

Hymns – 5th April

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- 1 Jesus Christ is risen today,
Alleluia,
our triumphant holy day, *Alleluia,*
who did once, upon the cross,
Alleluia,
suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia.
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia,
unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Alleluia,
who endured the cross and grave,
Alleluia,
sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia.
- 3 But the pains that he endured
Alleluia,
our salvation have procured;
Alleluia,
now above the sky he's King,
Alleluia,
where the angels ever sing
Alleluia.

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- 1 Good Christians all, rejoice and
sing!
Now is the triumph of our King.
To all the world glad news we
bring:
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
- 2 The Lord of Life is risen for ay:
bring flowers of song to strew his
way;
let all the earth rejoice and say
- 3 Praise we in songs of victory
that Love, that Life, which cannot
die,
and sing with hearts uplifted high
- 4 Thy name we bless, O risen Lord,
and sing to-day with one accord
the life laid down, the life
restored:

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- 1 Love's redeeming work is done;
fought the fight, the battle won:
lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
lo, he sets in blood no more.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the
seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King;
where, O death, is now thy
sting?
dying once, he all doth save;
where thy victory, O grave?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ has
led,
following our exalted Head;
made like him, like him we rise;
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 5 Hail the Lord of earth and
heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
thee we greet triumphant now;
hail, the Resurrection Thou!

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- 1 Thine be the glory, risen,
conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er
death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled
the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes
where thy body lay.
*Thine be the glory, risen,
conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er
death hast won.*
- 2 Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from
the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters
fear and gloom;
let the church with gladness
hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord now liveth, death
hath lost its sting:
- 3 No more we doubt thee,
glorious Prince of Life;
life is naught without thee: aid
us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors
through thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to
thy home above: