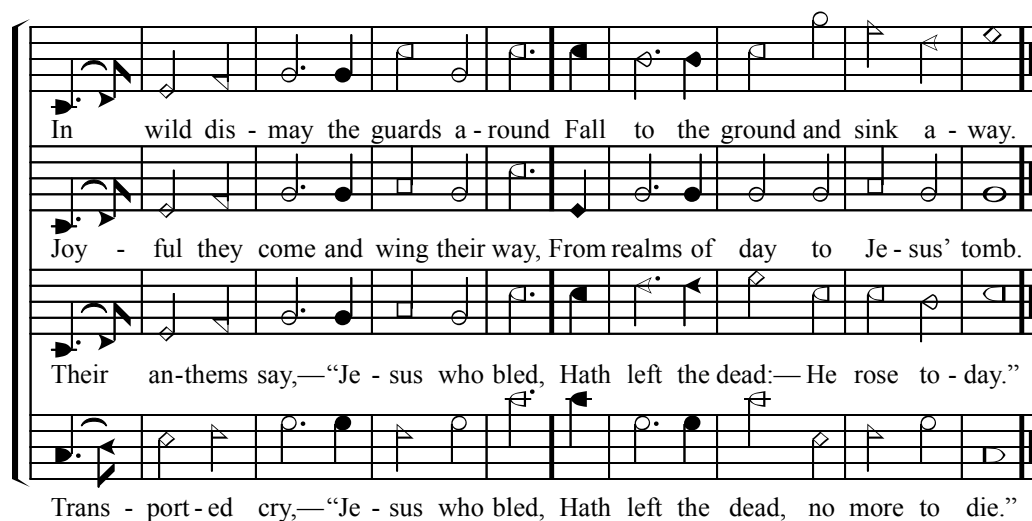


1. Yes, the Re-deem-er rose: The Sa-vior left the dead; And o'er our hell-ish foes, High raised his con-quer-ing head;

2. Lo the an-gel-ic bands, In full as-sem-bly meet, To wait his high com-mands, And wor-ship at his feet;

3. Then back to heav'n they fly, The joy-ful news to bear; Hark! as they soar on high, What mu-sic fills the air;

4. Ye mor-tals, catch the sound,— Re-deem'd by him from hell; And send the ech-o round The globe on which you dwell;



In wild dis-may the guards a-round Fall to the ground and sink a-way.

Joy-ful they come and wing their way, From realms of day to Je-sus' tomb.

Their an-thems say,—“Je-sus who bled, Hath left the dead:—He rose to-day.”

Trans-ported cry,—“Je-sus who bled, Hath left the dead, no more to die.”