

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 you 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: Latin carol, 14th cent., sts. 1–3; tr. J. Walsh, *Lyra Davidica*, 1708, alt.; Charles Wesley, 1707–1788, st. 4
 Music: EASTER HYMN, J. Walsh, *Lyra Davidica*, 1708

This Joyful Eastertide



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



sor - - row! My love, the Cru - ci - fied, has
 slum - - ber till trump from east to west shall
 riv - - er. Lov - er of souls, from ill my



sprung to life this mor - - row.
 wake the dead in num - - ber.
 pass - ing soul de - liv - - er.

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, a - ris - en.

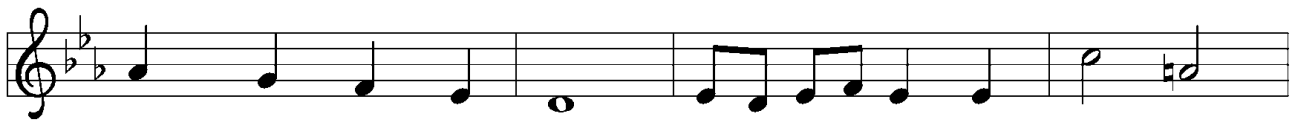
Thine Is the Glory



1 Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring Son; end - less is the
 2 Lo, Je - sus meets thee, ris - en from the tomb! Lov - ing - ly he
 3 No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of life; life is naught with-



vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won! An - gels in bright rai - ment
 greets thee, scat - ters fear and gloom; let his church with glad - ness
 out thee; aid us in our strife; make us more than con-qu'rors,



rolled the stone a - way, kept the fold - ed grave-clothes
 hymns of tri - umph sing, for the Lord now liv - eth;
 through thy death - less love; bring us safe through Jor - dan

Refrain



where thy bod - y lay.
 death hath lost its sting! Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring
 to thy home a - bove.



Son; end - less is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won!