

THE FOURTH SUNDAY OF EASTER HYMNS

464 The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

Refrain

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

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

The Refrain is repeated after st. 5.

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!

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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

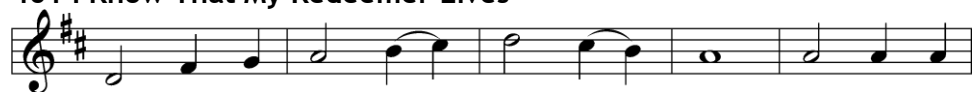
Had Christ, who once was slain, Not burst His three-day pris - on,

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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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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617 O Lord, We Praise Thee



1 O Lord, we praise Thee, bless Thee, and a - dore Thee,
 2 Thy ho - ly bod - y in - to death was giv - en,
 3 May God be - stow on us His grace and fa - vor



In thanks - giv - ing bow be - fore Thee. Thou with Thy
 Life to win for us in heav - en. No great - er
 That we fol - low Christ our Sav - ior And live to -



bod - y and Thy blood didst nour - ish Our weak souls that
 love than this to Thee could bind us; May this feast there -
 geth - er here in love and u - nion Nor de - spise this



they may flour - ish: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 of re - mind us! O Lord, have mer - cy!
 blest Com - mu - nion! O Lord, have mer - cy!



May Thy bod - y, Lord, born of Mar - y, That our
 Lord, Thy kind - ness did so con - strain Thee That Thy
 Let not Thy good Spir - it for - sake us; Grant that



sins and sor - rows did car - ry, And Thy blood for us plead
 blood should bless and sus - tain me. All our debt Thou hast paid;
 heav'n - ly - mind - ed He make us; Give Thy Church, Lord, to see



In all tri - al, fear, and need: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 Peace with God once more is made: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 Days of peace and u - ni - ty: O Lord, have mer - cy!

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620 Jesus Comes Today with Healing



1 Je - sus comes to - day with heal - ing, Knock - ing at my
 2 Christ Him - self, the priest pre - sid - ing, Yet in bread and
 3 Un - der bread and wine, though low - ly, I re - ceive the
 4 God de - scends with heav'n - ly pow - er, Gives Him - self to



door, ap - peal - ing, Of - f'ring par - don, grace, and peace.
 wine a - bid - ing In this ho - ly sac - ra - ment,
 Sav - ior ho - ly, Blood and bod - y, giv'n for me,
 me this hour— In this or - di - nar - y sign.



He Him - self makes prep - a - ra - tion, And I hear His
 Gives the bread of life, once bro - ken, And the cup, the
 Ver - y Lamb of God from heav - en, Who to bit - ter
 On my tongue His pledge re - ceiv - ing, I ac - cept His



in - vi - ta - tion: "Come and taste the bless - ed feast."
 pre - cious to - ken Of His sa - cred cov - e - nant.
 death was giv - en, Hung up - on the curs - ed tree.
 grace, be - liev - ing That I taste His love di - vine.

5 Let me praise God's boundless favor,
 Whose own feast of love I savor,
 Bidden by His gracious call.
 Wedding garments He provides me,
 With a robe of white He hides me,
 Fits me for the royal hall.

6 Now have I found consolation,
 Comfort in my tribulation,
 Balm to heal the troubled soul.
 God, my shield from ev'ry terror,
 Cleanses me from sin and error,
 Makes my wounded spirit whole.

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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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624 The Infant Priest Was Holy Born



1 The in - fant Priest was ho - ly born For us un -
2 This great High Priest in hu - man flesh Was i - con
3 The ho - ly Lamb un - daunt - ed came To God's own
4 But death would not the vic - tor be Of Him who



ho - ly and for - lorn; From flesh - ly tem - ple
of God's righ - teous - ness. His hal - lowed touch brought
al - tar lit with flame; While weep - ing an - gels
hung up - on the tree. He leads us to the



forth came He, A - noint - ed from e - ter - ni - ty.
sanc - ti - ty; His hand re - moved im - pu - ri - ty.
hid their eyes, This Priest be - came a sac - ri - fice.
Ho - ly Place With - in the veil, be - fore God's face.

5 The veil is torn, our Priest we see,
As at the rail on bended knee
Our hungry mouths from Him receive
The bread of immortality.

6 The body of God's Lamb we eat,
A priestly food and priestly meat;
On sin-parched lips the chalice pours
His quenching blood that life restores.

7 With cherubim and seraphim
Our voices join the endless hymn,
And “Holy, holy, holy” sing
To Christ, God's Lamb, our Priest and King.

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818 In Thee Is Gladness



1 In Thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus,
2 Since He is ours, We fear no pow - ers, Not of



sun - shine of my heart. By Thee are giv - en The gifts of
earth nor sin nor death. He sees and bless - es In worst dis -



heav - en, Thou the true Re - deem - er art. Our souls Thou
tress - es; He can change them with a breath. Where - fore the



wak - est, Our bonds Thou break - est; Who trusts Thee sure - ly Has built se -
sto - ry Tell of His glo - ry With hearts and voic - es; All heav'n re -



cure - ly; He stands for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are
joic - es In Him for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for



pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing
glad - ness, Tri - umph o'er sad - ness, Love Him and praise Him



To Thee are cleav - ing; Naught can us sev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!
And still shall raise Him Glad hymns for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!

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