

# We sing to-day our Easter hymn

W. D. Armstrong

*maestoso*

We sing to-day our East-er hymn, Our glad Ho-san-nas ring-ing, With Cher-u-bim and

Ser-a-phim Our meed of prais-es bring-ing, We will for-get the night of woe When

Christ our Lord lay slain, And on-ly chant the joy we know That He doth live a-gain.

2. He conquered all that did oppose,  
With fiend and demon warring,  
And bravely battled 'gainst our foes  
With wounds His visage marring.  
He met, at length, the last of all,  
That dreaded foe called Death,  
And on the Cross did seem to fall  
Beneath his noxious breath.

3. But now, to-day we sing the song  
Which tells His triumph o'er him,  
Death could not hold "the Master" long  
And so gave way before Him.  
Then carol with a grateful heart  
For all that Christ hath done,  
His breaking Satan's fiercest dart,  
For LIFE that He hath won.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)