Lift your glad voices in triumph on high

1. Lift your glad voices
in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen,
and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors
that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion
of death and the grave;

He burst from the fetters
of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory
to live and to save!
Loud was the chorus
of angels on high,
The Savior hath risen,
and man shall not die.

2. Glory to God,
in full anthems of joy;
The being He gave us
death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life
we must part with tomorrow,
If tears were our birthright,
and death were our end;

But Jesus hath cheered
the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal,
to Heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices
in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen,
and man shall not die.

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