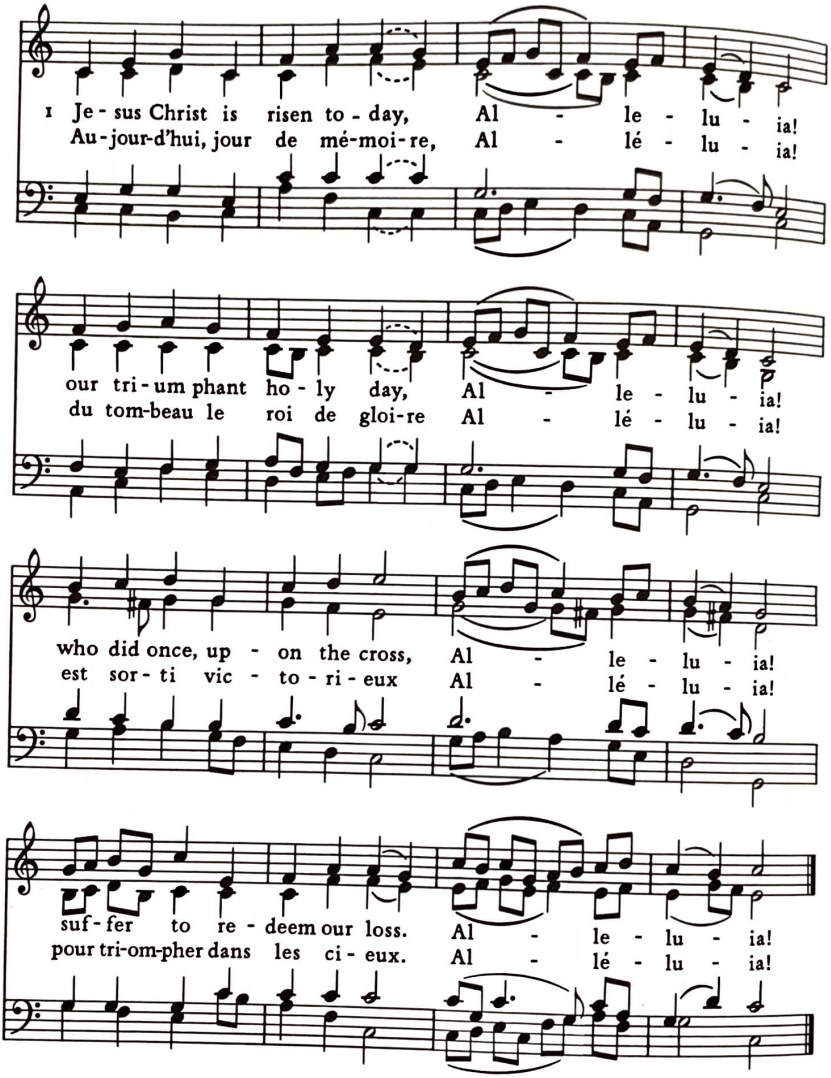
465

JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY

EASTER HYMN 7 7 7 7 and alleluias

Lyra Davidica 1708



2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
unto Christ our heavenly King,
who endured the cross and grave,
sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which he endured
our salvation have procured;
now above the sky he's King,
where the angels ever sing.

4 Sing we to our God above
praise eternal as his love;
praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Lyra Davidica 1708
and others

2 Célébrons par nos louanges
Jésus-Christ, le Roi des anges;
avec lui portons la croix;
avec lui nous serons rois.

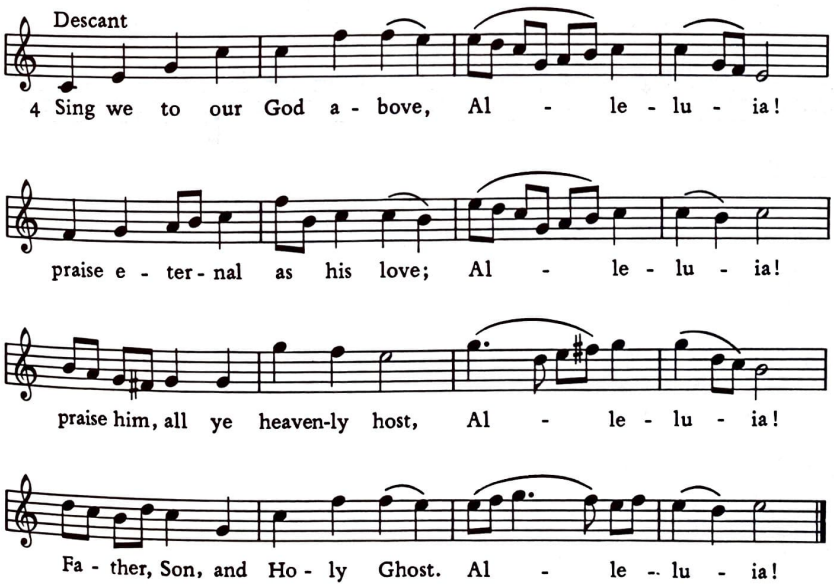
3 Pour nous ce Dieu de clémence,
rempli d'un amour immense,
a succombé sous les coups.
Il mourut, ce fut pour nous.

