

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!

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!

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!

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

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!

Text and tune: Public domain

465 Now All the Vault of Heaven Resounds (*Sunday only*)



1 Now all the vault of heav'n re - sounds In
 2 E - ter - nal is the gift He brings, There -
 3 O fill us, Lord, with daunt - less love; Set
 Δ 4 A - dor - ing prais - es now we bring And



praise of love that still a - bounds: "Christ has tri - umphed!
 fore our heart with rap - ture sings: "Christ has tri - umphed!
 heart and will on things a - bove That we con - quer
 with the heav'n - ly bless - ed sing: "Christ has tri - umphed!



He is liv - ing!" Sing, choirs of an - gels, loud and
 He is liv - ing!" Now still He comes to give us
 through Your tri - umph; Grant grace suf - fi - cient for life's
 Al - le - lu - ia!" Be to the Fa - ther and our



clear! Re - peat their song of glo - ry
 life And by His pres - ence stills all
 day That by our lives we tru - ly
 Lord, To Spir - it blest, most ho - ly



here: "Christ has tri - umphed! Christ has tri - umphed!"
 strife. Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!
 say: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
 God, All the glo - ry, nev - er end - ing!



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!

463 Christ the Lord Is Risen Today; Alleluia (Sunday only)



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!

483 With High Delight Let Us Unite *(Sunday only)*



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.

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.