Christ is risen

L. E. Morehouse



- Very GOD, He stooped to suffer Keenest sorrows, sharpest pains: Very man enthroned in glory Now as King of kings He reigns. Alleluia! Alleluia! Blessèd they who follow on; Who by rack, or sword, or prison, Share the crown that He hath won.
- 3. Blessèd they the Saints and Martyrs,
 Foremost in the Church's van,
 Virgin souls of maid and matron,
 Babe, and youth, and heary man.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Blessèd all the faithful throng,
 Strong in Him to fight and conquer,
 Pressing still His way along.

- 4. Lift the Cross to-day in triumph,
 Lift His wondrous symbol high;
 Standard that hath led its legions,
 On to holy victory!
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Once of death and shame the sign,
 Now of glory never equalled—
 See the Cross of JESUS shine!
- 5. Backward, forward, o'er the ages,
 How its rays unearthly stream!
 From eternity its splendours
 To eternity shall gleam!
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Lift the matchless symbol high,
 With the Resurrection's glory,
 Kindling earth, and sea, and sky!