

HYMNS

Jesus Christ Is Risen Today

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1 Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!  
2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia!  
3 But the pains which He en - dured, Al - le - lu - ia!  
△ 4 Sing we to our God a - bove, Al - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!  
Un - to Christ, our heav'n - ly king, Al - le - lu - ia!  
Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - le - lu - ia!  
Praise e - ter - nal as His love; Al - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the cross, Al - le - lu - ia!  
Who en - dured the cross and grave, Al - le - lu - ia!  
Now a - bove the sky He's king, Al - le - lu - ia!  
Praise Him, all ye heav'n - ly host, Al - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!  
Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - le - lu - ia!  
Where the an - gels ev - er sing. Al - le - lu - ia!  
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Al - le - lu - ia!

*Text: (sts. 1–3): Latin, 14th cent.;  
tr. Lyra Davidica, 1708, London, alt.;  
(st. 4): Charles Wesley, 1707–88  
Tune: Lyra Davidica, 1708, London  
Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 Christ Je - sus lay in death's strong bands For our of - fens -  
 2 No son of man could con - quer death, Such ru - in sin  
 3 Christ Je - sus, God's own Son, came down, His peo - ple to  
 4 It was a strange and dread - ful strife When life and death



es giv - en; But now at God's right hand He stands  
 had wrought us. No in - no - cence was found on earth,  
 de - liv - er; De - stroy - ing sin, He took the crown  
 con - tend - ed; The vic - to - ry re - mained with life,



And brings us life from heav - en. There - fore let us  
 And there - fore death had brought us In - to bond - age  
 From death's pale brow for - ev - er: Stripped of pow'r, no  
 The reign of death was end - ed. Ho - ly Scrip - ture



joy - ful be And sing to God right thank - ful - ly  
 from of old And ev - er grew more strong and bold  
 more it reigns; An emp - ty form a - lone re - mains;  
 plain - ly saith That death is swal - lowed up by death,



Loud songs of al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 And held us as its cap - tive. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Its sting is lost for - ev - er. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Its sting is lost for - ev - er. Al - le - lu - ia!

5 Here our true Paschal Lamb we see,  
 Whom God so freely gave us;  
 He died on the accursèd tree—  
 So strong His love—to save us.  
 See, His blood now marks our door;  
 Faith points to it; death passes o'er,  
 And Satan cannot harm us.  
 Alleluia!

7 Then let us feast this Easter Day  
 On Christ, the bread of heaven;  
 The Word of grace has purged away  
 The old and evil leaven.  
 Christ alone our souls will feed;  
 He is our meat and drink indeed;  
 Faith lives upon no other!  
 Alleluia!

6 So let us keep the festival  
 To which the Lord invites us;  
 Christ is Himself the joy of all,  
 The sun that warms and lights us.  
 Now His grace to us imparts  
 Eternal sunshine to our hearts;  
 The night of sin is ended.  
 Alleluia!

*Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546;  
 tr. Richard Massie, 1800–87, alt.  
 Tune: Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn,  
 1524, Wittenberg, ed. Johann Walter  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 A - wake, my heart, with glad - ness, See what to - day is done;  
 2 The foe in tri - umph shout - ed When Christ lay in the tomb;  
 3 This is a sight that glad - dens—What peace it doth im - part!  
 4 Now hell, its prince, the dev - il, Of all their pow'r are shorn;



Now, af - ter gloom and sad - ness, Comes forth the glo - rious sun.  
 But lo, he now is rout - ed, His boast is turned to gloom.  
 Now noth - ing ev - er sad - dens The joy with - in my heart.  
 Now I am safe from e - vil, And sin I laugh to scorn.



My Sav - ior there was laid Where our bed must be made  
 For Christ a - gain is free; In glo - rious vic - to - ry  
 No gloom shall ev - er shake, No foe shall ev - er take  
 Grim death with all its might Can - not my soul af - fright;



When to the realms of light Our spir - it wings its flight.  
 He who is strong to save Has tri - umphed o'er the grave.  
 The hope which God's own Son In love for me has won.  
 It is a pow'r - less form, How - e'er it rave and storm.

5 The world against me rages,  
 Its fury I disdain;  
 Though bitter war it wages,  
 Its work is all in vain.  
 My heart from care is free,  
 No trouble troubles me.  
 Misfortune now is play,  
 And night is bright as day.

7 He brings me to the portal  
 That leads to bliss untold,  
 Whereon this rhyme immortal  
 Is found in script of gold:  
 "Who there My cross has shared  
 Finds here a crown prepared;  
 Who there with Me has died  
 Shall here be glorified."

6 Now I will cling forever  
 To Christ, my Savior true;  
 My Lord will leave me never,  
 Whate'er He passes through.  
 He rends death's iron chain;  
 He breaks through sin and pain;  
 He shatters hell's grim thrall;  
 I follow Him through all.

*Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76;  
 tr. John Kelly, 1833–90, alt.  
 Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

# I Know That My Redeemer Lives

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1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives; What com - fort  
 2 He lives tri - um - phant from the grave; He lives e -  
 3 He lives to bless me with His love; He lives to  
 4 He lives to grant me rich sup - ply; He lives to



this sweet sen - tence gives! He lives, He lives, who  
 ter - nal - ly to save; He lives all - glo - rious  
 plead for me a - bove; He lives my hun - gry  
 guide me with His eye; He lives to com - fort



once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing head.  
 in the sky; He lives ex - alt - ed there on high.  
 soul to feed; He lives to help in time of need.  
 me when faint; He lives to hear my soul's com - plaint.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>5 He lives to silence all my fears;<br/>             He lives to wipe away my tears;<br/>             He lives to calm my troubled heart;<br/>             He lives all blessings to impart.</p>                      | <p>7 He lives and grants me daily breath;<br/>             He lives, and I shall conquer death;<br/>             He lives my mansion to prepare;<br/>             He lives to bring me safely there.</p> |
| <p>6 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend;<br/>             He lives and loves me to the end;<br/>             He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing;<br/>             He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.</p> | <p>8 He lives, all glory to His name!<br/>             He lives, my Jesus, still the same;<br/>             Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives:<br/>             I know that my Redeemer lives!</p>   |

*Text: Samuel Medley, 1738–99, abr.  
 Tune: attr. John C. Hatton, d. 1793  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Good Christian Friends, Rejoice and Sing

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1 Good Chris-tian friends, re-joyce and sing! Now is the tri-umph  
2 The Lord of life is ris'n this day; Bring flow'rs of song to  
3 Praise we in songs of vic-to-ry That love, that life which  
4 Your name we bless, O ris-en Lord, And sing to-day with



of our King! To all the world glad news we bring:  
strew His way; Let all the world re-joyce and say:  
can-not die, And sing with hearts up-lift-ed high:  
one ac-cord The life laid down, the life re-stored:



Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!

*Text: Cyril A. Alington, 1872–1955, alt.*

*Tune: Melchior Vulpus, c. 1570–1615*

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*Tune: Public domain*

# Thanks to Thee, O Christ, Victorious

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1 Thanks to Thee, O Christ, vic - to - rious! Thanks to Thee, O  
 2 Thou hast died for my trans - gres - sion, All my sins on  
 3 For the joy Thine ad - vent gave me, For Thy ho - ly,



Lord of Life! Death hath now no pow - er o'er us,  
 Thee were laid; Thou hast won for me sal - va - tion,  
 pre - cious Word; For Thy Bap - tism, which doth save me,



Thou hast con - quered in the strife. Thanks be - cause Thou didst a -  
 On the cross my debt was paid. From the grave I shall a -  
 For Thy blest Com - mu - nion board; For Thy death, the bit - ter



rise And hast o - pened par - a - dise! None can ful - ly  
 rise And shall meet Thee in the skies. Death it - self is  
 scorn, For Thy res - ur - rec - tion morn, Lord, I thank Thee



sing the glo - ry Of the res - ur - rec - tion sto - ry.  
 tran - si - to - ry; I shall lift my head in glo - ry.  
 and ex - tol Thee, And in heav'n I shall be - hold Thee.

*Text: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1634–1703, abr.;  
 tr. George A. T. Rygh, 1860–1942  
 Tune: Johann Schop, c. 1590–1667  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

# Christ the Lord Is Risen Today; Alleluia

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1 Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 2 For the sheep the Lamb has bled, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 3 Hail, the vic - tim un - de - filed, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 4 Chris - tians, on this ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!



Chris-tians, has - ten on your way; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Sin - less in the sin - ner's stead. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 All your grate - ful hom - age pay; Al - le - lu - ia!

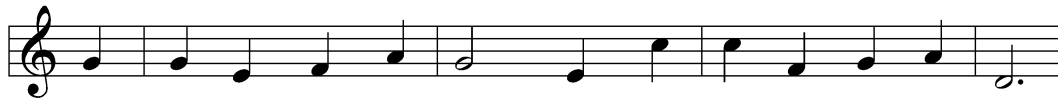


Of - fer praise with love re - plete, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 When con - tend - ing death and life, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Al - le - lu - ia!



At the pas - chal vic - tim's feet. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Now He lives, no more to die. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Met in strange and awe - some strife. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Now He lives, no more to die. Al - le - lu - ia!

*Text: attr. Wipo of Burgundy, d. c. 1050;  
 tr. Jane E. Leeson, 1809–81, alt.  
 Tune: Robert Williams, c. 1781–1821  
 Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad,  
 2 Let hearts be purged of e - vil That we may see a - right  
 3 Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful, Let earth its song be - gin,  
 Δ 4 All praise to God the Fa - ther, All praise to God the Son,



The pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The pass - o - ver of God.  
 The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light  
 Let all the world keep tri - umph And all that is there - in.  
 All praise to God the Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One!



From death to life e - ter - nal, From sin's do - min - ion free,  
 And, lis - t'ning to His ac - cents, May hear, so calm and plain,  
 Let all things, seen and un - seen, Their notes of glad - ness blend;  
 Let all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the throne



Our Christ has brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.  
 His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.  
 For Christ the Lord has ris - en, Our joy that has no end!  
 And hon - or, pow'r, and glo - ry As - cribe to God a - lone!

*Text: John of Damascus, c. 696–c. 754;  
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.  
 Tune: Henry T. Smart, 1813–79  
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**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

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