

Our Lord Is Risen From The Dead

TRIUMPHANT L. M. D.

f With motion and accent

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
2. A ra - diant cloud is now Thy seat, And earth lies stretch'd be - neath Thy feet;
3. Our Great High Priest and Shep-herd, Thou With - in the veil art en - tered now,

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky.
Ten thou - sand thou - sands round Thee sing, And share the tri - umph of their King.
To of - fer there Thy pre - cious blood Once pour'd on earth, a cleans - ing flood.

There His tri - umph - al char - iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay:
The an - gel host en - rap - tured waits: "Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates!"
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.