

**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!

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**1. Good Christians all, rejoice  
and sing!**

Now is the triumph of our King,  
To all the world glad news we bring:  
*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia*

**2. The Lord of Life is risen for ay:  
Bring flowers of song to strew his  
way**

Let all the earth rejoice and say  
*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia*

**3. Praise we in songs of victory  
That Love, that Life, which cannot  
die,  
And sing with hearts uplifted high  
*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia***

**4. Thy name we bless, O risen  
Lord,  
And sing to-day with one accord  
The life laid down, the life restored  
*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia***

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**1. The day of resurrection!**

Earth, tell it out abroad;  
The Passover of gladness,  
The Passover of God.  
From death to life eternal,  
From earth unto the sky,  
Our God hath brought us over,  
With hymns of victory.

**2. Our hearts be pure from evil,  
that we may see aright  
the Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection light;**

and, listening to his accents,  
may hear, so calm and plain,  
his own "All hail!" and, hearing,  
may raise the victor strain.

**3. Now let the heavens be joyful!**

And earth her song begin!  
The round world keep high  
triumph,  
and all that is therein!  
Let all things seen and unseen  
Their notes of gladness blend,

For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

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*Thine be the glory, risen,  
conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory thou o'er  
death hast won.*

**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:  
*Thine be the glory, risen,  
conquering Son,  
Endless is the victory thou o'er  
death hast won.*

**3. 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.