Up from the Grave He Arose

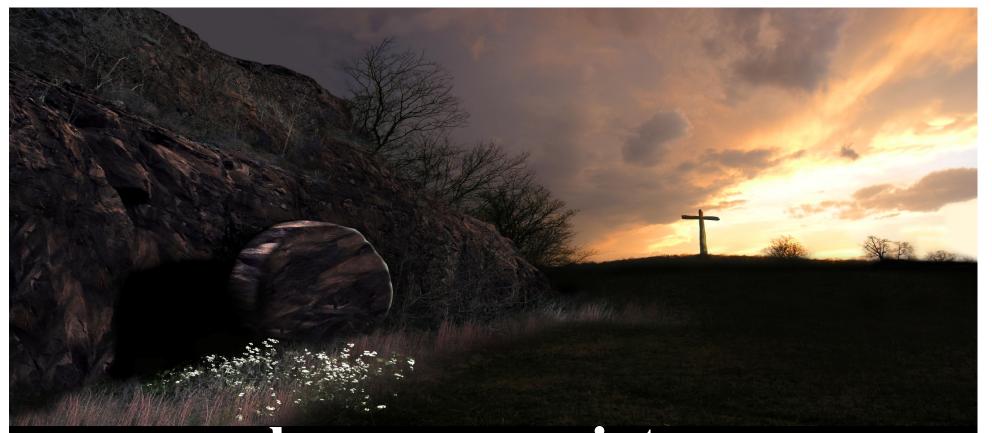
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WORDS: Robert Lowry, 1874

1. Low in the grave he lay, Jesus my Savior, waiting the coming day, Jesus my Lord!

Up from the grave he arose, (he arose) with a mighty triumph o'er his foes; (o'er his foes)

Refrain



he arose a victor from the dark domain, and he lives forever, with his saints to reign.

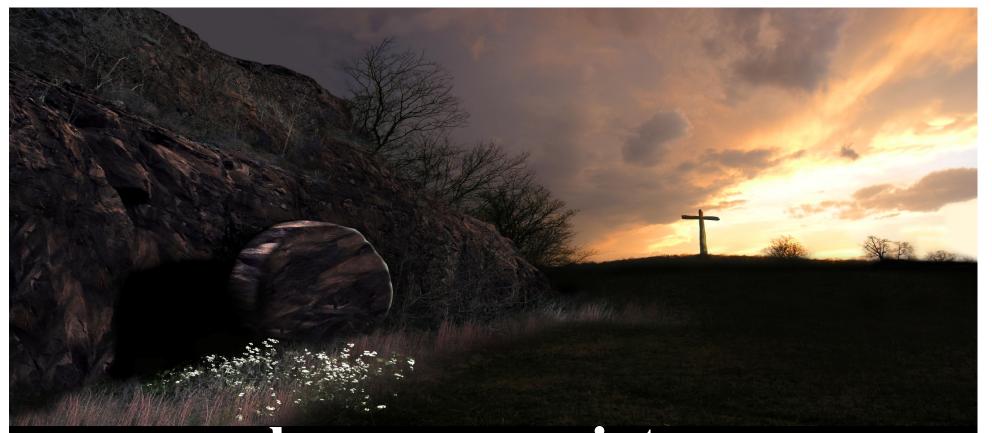


He arose! (he arose) He arose! (he arose) Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2. Vainly they watch his bed, Jesus my Savior; vainly they seal the dead, Jesus my Lord!

Up from the grave he arose, (he arose) with a mighty triumph o'er his foes; (o'er his foes)

Refrain



he arose a victor from the dark domain, and he lives forever, with his saints to reign.

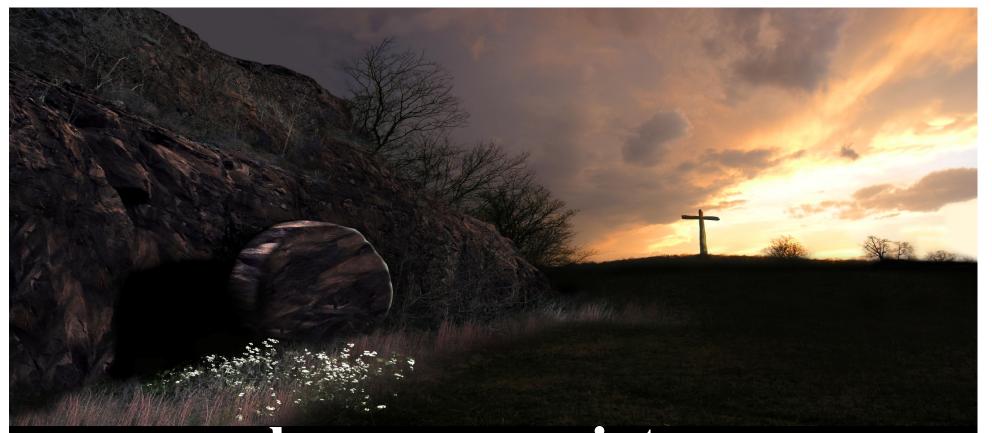


He arose! (he arose) He arose! (he arose) Hallelujah! Christ arose!

3. Death cannot keep its prey, Jesus my Savior; he tore the bars away, Jesus my Lord!

Refrain

Up from the grave he arose, (he arose) with a mighty triumph o'er his foes; (o'er his foes)



he arose a victor from the dark domain, and he lives forever, with his saints to reign.



He arose! (he arose) He arose! (he arose) Hallelujah! Christ arose!