

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

Thanks be to God! He gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. 15:57

1. "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day," Al - - le - lu - ia!
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 3. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - - le - lu - ia!

sons of men and an - gels say; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Christ has burst the gates of hell; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - le - lu - ia!
 fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - - le - lu - ia!

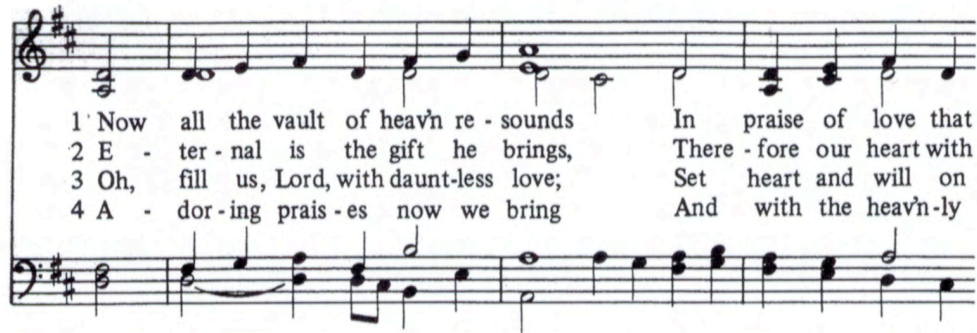
raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 death in vain for - bids his rise; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Once he died, our souls to save; Al - - le - lu - ia!
 made like him, like him we rise; Al - - le - lu - ia!

sing ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Christ has o - pened par - a - dise. Al - - le - lu - ia!
 where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - - le - lu - ia!
 ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - - le - lu - ia!

5. Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n! *Alleluia!*
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n; *Alleluia!*
 thee we greet triumphant now; *Alleluia!*
 hail, the Resurrection, thou! *Alleluia!*

Now all the vault of heaven resounds

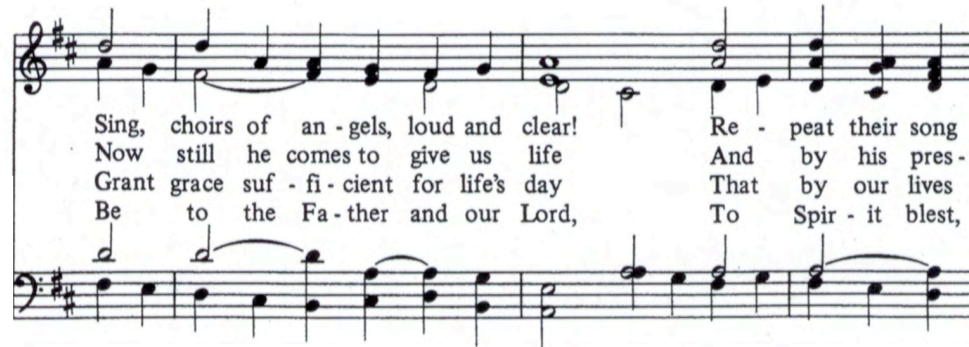
LASST UNS ERFREUEN



1 Now all the vault of heav'n re - sounds In praise of love that
2 E - ter - nal is the gift he brings, There - fore our heart with
3 Oh, fill us, Lord, with daunt-less love; Set heart and will on
4 A - dor - ing prais - es now we bring And with the heav'n-ly



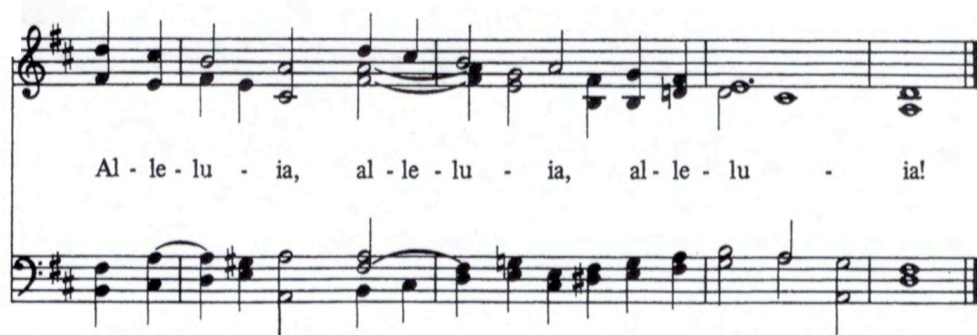
still a - bounds: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
rap - ture sings: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
things a - bove That we con - quer through your tri - umph;
bless - ed sing: "Christ has tri - umphed! Al - le - lu - ia!"



Sing, choirs of an - gels, loud and clear! Re - peat their song
Now still he comes to give us life And by his pres -
Grant grace suf - fi - cient for life's day That by our lives
Be to the Fa - ther and our Lord, To Spir - it blest,



of glo - ry here: "Christ has tri - umphed! Christ has tri - umphed!"
ence stills all strife. Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!
we tru - ly say: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
most ho - ly God, All the glo - ry, nev - er end - ing!



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

“Living hope”

How great the chasm that lay between us.
How high the mountain I could not climb.
In desperation I turned to heaven
And spoke your name into the night.
Then through the darkness your loving-kindness
Tore through the shadows of my soul.
The work is finished, the end is written.
Jesus Christ, my living hope.

Who could imagine so great a mercy?
What heart could fathom such boundless grace?
The God of ages stepped down from glory
To wear my sin and bear my shame.
The cross has spoken; I am forgiven.
The King of kings calls me his own.
Beautiful Savior, I'm yours forever.
Jesus Christ, my living hope.

*Hallelujah, praise the one who set me free!
Hallelujah, death has lost its grip on me!
You have broken ev'ry chain.
There's salvation in your name.
Jesus Christ my living hope.*

Then came the morning that sealed the promise,
Your buried body began to breathe.
Out of the silence, the roaring Lion
Declared the grave has no claim on me.
Jesus, yours is the victory!

Wickham and Johnson

“His heart beats”

*His heart beats, his blood begins to flow,
Waking up what was dead a moment ago.
And his heart beats, now everything is changed,
'Cause the blood that brought us peace with
God
Is racing through his veins. And his heart beats.*

*He breathes in, his living lungs expand.
The heavy air surrounding death
Turns to breath again.
He breathes out, his word in flesh once more.
The Lamb of God slain for us is a lion ready to
roar. And his heart beats.*

*So crown him the Lord of Life,
Crown him the Lord of Love,
Crown him the Lord of All.
He took one breath and put death to death.
Where is your sting, O grave?
How grave is your defeat.
I know, I know his heart beats.*

*He rises, glorified in flesh, clothed in
immortality, The firstborn from the dead.
He rises and his work's already done,
So he's resting as he rises to reclaim the bride
he won And his heart beats.*

*The last enemy to be destroyed is death.
He must reign until no enemy is left.*

*His heart beats, he will never die again.
I know that death no longer has dominion over
him. So my heart beats with the rhythm of the
saints As I look for the seeds the King has sown
To burst up from their graves.*

Andrew Peterson; Ben Shive

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Crown Him with Many Crowns

On his head are many crowns. Rev. 19:12

1. Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2. Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
 3. Crown him the Lord of peace; whose pow'r a scep - ter sways
 4. Crown him the Lord of years, the Po - ten - tate of time;

hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own:
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise:
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime:

a - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 his reign shall know no end; and round his pierc - ed feet
 all hail, Re - deem - er, hail! for thou hast died for me:

and hail him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 but down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 fair flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through - out e - ter - ni - ty.