

# The Indian Advocate

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## Easter.

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Alleluia!

Christ is risen from the dead,  
He is risen, as he said,  
Death and Satan both have fled,  
Grief and gloom have taken flight  
Into realms of starless night.

Ave! Domine.

Alleluia!

Wonderful that Easter morn,  
When the powers of hell were shorn,  
When sin's presence grim, forlorn  
Slank away a beaten thing,  
Conquered by the Savior-King.

Ave! Domine.

Alleluia!

Hark! the angel voices ring,  
With what thrilling joy they sing:  
"Christ is risen," Christ is King,  
Where, oh! grave, is now thy sting?  
Where, oh! death, thy victory?

Ave! Domine.

Alleluia!

Faith, Lord! now is mine, through Thee,  
Hope benign, sweet Charity  
In my soul reign lovingly,  
Grand the day, oh! grand the hour,  
When Thou rose in god-like power.

Ave! Domine.

Raycroft Copithorne.