

+ EASTER +

April 20, 2025

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!

Text: tr. Lyra Davidica, 1708, London, alt.; (sts. 1-3): Latin, 14th cent.; (st. 4): Charles Wesley, 1707-88

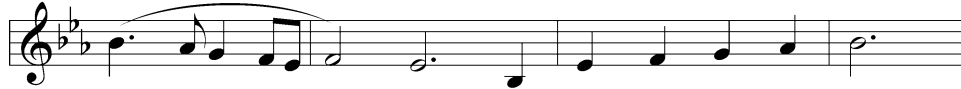
Tune: Lyra Davidica, 1708, London

Text and tune: Public domain

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:



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
Text and tune: Public domain

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."

463 CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY; ALLELUIA



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

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!

Text: attr. Johann Joachim Möller, 1660–1733; tr. August Crull, 1845–1923, alt.

Tune: Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1625–73

Text and tune: Public domain

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!

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