

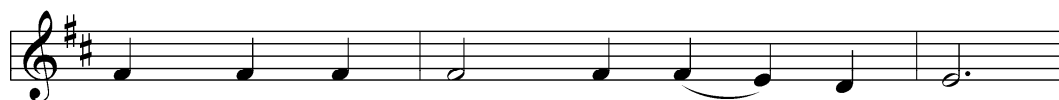
HYMNS

The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

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1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
2 The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
3 The three sad days have quick - ly sped,
4 He broke the age - bound chains of hell;
5 Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee,



Now is the vic - tor's tri - umph won;
But Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed.
He ris - es glo - rious from the dead.
The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell.
From death's dread sting Thy ser - vants free



Now be the song of praise be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
Let hymns of praise His tri - umph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!
That we may live and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - ia!


O Sons and Daughters of the King

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Refrain



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




1 O sons and daugh - ters of the King,
 2 That Eas - ter morn, at break of day,
 3 An an - gel clad in white they see,
 4 That night the a - pos - tles met in fear;
 5 When Thom - as first the tid - ings heard



Whom heav'n - ly hosts in glo - ry sing, To - day the
 The faith - ful wom - en went their way To seek the
 Who sits and speaks un - to the three, "Your Lord will
 A - mong them came their mas - ter dear And said, "My
 That they had seen the ris - en Lord, He doubt - ed

The Refrain is repeated after st. 9.



grave has lost its sting! Al - le - lu - ia!
 tomb where Je - sus lay. Al - le - lu - ia!
 go to Gal - i - lee." Al - le - lu - ia!
 peace be with you here." Al - le - lu - ia!
 the dis - ci - ples' word. Al - le - lu - ia!

6 "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see,
 And look upon My hands, My feet;
 Not faithless but believing be."
 Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen
 And yet whose faith has constant been,
 For they eternal life shall win.
 Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
 He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
 "You are my Lord and God!" he cried.
 Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days
 Be laud and jubilee and praise:
 To God your hearts and voices raise.
 Alleluia! *Refrain*

*Text: attr. Jean Tisserand, d. 1494;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, alt.
 Tune: French, 15th cent.
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain

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1 Come, you faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri - um-phant glad - ness!
 2 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst His pris - on
 3 Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
 4 For to - day a-mong His own Christ ap-peared, be - stow - ing
 5 Al - le - lu - ia! Now we cry To our King im - mor - tal,



God has brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness,
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun has ris - en;
 With the roy - al feast of feasts Comes its joy to ren - der;
 His deep peace, which ev - er - more Pass - es hu - man know - ing.
 Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal.



Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,
 All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
 Comes to glad - den faith-ful hearts Which with true af - fec - tion
 Nei - ther could the gates of death Nor the tomb's dark por - tal
 Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness!



Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His light, to whom is giv'n Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 Wel - come in un - wea - ried strain Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion!
 Nor the watch - ers nor the seal Hold Him as a mor - tal.
 God has brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness!

*Text: John of Damascus, c. 696–c. 754;
 tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
 Tune: Johann Horn, c. 1490–1547
 Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2 Crown Him, ye mar-tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
 3 Ye seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
 4 Hail Him, ye heirs of Da-vid's line, Whom Da - vid Lord did call,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace And crown Him Lord of all.
 The God in - car-nate, man di - vine, And crown Him Lord of all.



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace And crown Him Lord of all.
 The God in - car-nate, man di - vine, And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball
 To Him all majesty ascribe
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all majesty ascribe
 And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song
 And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the everlasting song
 And crown Him Lord of all.

*Text (sts. 1–5): Edward Perronet, 1726–92, alt.;
 (sts. 6–7): A Selection of Hymns, 1787, London, alt.
 Tune: Oliver Holden, 1765–1844
 Text and Tune: Public domain*



1 He's ris - en, He's ris - en, Christ Je - sus, the Lord;
 2 The foe was tri - um - phant when on Cal - va - ry
 3 But short was their tri - umph; the Sav - ior a - rose,
 4 O, where is your sting, death? We fear you no more;
 △ 5 Then sing your ho - san - nas and raise your glad voice;



He o - pened death's pris - on, the in - car - nate, true Word.
 The Lord of cre - a - tion was nailed to the tree.
 And death, hell, and Sa - tan He van - quished, His foes.
 Christ rose, and now o - pen is fair E - den's door.
 Pro - claim the blest tid - ings that all may re - joice.



Break forth, hosts of heav - en, in ju - bi - lant song
 In Sa - tan's do - main did the hosts shout and jeer,
 The con - quer - ing Lord lifts His ban - ner on high;
 For all our trans - gres - sions His blood does a - tone;
 Laud, hon - or, and praise to the Lamb that was slain:



And earth, sea, and moun - tain their prais - es pro - long.
 For Je - sus was slain, whom the e - vil ones fear.
 He lives, yes, He lives, and will nev - er - more die.
 Re - deemed and for - giv - en, we now are His own.
 With Fa - ther and Spir - it He ev - er shall reign.

Text: C. F. W. Walther, 1811–87, abr.;

tr. Anna M. Meyer, 1867–1941, alt.

Tune: C. F. W. Walther, 1811–87

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This Joyful Eastertide

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1 This joy - ful Eas - ter - tide A - way with sin and
2 Death's flood has lost its chill Since Je - sus crossed the
3 My flesh in hope shall rest And for a sea - son



sor - row! My love, the Cru - ci - fied,
riv - er; Lov - er of souls, from ill
slum - ber Till trump from east to west



Has sprung to life this mor - row:
My pass - ing soul de - liv - er:
Shall wake the dead in num - ber:



Refrain
Had Christ, who once was slain, Not burst His three-day pris - on,



Our faith had been in vain: But now has Christ a - ris - en, a -



ris - en, a - ris - en; But now has Christ a - ris - en!

*Text: George R. Woodward, 1848–1934
Tune: Davids Psalmen, 1684, Amsterdam
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