4 Levons-nous de la poussière,
du Christ suivons la bannière,
loin de ce monde agité,
Jésus est ressuscité.

traducteur inconnu

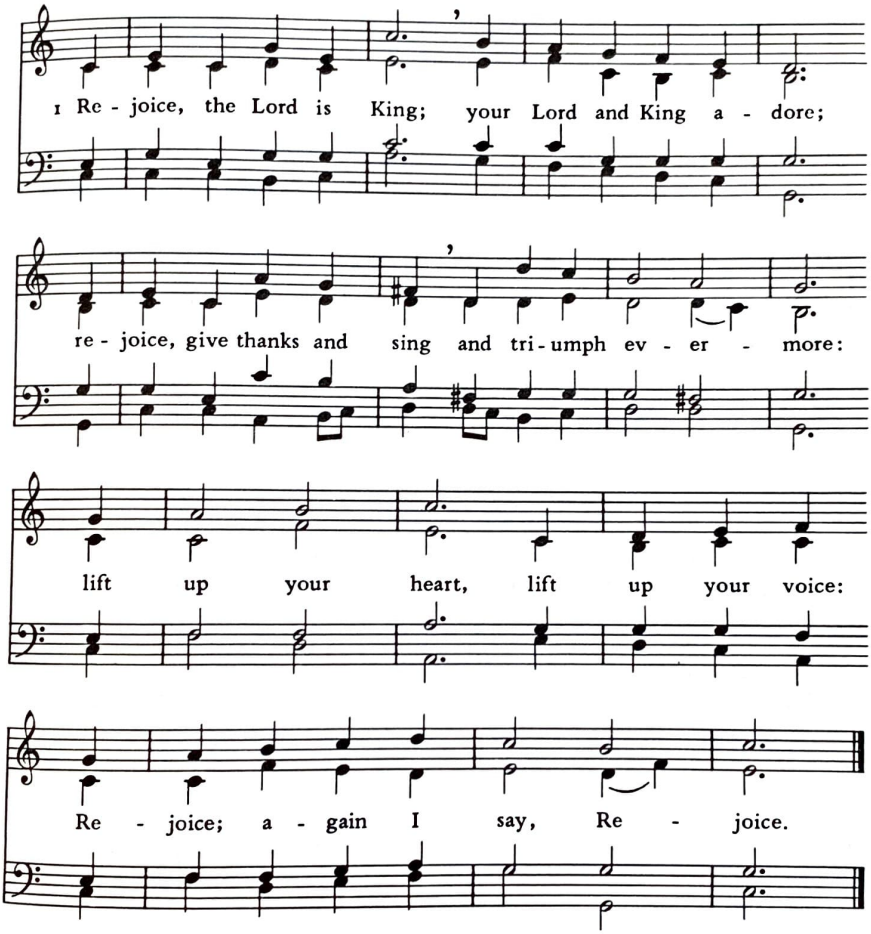
This hymn may be sung antiphonally,
one group of voices taking only the Alleluias.

Derek Holman 1931-



DARWALL 666688 SECOND TUNE

John Darwall 1731–1789



2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
the God of truth and love;
when he had purged our stains,
he took his seat above:
lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

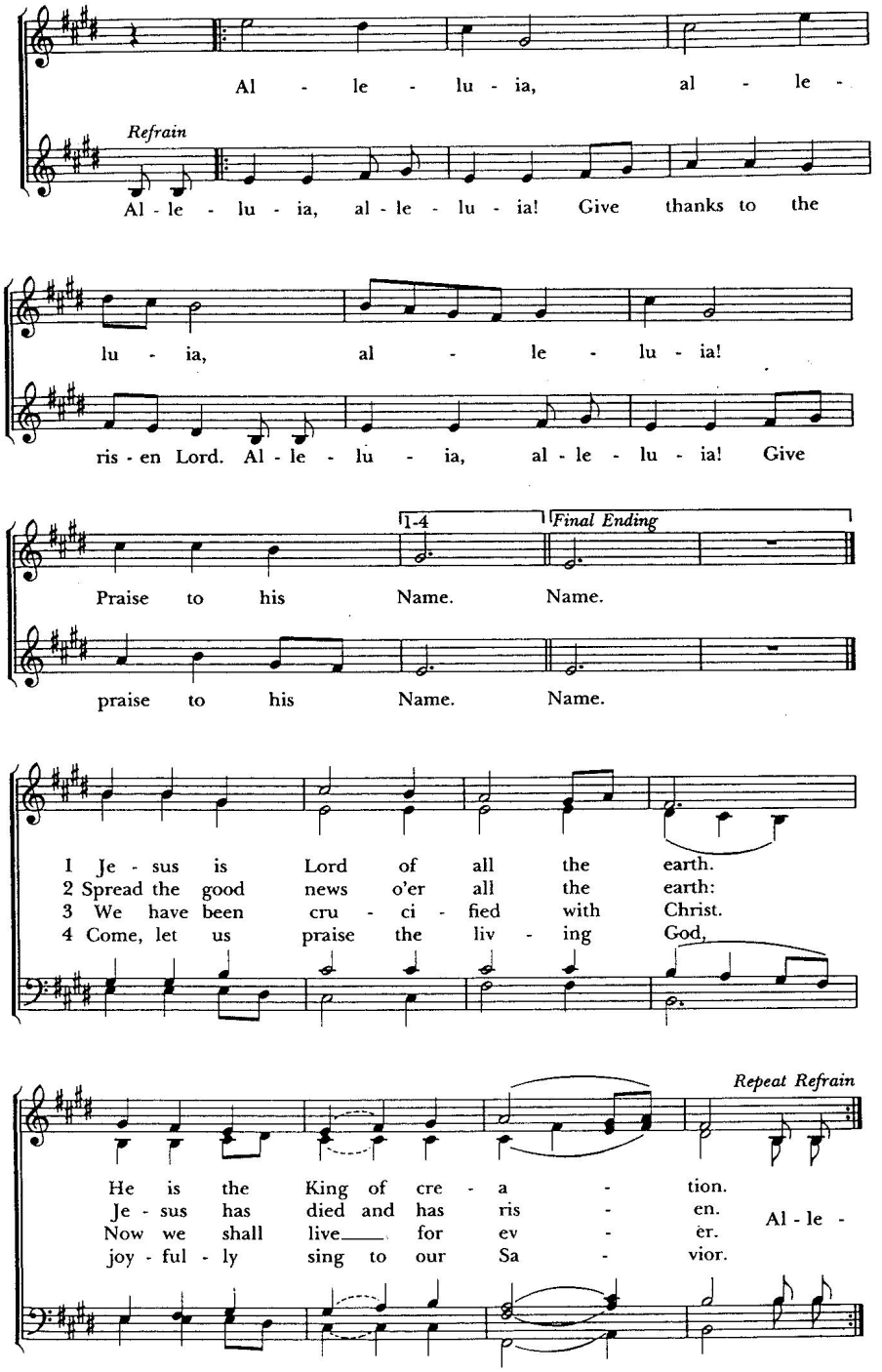
3 His kingdom cannot fail;
he rules o'er earth and heaven;
the keys of death and hell
are to our Jesus given:
lift up your heart...

4 He sits at God's right hand
till all his foes submit,
and bow to his command,
and fall beneath his feet:
lift up your heart...

