

THE SECOND SUNDAY OF EASTER HYMNS

468 I Am Content! My Jesus Ever Lives



1 I am con-tent! My Je - sus ev - er lives, In whom my  
 2 I am con-tent! My Je - sus is my head; His mem - ber  
 3 I am con-tent! My Je - sus is my light, My ra - diant  
 4 I am con-tent! At length I shall be free, A - wak - ened



heart is pleased. He has ful-filled the Law of God for me,  
 I shall be. He bowed His head when on the cross He died  
 sun of grace. His cheer - ing rays beam bless - ings forth for all,  
 from the dead, A - ris - ing glo - rious ev - er - more to be



God's wrath He has ap-peased. Since He in death  
 With cries of ag - o - ny. Now death is brought  
 Sweet com - fort, hope, and peace. This Eas - ter sun  
 With You, my liv - ing head. The chains that hold



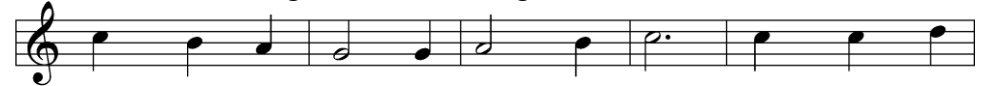
could per - ish nev - er, I al - so shall  
 in - to sub - jec - tion For me by Je -  
 has brought sal - va - tion And ev - er - last -  
 my bod - y, sev - er; Then shall my soul



not die for - ev - er. I am con-tent! I am con - tent!  
 sus' res - ur - rec - tion. I am con-tent! I am con - tent!  
 ing ex - ul - ta - tion. I am con-tent! I am con - tent!  
 re - joice for - ev - er. I am con-tent! I am con - tent!

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470 O Sons and Daughters of the King



1 O sons and daugh - ters of the King, Whom heav'n - ly  
 2 That Eas - ter morn, at break of day, The faith - ful  
 3 An an - gel clad in white they see, Who sits and  
 4 That night the a - pos - tles met in fear; A - mong them



hosts in glo - ry sing, To - day the grave has lost its sting!  
 wom - en went their way To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.  
 speaks un - to the three, "Your Lord will go to Gal - i - lee."  
 came their mas - ter dear And said, "My peace be with you here."



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

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard  
 That they had seen the risen Lord,  
 He doubted the disciples' word.  
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

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

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

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

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

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## 741 Jesus Christ, My Sure Defense



1 Je - sus Christ, my sure de - fense And my Sav - ior, now is  
 2 Je - sus, my Re - deem - er, lives; Like - wise I to life shall  
 3 No, too close - ly I am bound By my hope to Christ for -  
 4 I am flesh and must re - turn To the dust, whence I am



liv - ing! Know - ing this, my con - fi - dence  
 wak - en. He will bring me where He is;  
 ev - er; Faith's strong hand the Rock has found,  
 tak - en; But by faith I now dis - cern



Rests up - on the hope here giv - en, Though the  
 Shall my cour - age then be shak - en? Shall I  
 Grasped it, and will leave it nev - er; E - ven  
 That from death I shall a - wak - en With my



night of death be fraught Still with man - y an anx - ious thought.  
 fear, or could the Head Rise and leave His mem - bers dead?  
 death now can - not part From its Lord the trust - ing heart.  
 Sav - ior to a - bide In His glo - ry, at His side.

5 Glorified, I shall anew  
 With this flesh then be enshrouded;  
 In this body I shall view  
 God, my Lord, with eyes unclouded;  
 In this flesh I then shall see  
 Jesus Christ eternally.

6 Then take comfort and rejoice,  
 For His members Christ will cherish.  
 Fear not, they will hear His voice;  
 Dying, they will never perish;  
 For the very grave is stirred  
 When the trumpet's blast is heard.

7 Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave  
 And at death no longer tremble;  
 He, the Lord, who came to save  
 Will at last His own assemble.  
 They will go their Lord to meet,  
 Treading death beneath their feet.

8 O, then, draw away your hearts  
 From all pleasures base and hollow;  
 Strive to share what He imparts  
 While you here His footsteps follow.  
 As you now still wait to rise,  
 Fix your hearts beyond the skies!

