Our Lord is risen from the dead



Our Lord is risen from the dead; Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are captive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky. Hallelujah

There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay: "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates," Ye everlasting doors, give way. Hallelujah

Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold the radiant scene; He claims those mansions as his right; Receive the King of glory in. Hallelujah Who is the King of glory, Who? The Lord that all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew; And Jesus is the Conqueror's name. Hallelujah

Lo! His triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay: "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates," Ye everlasting doors, give way. Hallelujah

Who is the King of glory, Who? The Lord, of boundless power possessed, The King of saints and angels too, God, over all, for ever blest. Hallelujah

Charles Wesley