They crucified my Lord, Laid Him in the tomb,
The Man of grief and toil There is silence lies;

Now lies the Son of God In death’s sable gloom.
Death has within its coil God of earth and skies.

But behold there was an earthquake, For from heav’n there came an angel,
With a countenance like lightning. And a raiment white as snow.

When at dawn came Mary Magdalene, ‘Twas the angel’s voice which said:
the voice which said:

"Lo, He is not here, but risen!" Christ is risen from the dead.

Words: H. F. Morris
Music: T. B. Mosley
Resurrection

Bass only

He who for the world's salvation bled, Now is risen, risen from the dead;

Glo - ry, hon - or we will ev - er sing, Praise to our ris - en, ris - en King.

Chorus

Accel.

Hal - le - lu - jah, sing, with hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise,
Hal - le - lu - jah, sing with hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise, And

Ev - er shout, ye ran - somed ones for you His blood was shed;
ev - er shout, ye ran - somed ones, for you His blood was shed;

Sing a hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise,
Sing a hymn of glad - ness, sing to God a hymn of praise,

Christ the Lord is ris'n indeed, is risen from the dead.
Christ the Lord is ris'n in - deed, is ris - en from the dead.