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Christ victorious over death.

P. M.

CHRI^ST, the Lord, has ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the Stone, the watch, the seal
Christ has burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

L. M.

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Ascension Day.

L. M.

REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high;
Behold the king of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

- 2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.
- 3 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their redeemer and their God.

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Christ's intercession.

S. M.

WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.