

Up from the Grave He Arose

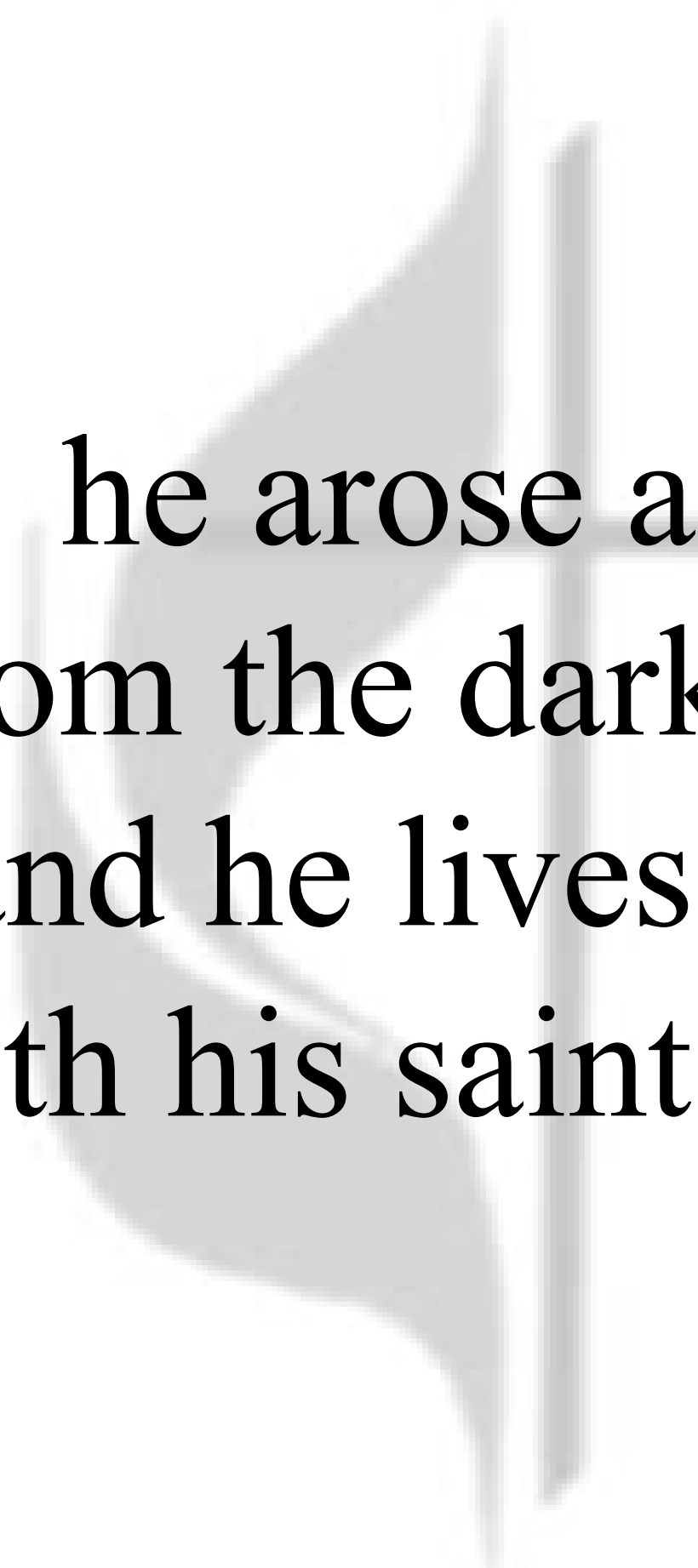
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WORDS: Robert Lowry, 1874

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)



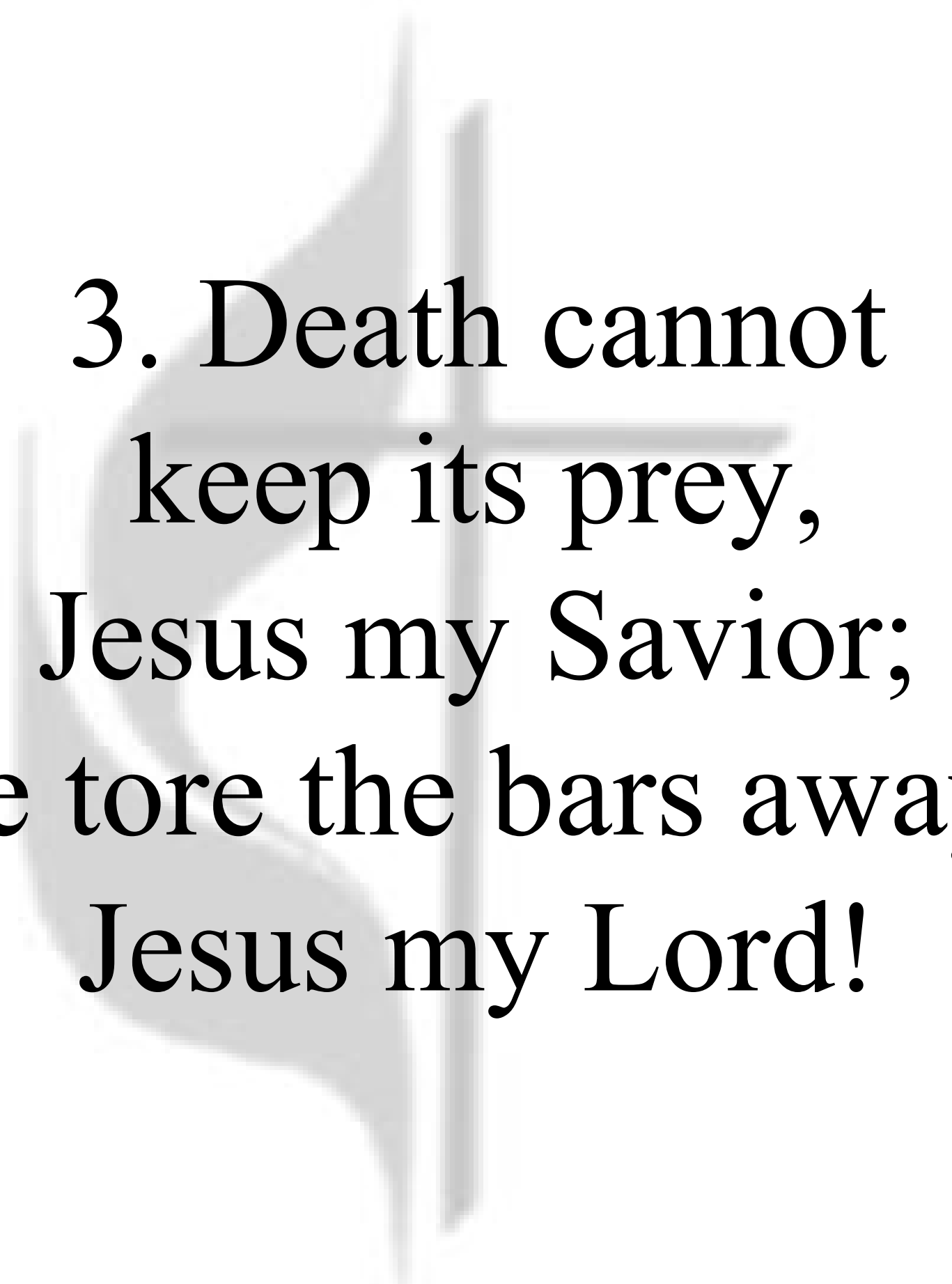
he arose a victor
from the dark domain,
and he lives forever,
with his saints to reign.



