They raised Him on the fatal tree (And thus exalted you and me.) " Come down, come down" " And wear Thy crown" " If Thou art King." With hard sharp lance they pierced His side (The Gate of Mercy opened wide.) " Come back to life" " Show strife for strife" " If Thou art King." A borrowed shroud a strangers tomb, Enclosed the Fruit of Mary's womb, " Why lie so cold " " In death enrolled " " If Thou art King." The Resurrection's glorious Sun Proclaims His triumph, Victory won, " Alleluia!! " Alleluia !! " Hail Christ The King."

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