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## 483 With High Delight Let Us Unite



1 With high de - light Let us u - nite In songs of great  
 2 True God, He first From death has burst Forth in - to life,  
 3 Let prais - es ring; Give thanks, and bring To Christ our Lord



ju - bi - la - tion. Ye pure in heart, All bear your part,  
 all sub - du - ing. His en - e - my Doth van - quished lie;  
 ad - o - ra - tion. His hon - or speed By word and deed



Sing Je - sus Christ, our sal - va - tion. To set us  
 His death has been death's un - do - ing. "And yours shall  
 To ev - 'ry land, ev - 'ry na - tion. So shall His



free For - ev - er, He Is ris'n and sends To all earth's  
 be Like vic - to - ry O'er death and grave," Saith He, who  
 love Give us a - bove, From mis - er - y And death set



ends Good news to save ev - 'ry na - tion.  
 gave His life for us, life re - new - ing.  
 free, All joy and full con - so - la - tion.

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## 636 Soul, Adorn Yourself with Gladness



1 Soul, a - dorn your - self with glad - ness, Leave the  
 2 Has - ten as a bride to meet Him, And with  
 3 He who craves a pre - cious trea - sure Nei - ther  
 4 Now in faith I hum - bly pon - der O - ver



gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, Come in - to the day - light's  
 lov - ing rev - 'rence greet Him. For with words of life im -  
 cost nor pain will mea - sure; But the price - less gifts of  
 this sur - pass - ing won - der That the bread of life is



splen - dor, There with joy your prais - es ren - der.  
 mor - tal He is knock - ing at your por - tal.  
 heav - en God to us has free - ly giv - en.  
 bound - less Though the souls it feeds are count - less:



Bless the One whose grace un - bound - ed This a - maz - ing  
 O - pen wide the gates be - fore Him, Say - ing, as you  
 Though the wealth of earth were prof - fered, None could buy the  
 With the choic - est wine of heav - en Christ's own blood to



ban - quet found - ed; He, though heav'n - ly, high, and  
 there a - dore Him: Grant, Lord, that I now re -  
 gifts here of - fered: Christ's true bod - y, for you  
 us is giv - en. Oh, most glo - rious con - so -



ho - ly, Deigns to dwell with you most low - ly.  
 ceive You, That I nev - er - more will leave You.  
 riv - en, And His blood, for you once giv - en.  
 la - tion, Pledge and seal of my sal - va - tion!

5 Jesus, source of lasting pleasure,  
 Truest friend, and dearest treasure,  
 Peace beyond all understanding,  
 Joy into all life expanding:  
 Humbly now, I bow before You;  
 Love incarnate, I adore You;  
 Worthily let me receive You  
 And, so favored, never leave You.

6 Jesus, sun of life, my splendor,  
 Jesus, friend of friends, most tender,  
 Jesus, joy of my desiring,  
 Fount of life, my soul inspiring:  
 At Your feet I cry, my maker,  
 Let me be a fit partaker  
 Of this blessed food from heaven,  
 For our good, Your glory, given.

7 Lord, by love and mercy driven,  
 You once left Your throne in heaven  
 On the cross for me to languish  
 And to die in bitter anguish,  
 To forego all joy and gladness  
 And to shed Your blood in sadness.  
 By this blood redeemed and living,  
 Lord, I praise You with thanksgiving.

8 Jesus, bread of life, I pray You,  
 Let me gladly here obey You.  
 By Your love I am invited,  
 Be Your love with love requited;  
 By this Supper let me measure,  
 Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure.  
 Through the gift of grace You give me  
 As Your guest in heav'n receive me.

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### 477 Alleluia, Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven



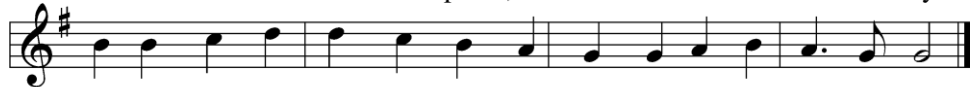
1 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise:  
 2 Al - le - lu - ia, Christ is ris - en! Death at last has met de - feat:  
 △ 3 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high:



Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
 See the an - cient pow'rs of e - vil In con - fu - sion and re - treat;  
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - ior Who has gained the vic - to - ry;



He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled—  
 Once He died, and once was bur - ied: Now He lives for - ev - er - more,  
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty!



Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.  
 Je - sus Christ, the world's Re - deem - er, Whom we wor - ship and a - dore.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia To the tri - une Maj - es - ty!

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### 480 He's Risen, He's Risen



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.

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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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