He arose! (he arose)

He arose! (he arose)

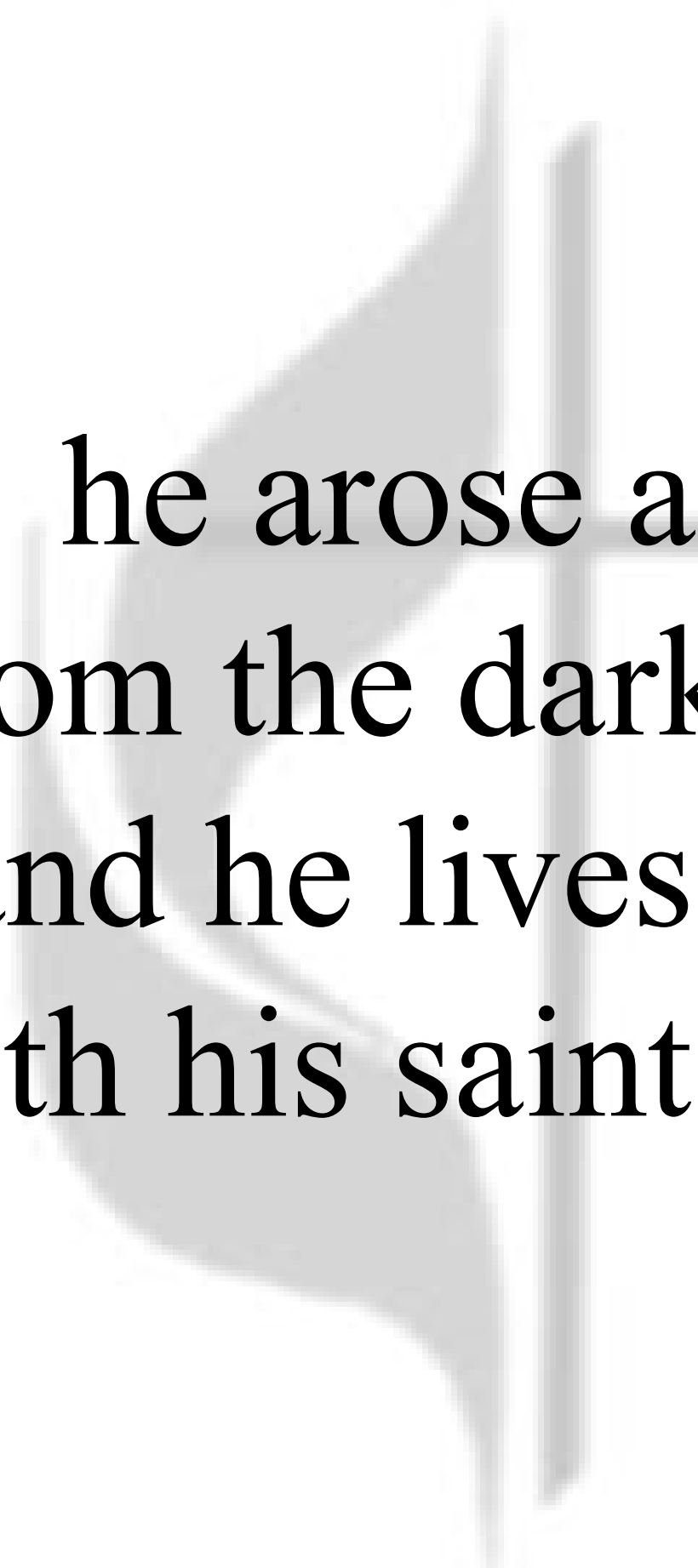
Hallelujah! Christ arose!



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!

