

## EASTER SUNDAY HYMNS

### 457 Jesus Christ Is Risen Today



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!

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### 460 Christians, to the Paschal Victim

*Cantor/Choir*



Chris - tians, to the Pas - chal Vic - tim Of - fer your thank - ful prais - es!



The Lamb the sheep has ran - somed: Christ, who on - ly is sin - less,



Rec - on - cil - ing sin - ners to the Fa - ther. Death and life have con - tend - ed



In that com - bat stu - pen - dous: The Prince of life, who died, Reigns im - mor - tal.

*Congregation*



1 Christ is a - ris - en From the grave's dark



pris - on. So let our joy rise full and free;



Christ our com - fort true will be. Al - le - lu - ia!

*Cantor/Choir*



“Speak, Mar - y, de - clar - ing What you saw when way - far - ing.”



“The tomb of Christ, who is liv - ing, The glo - ry of Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion;



Bright an - gels at - test - ing, The shroud and nap - kin rest - ing.



My Lord, my hope, is a - ris - en; To Gal - i - lee He goes be - fore you.”

*Congregation*



2 Were Christ not a - ris - en, Then death were still

our pris - on. Now, with Him to life re - stored,

We praise the Fa - ther of our Lord. Al - le - lu - ia!

*Cantor/Choir*

Christ in - deed from death is ris - en, Our new life ob - tain - ing.

Have mer - cy, vic - tor King, ev - er reign - ing!

*Congregation*

3 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia,

al - le - lu - ia! Now let our joy rise full and free;

Christ our com - fort true will be. Al - le - lu - ia!

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### 458 Christ Jesus Lay in Death's Strong Bands

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!

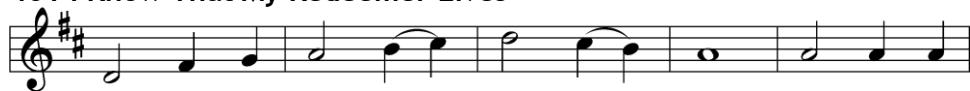
5 Here our true Paschal Lamb we see,  
Whom God so freely gave us;  
He died on the accursèd tree—  
So strong His love—to save us.  
See, His blood now marks our door;  
Faith points to it; death passes o'er,  
And Satan cannot harm us.  
Alleluia!

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!

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!

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### 461 I Know That My Redeemer Lives



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.

5 He lives to silence all my fears;  
 He lives to wipe away my tears;  
 He lives to calm my troubled heart;  
 He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend;  
 He lives and loves me to the end;  
 He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing;  
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

7 He lives and grants me daily breath;  
 He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
 He lives my mansion to prepare;  
 He lives to bring me safely there.

8 He lives, all glory to His name!  
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same;  
 Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives:  
 I know that my Redeemer lives!

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### 467 Awake, My Heart, with Gladness



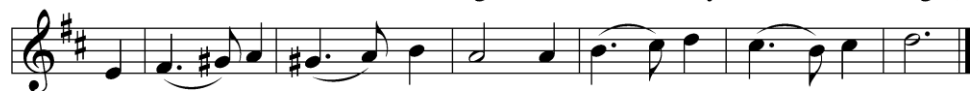
1 A - wake, my heart, with glad - ness, See what to - day is done;  
 2 The foe in tri - umph shout - ed When Christ lay in the tomb;  
 3 This is a sight that glad - dens—What peace it doth im - part!  
 4 Now hell, its prince, the dev - il, Of all their pow'r are shorn;



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.

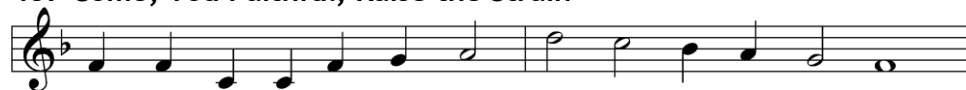
5 The world against me rages,  
 Its fury I disdain;  
 Though bitter war it wages,  
 Its work is all in vain.  
 My heart from care is free,  
 No trouble troubles me.  
 Misfortune now is play,  
 And night is bright as day.

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.

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."

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### 487 Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain



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!

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### 490 Jesus Lives! The Victory's Won



1 Je - sus lives! The vic - t'ry's won! Death no long - er can ap -  
 2 Je - sus lives! To Him the throne High a - bove all things is  
 3 Je - sus lives! For me He died, Hence will I, to Je - sus  
 4 Je - sus lives! I know full well Noth - ing me from Him shall  
 5 Je - sus lives! And now is death But the gate of life im -



pal - me; Je - sus lives! Death's reign is done!  
 giv - en. I shall go where He is gone,  
 liv - ing, Pure in heart and act a - bide,  
 sev - er. Nei - ther death nor pow'rs of hell  
 mor - tal; This shall calm my trem - bling breath



From the grave will Christ re - call me. Bright - er  
 Live and reign with Him in heav - en. God is  
 Praise to Him and glo - ry giv - ing. All I  
 Part me now from Christ for - ev - er. God will  
 When I pass its gloom - y por - tal. Faith shall



scenes will then com - mence; This shall be my con - fi - dence.  
 faith - ful; doubt - ings, hence! This shall be my con - fi - dence.  
 need God will dis - pense; This shall be my con - fi - dence.  
 be my sure de - fense; This shall be my con - fi - dence.  
 cry, as fails each sense: Je - sus is my con - fi - dence!

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### 482 This Joyful Eastertide



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!

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