

But lo! His grave is empty now,
 He sits at Thy right hand:
 Honour and glory crown His brow,
 Before Him all the angels bow,
 And wait His high command:
 The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Lives as the Lord of all to reign.

Thy righteousness the sentence spoke,
 That sent Thy Son to die:
 Thy righteousness from death awoke,
 And all the powers of darkness broke,
 And raised Him up on high;
 His spotless righteousness to own,
 Thou hast exalted to Thy throne.

And now Thy mercy finds delight,
 Right royally to prove
 How precious He is in Thy sight;
 And all the wondrous depth and height
 Of Thy surpassing love:
 With Him, who bore our sins alone,
 Thy grace has made His ransomed *one*.

Quickened with Him with life divine,
 Raised with Him from the dead,
 His own—and all His own are Thine!—
 Shall with Him in His glories shine,
 His Church's living Head:
 We who were worthy but to die,
 Now with Him, "Abba Father," cry.



"Unto HIM that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to HIM be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."—Rev. i. 5, 6.