Our Lord Is Risen From The Dead

TRIUMPHANT L. M. D.

1. Our Lord is ris-en from the dead, Our Je-sus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are cap-tive led, Drag-g'd to the por-tals of the sky.
There His tri-umph-al char-iot waits, And an-gels chant the sol-emn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'n-ly gates," Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, give way.

2. A ra-di-ant cloud is now Thy seat, And earth lies stretch'd be-neath Thy feet,
Ten thou-sand thou-sands round Thee sing, And share the tri-umph of their King.
The an-gel host en-rap-tured waits: "Lift up your heads, e-ter-nal gates!"
O God and Man! The Fa-ther's throne Is now for ev-er-more Thine own.

3. Our Great High Priest and Shep-herd, Thou With-in the veil art en-tered now,
To of-fer there Thy pre-cious blood Once pour'd on earth, a cleans-ing flood.
And thence the Church, Thy cho-san bride, With count-less gifts of grace sup-plied,
Thru all her mem-ber's draws from Thee Her hid-den life of sanc-ti-ty. A-men.