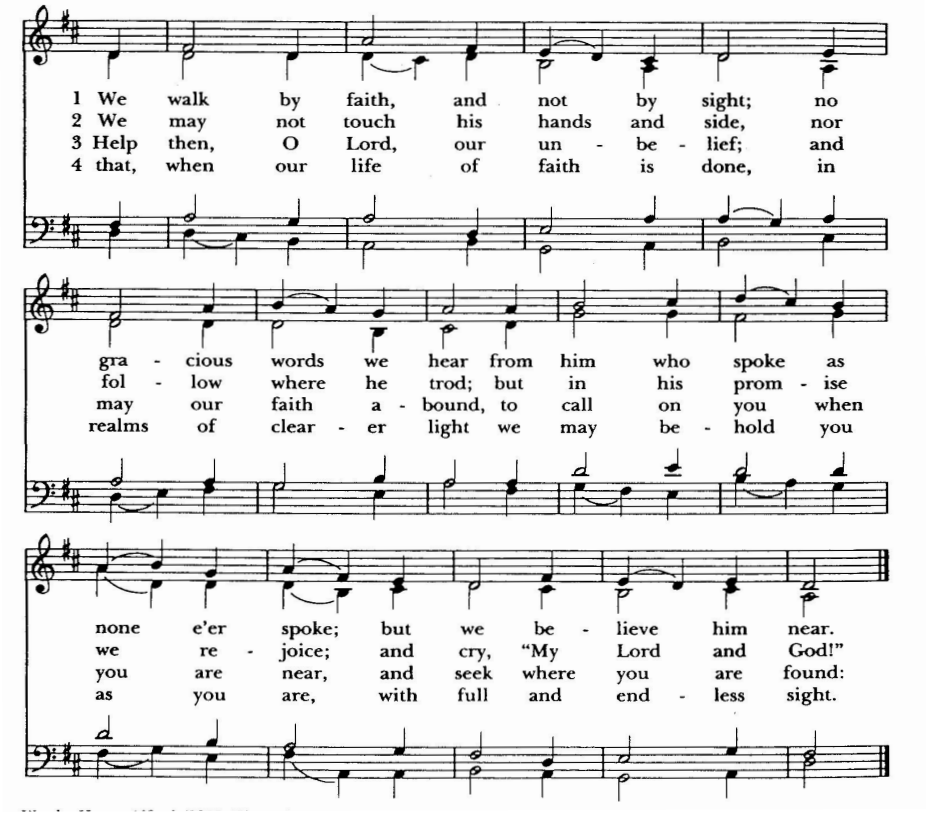
5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come
and take his servants up
to their eternal home:
we soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
the trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

Charles Wesley 1707–1788

"Alleluia, Alleluia, Give Thanks"



"We Walk by Faith"



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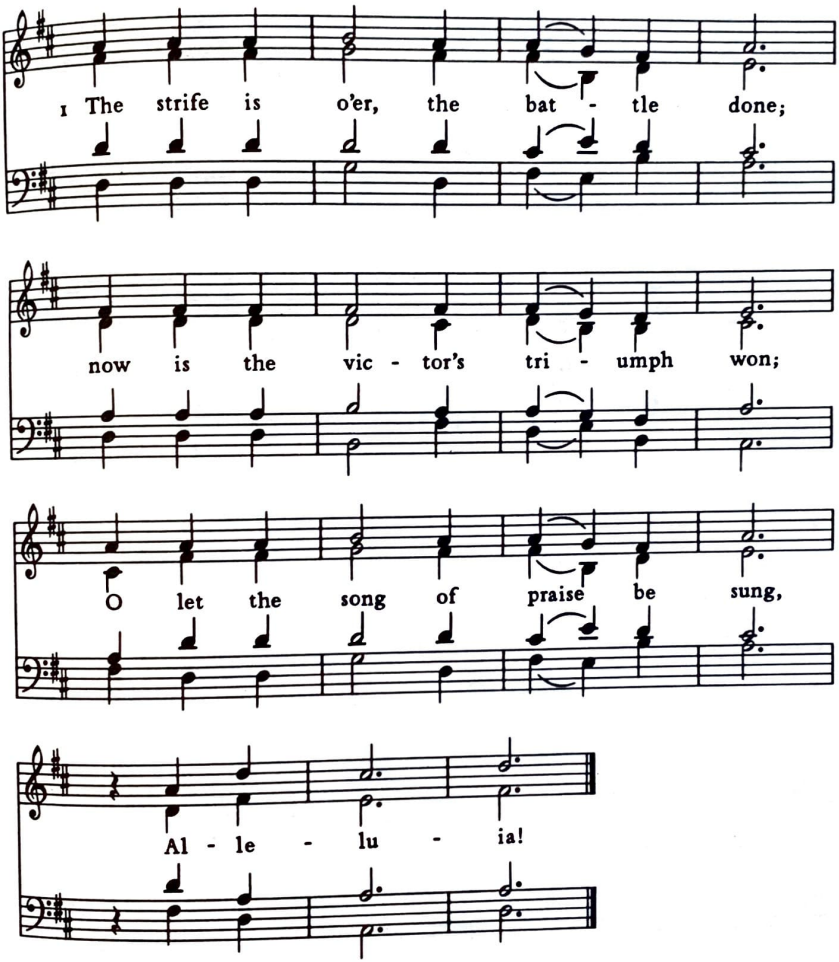
VICTORY 8 8 8 and alleluia SECOND TUNE

adapted by
William Henry Monk 1823-1899
from Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina c1525-1594



2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
and Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
let shouts of praise and joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 He closed the ancient gates of hell,
the bars from heaven's high portals fell;
let songs of praise his triumph tell,
Alleluia!

4 On the third morn he rose again,
glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain,
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
from death's dread sting thy servants free,
that we may live, and sing to thee,
Alleluia!

from the Latin 17th century
tr. Francis Pott 1832-1909