

## Hymn Words for Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> April 2021

### Jesus Christ is risen today

- 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.*

### The strife is o'er

- 1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;  
now is the Victor's triumph won;  
O let the song of praise be sung;  
Alleluia!
- 2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,  
and Jesus hath his foes dispersed;  
let shouts of praise and joy outburst:  
Alleluia!
- 3 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,  
from death's dread sting thy servants free,  
that we may live and sing to thee,  
Alleluia!

## **Jesus lives! thy terrors now**

- 1 Jesus lives! thy terrors now  
can, O death, no more appal us;  
Jesus lives! by this we know  
thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia.
- 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
but the gate of life immortal:  
this shall calm our trembling breath,  
when we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia.
- 3 Jesus lives! for us he died;  
then, alone to Jesus living,  
pure in heart may we abide,  
glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia.
- 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well,  
naught from us his love shall sever;  
life nor death nor powers of hell  
tear us from his keeping ever.  
Alleluia.
- 5 Jesus lives! to him the throne  
over all the world is given:  
may we go where he is gone,  
rest and reign with him in heaven.  
Alleluia.

## **Love's redeeming work is done**

- 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!

### **Thine be the glory**

- 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.  
*Refrain*
- 3 No more we doubt thee, glorious prince of life!  
Life is nought 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.  
*Refrain*