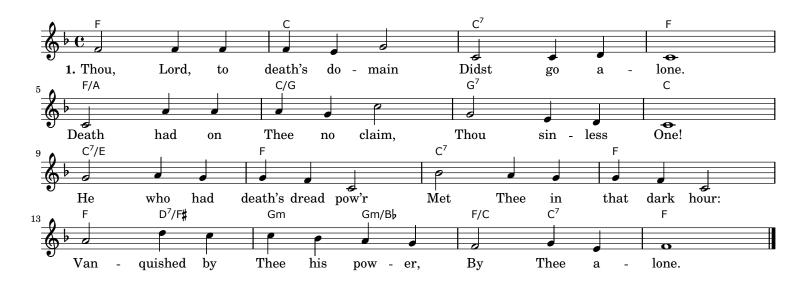
Thou, Lord, to death's domain

Praise of the Lord — His Resurrection



- 2. But Thou hast burst the grave, Risen art Thou;
 Death could not Thee enslave, Death had to bow!
 Victorious hast Thou come
 Out of the darksome tomb, Broken the bands of gloom: Beyond death now.
- 3. What mighty triumphs, Lord, Thou didst achieve!
 What fruitfulness doth God From Thee receive!
 Out of Thy death has sprung A wondrous living throng: All, all to Thee belong, And in Thee live.

4. Firstborn of all Thou art, Lowly we bow; Chief in Thy Father's heart— Chief to us now. Thou art indeed supreme, Our great eternal theme, Worthy of all esteem: Worthy art Thou!

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