

HE LIVES AGAIN!

Robert Fitt

In a borrowed tomb they laid the
One whose hand had made both heaven and earth,
Yet owned not anything.
The stone was firmed in place to seal the fate
Of him who dared to say
I am your God.

Oh glorious morning!
When death's triumphant, gloating hold
Was broken by the sound of angels rolling stone
As Christ had laid his body down, He took it up again.
For He is God.

A loving God whose love
Lies easily within man's grasp,
Still guides us now as in times past.
Beneath all things descended, above all things now stands,
He reigns on high. Our soul's delight
Cries out with glad hosannas.
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