

OUR great Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our ancient foes
High raised His conquering head;
In great dismay
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Let mortals sound His praise,
Redeemed by Him from hell,
And songs of triumph raise
In loud triumphant swell;
Transported, cry,
'Jesus, Who bled
Has left the dead,
No more to die.'
- 4 All hail, victorious Lord,
Who saves us by Thy blood!
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.