

Lift Your Glad Voices in Triumph on High  
Henry Ware, Jr., 1817.  
William Filby, 1861.

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.

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.