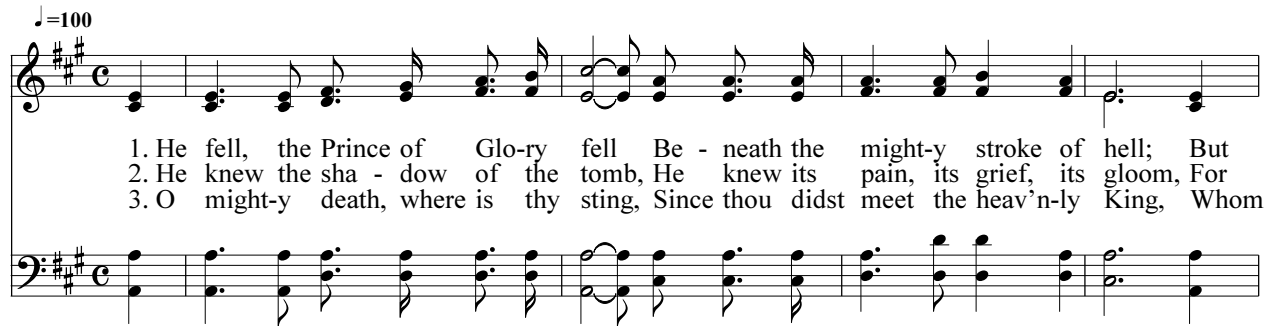


# Light Breaks upon the Tomb

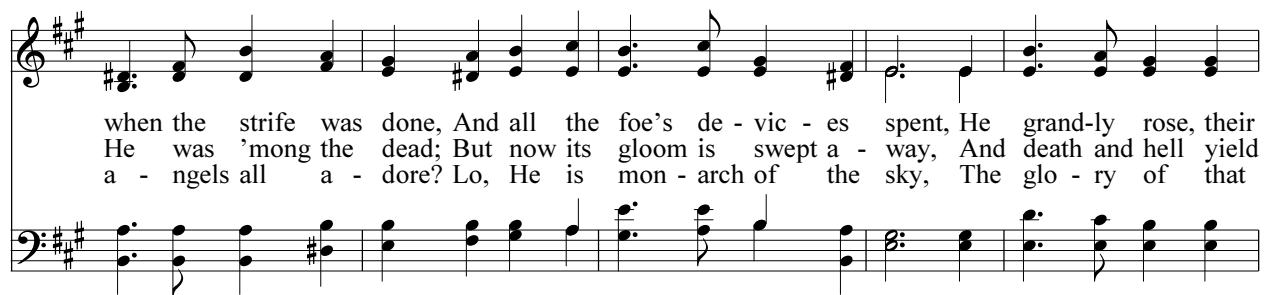
William Clark Martin, 1901

H. W. Porter

$\text{♩} = 100$

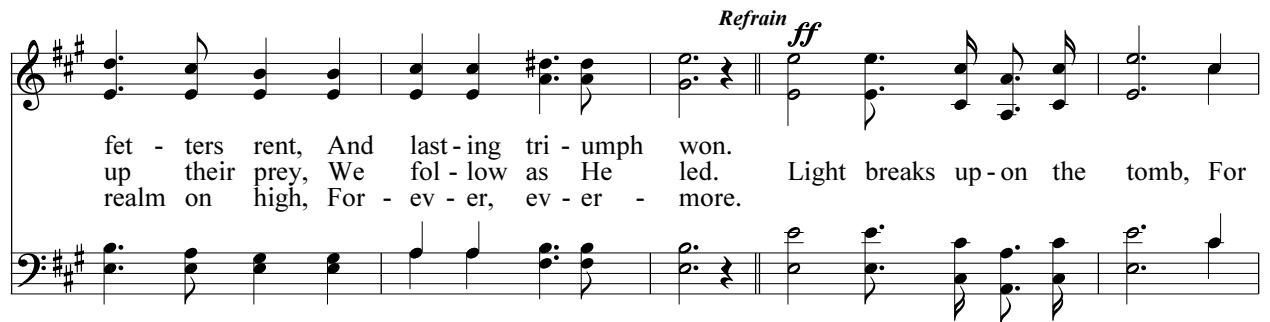


1. He fell, the Prince of Glo-ry fell Be - neath the might-y stroke of hell; But  
2. He knew the sha - dow of the tomb, He knew its pain, its grief, its gloom, For  
3. O might-y death, where is thy sting, Since thou didst meet the heav'n-ly King, Whom



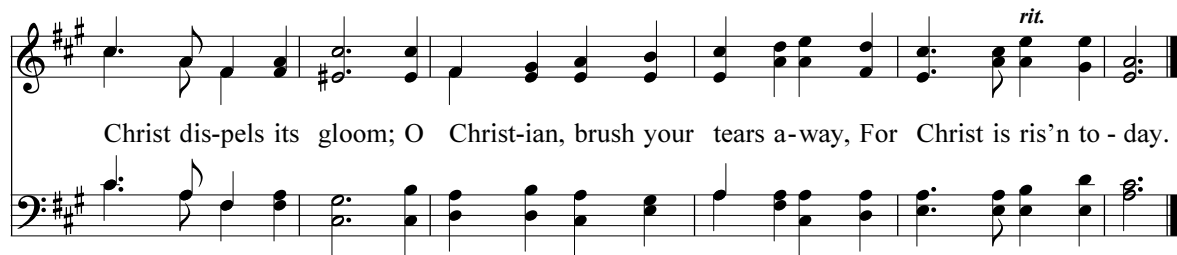
when the strife was done, And all the foe's de - vic - es spent, He grand-ly rose, their  
He was 'mong the dead; But now its gloom is swept a - way, And death and hell yield  
a - ngels all a - dore? Lo, He is mon - arch of the sky, The glo - ry of that

*Refrain ff*



fet - ters rent, And last - ing tri - umph won.  
up their prey, We fol - low as He led. Light breaks up - on the tomb, For  
realm on high, For - ev - er, ev - er - more.

*rit.*



Christ dis-pels its gloom; O Christ-ian, brush your tears a-way, For Christ is ris'n to - day.