RESURRECTION



- 2. Bright morn of morns to me, when I arise, leaving the grave behind; when these dull eyes shall my Redeemer see in immortality, in immortality, in yonder skies!
- 3. Then shall the glorious hope come from on high; death shall be swallowed up in victory.Then shall we gladly sing, death, where is now thy sting, death, where is now thy sting, thy victory?
- 4. Grave, where thy triumph now, thy victory?
 Where are thy captives now?
 Set free, set free!
 Torn from thy grasp are they, plucked from thy power away, plucked from thy power away, set free, set free!
- 5. Thanks, then, to God our Lord, thanks ever be!Praises to Christ our Lord for ever be!Who o'er the mortal gloom, who o'er the hateful tomb, who o'er the hateful tomb, gives victory.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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