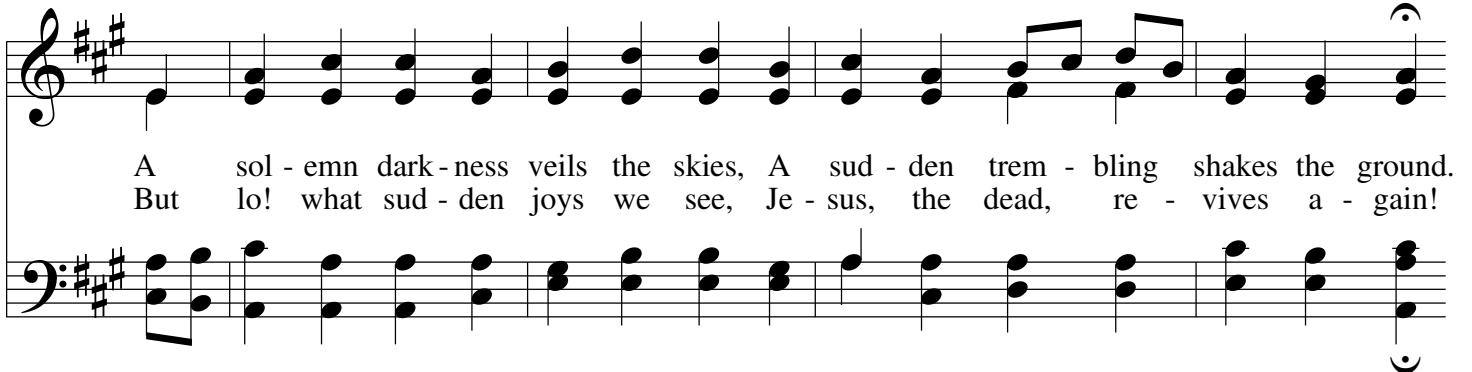


He Dies, The Friend

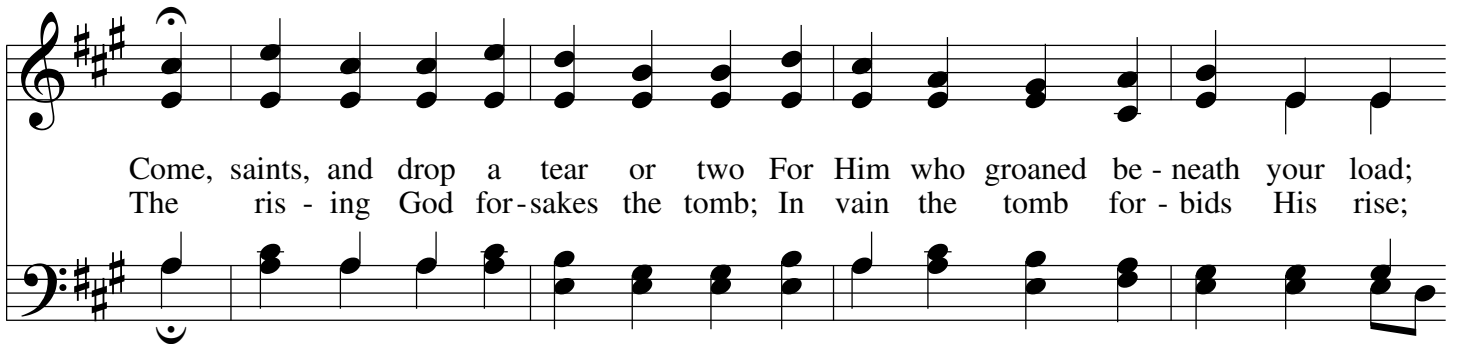
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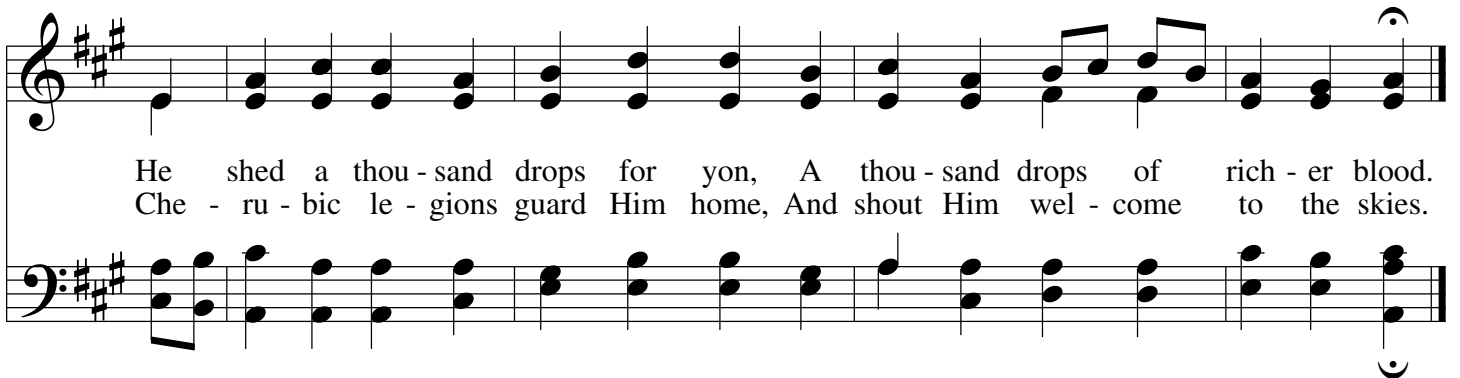
1. He dies! the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daugh - ters weep a - round;
2. Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree, The Lord of glo - ry dies for man!



A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies, A sud - den trem - bling shakes the ground.
But lo! what sud - den joys we see, Je - sus, the dead, re - vives a - gain!



Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned be - neath your load;
The ris - ing God for - sakes the tomb; In vain the tomb for - bids His rise;



He shed a thou - sand drops for you, A thou - sand drops of rich - er blood.
Che - ru - bic le - gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel - come to the skies.