Our Lord Is Risen From The Dead

TRIUMPHANT L. M. D.

1. Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high;
   The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2. A radiant cloud is now Thy seat, And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy feet,
   Ten thousand thou-sands round Thee sing, And share the tri-umph of their King.

3. Our Great High Priest and Shep-herd, Thou With-in the veil art entered now,
   To offer there Thy precious blood Once pour'd on earth, a cleans-ing flood.

There His tri-umphal chariot waits, And angels chant the sol-emn lay:
   And thence the Church, Thy cho-sen bride, With count-less gifts of grace sup-plied,

"Lift up your heads, ye heav'n-ly gates," Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, give way.
   O God and Man! The Fa-ther's throne Is now for ev-er-more Thine own.

thru all her mem-bers draws from Thee Her hid-den life of sanc-ti-ty. A-men.