

Love's redeeming work is done;  
fought the fight, the battle won:  
lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er,  
lo, he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;  
where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Dying once, he all doth save;  
where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,  
following our exalted Head;  
made like him, like him we rise;  
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven;  
praise to thee by both be given:  
thee we greet triumphant now;  
hail, the Resurrection thou!

*Charles Wesley (1707-88)*