



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!



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!



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



**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!