

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And mighty angel voices say:
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'
- 3 Roll back the bounds of mortal sight,
And wide unfold the heavenly scene;
He claims those mansions as His right:
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 'Who is the King of Glory, Who?'
The Lord Who all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 'Who is the King of Glory, Who?'
The Lord of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too:
God over all, for ever blessed!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88