

On this glorious Easter morning

Traditional

1. On this glo-rious Eas - ter morn-ing, Rob-bing death of all its sting. Shatter - ing Sa-tan's

gloom - y em - pire, Rose our Proph - et, Priest, and King; Rose the Son of

God, tri - um - phant, Conq' - ror o - ver death and sin. Lift your heads, ye

heav'n - ly Por - tals, Let the King of Glo - ry in!

2. He who left His Father's glory,
He who stooped from Heaven most high,
Lived as man on earth—and suffered,
Died—that man no more should die,
Now returns, a mighty Victor,
Conq'ror over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals,
Let the King of Glory in!

3. Christians! this glad Easter morning,
Tells of Light, and Life, and Love;
Tells us somewhat of the yearning
Felt for man in heaven above;
Tells how Jesus rose triumphant
Conq'ror over death and sin;
How the everlasting Portals
Ope'd to let their Monarch in!

4. Tells us, too, the joyful tidings,
That where He is, we shall be;
And that we, too, shall be like Him,
When we Him in Glory see.
Like Him, Vanquishers of Satan,
Conq'ror over death and sin,
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals,
Let the ransomed servants in!