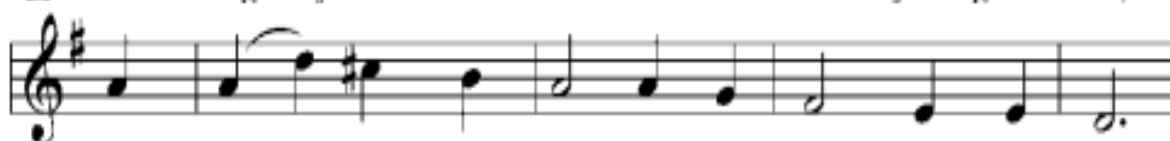


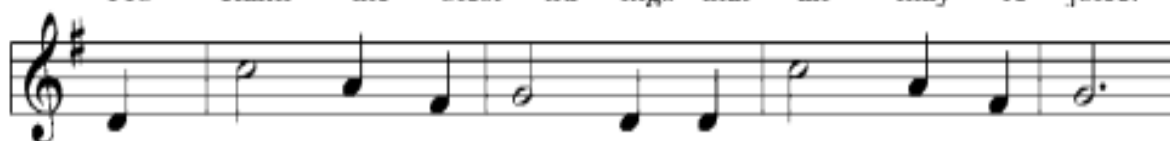
## 480 He's Risen, He's Risen



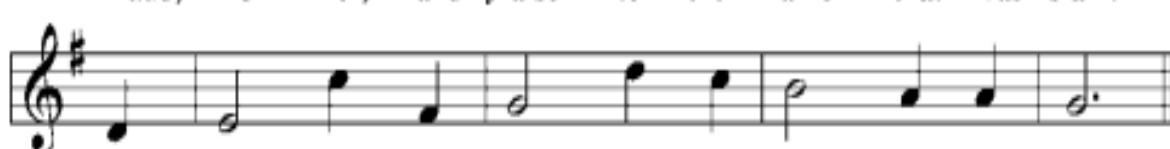
- 1 He's ris - en, He's ris - en, Christ Je - sus, the Lord;  
2 The foe was tri - um - phant when on Cal - va - ry  
3 But short was their tri - umph; the Sav - ior a - rose,  
4 O, where is your sting, death? We fear you no more;  
△ 5 Then sing your ho - san - nas and raise your glad voice;



He o - pened death's pris - on, the in - car - nate, true Word.  
The Lord of cre - a - tion was nailed to the tree.  
And death, hell, and Sa - tan He van - quished, His foes.  
Christ rose, and now o - pen is fair E - den's door.  
Pro - claim the blest tid - ings that all may re - joice.



Break forth, hosts of heav - en, in ju - bi - lant song  
In Sa - tan's do - main did the hosts shout and jeer,  
The con - quer - ing Lord lifts His ban - ner on high;  
For all our trans - gres - sions His blood does a - tone;  
Laud, hon - or, and praise to the Lamb that was slain:



And earth, sea, and moun - tain their prais - es pro - long.  
For Je - sus was slain, whom the e - vil ones fear.  
He lives, yes, He lives, and will nev - er - more die.  
Re - deemed and for - giv - en, we now are His own.  
With Fa - ther and Spir - it He ev - er shall reign.

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