

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say!
 2. Lives a - gain our glor - ious King, Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 3. King of glo - ry! Soul of bliss! Ev - er - last - ing life is this

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's and earth re - ply.
 Once he died our Souls to save; Where's thy vic - t'ry, boast - ing grave?
 Thee to know, Thy pow'r to prove, Thus to sing, and thus to love.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
 Soar we now where Christ hath led, Foll' - wing our ex - alt - ed Head;
 Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n! Praise to Thee by both be giv'n!

Death in vain for - bids His rise, Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise.
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
 Thee we greet tri - um - phant now, Hail the re - sur - rec - tion thou!

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