

## Hymns for Easter Sunday

Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!  
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!  
Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!  
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

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!

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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Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,  
Wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;  
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid Him, Love whom men had slain,  
Thinking that never he would wake again,  
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,  
He that for three days in the grave had lain,  
Quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,  
Thy touch can call us back to life again;  
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springeth green.

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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!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal:  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again, our glorious King;  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Dying once, he all doth save  
Where thy victory O grave?

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.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to thee by both be given;  
Thee we greet triumphant now;  
Hail the Resurrection now!

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Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring 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.*

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.

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.