1 “Christ the Lord is ris’n to-day!” Saints on earth and angels say;
2 Love’s redeem-ing work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won;
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ has burst the gates of hell.
4 Lives a-gain our glorious King! Where, O death, is now your sting?

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, O heav’ns, and earth, reply.
Lo, our sun’s eclipse is o’er; Lo, he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for-bids his rise; Christ has opened paradise.
Once he died our souls to save; Where your victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
   Foll’wing our exalted head.
   Made like him, like him we rise;
   Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heav’n!
   Praise to you by both be giv’n!
   God has now fulfilled his Word;
   Praise the resurrected Lord!

Text: Charles Wesley, 1707-88, abr., alt.
Tune: Pierre de Corbeille, d. 1221, adapt.