

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!

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: John Wesley's Foundery Collection, 1742