

Lift Your Glad Voices

E B7 E

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath
 2. Glo - ry to God in full an - thems of joy! The be - ing he -

B7 E B7 E

ris - en and man shall not die. Vain were the ter - rors that gath - ered a -
 gave us death can - not de - stroy. Sad were the life we must part with to -

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round him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the
 mor - row If tears were our birth - right and death were our end; But Je - sus hath

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fet - ters of dark - ness that bound him, Re - splen - dent in glo - ry, to live and to save,
 cheered the dark val - ley of sor - row; We'll rise from the dead and im - mor - tal as - cend.

25 E B7 E

Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high; The
 Lift then your voices in tri - umph on high, For

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Sav - ior hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
 Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

Text: Henry Ware, Jr. 1794-1843

Tune: Isaac B. Woodbury, 1819-1858