

Jesus Risen

All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!
Oh what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine!

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread!
O Sin! thou art outdone by love!
O Death! thou art discomfited!

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choirs that day,
When from his tomb the imprisoned God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away?

Oh I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free;
Let me be silent and adore
Thy glorified Humanity.

Ah! now Thou sendest me sweet tears;
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail, --
What shall I say? Thou knowest my heart,
All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail!

Frederick W. Faber