

- 1 Christ the Lord is risen today!
Hallelujah!
sons of men and angels say:
raise your joys and triumphs high;
sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply:
- 2 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:
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened paradise;
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
following our exalted Head;
made like Him, like Him we rise;
ours the cross, the grave, the skies:
- 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven,
praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet, in triumph sing
Hail, our resurrected King:

- 1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
 Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
 tremble;
 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

- 2 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
 Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
 tremble;
 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?

- 3 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
 Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
 tremble;
 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

- 4 Were you there when God raised Him
 from the dead?
 Were you there when God raised Him
 from the dead?
 Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
 tremble;
 Were you there when God raised Him
 from the dead?

- 1 Low in the grave He lay,
Jesus, my Saviour;
waiting the coming day,
Jesus, my Lord.

*Up from the grave He arose,
with a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a victor from the dark domain,
and He lives for ever with His saints to reign:
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!*

- 2 Vainly they watch His bed,
Jesus, my Saviour;
vainly they seal the dead,
Jesus, my Lord.

Up from the grave...

- 3 Death cannot keep his prey,
Jesus, my Saviour;
He tore the bars away,
Jesus, my Lord.

Up from the grave...

- 1 All I once held dear, built my life upon,
All this world reveres, and wars to own,
All I once thought gain I have counted loss;
Spent and worthless now, compared to this.

*Knowing You, Jesus,
Knowing You, there is no greater thing.
You're my all, You're the best,
You're my joy, my righteousness,
And I love You, Lord.*

- 2 Now my heart's desire is to know You more,
To be found in You and known as Yours.
To possess by faith what I could not earn,
All-surpassing gift of righteousness.

Knowing You...

- 3 Oh, to know the power of Your risen life,
And to know You in Your sufferings.
To become like You in Your death, my Lord,
So with You to live and never die.

Knowing You...

See what a morning, gloriously bright
With the dawning of hope in Jerusalem;
Folded the grave-clothes
Tomb filled with light,
As the angels announce Christ is risen!
See God's salvation plan, wrought in love,
Borne in pain, paid in sacrifice,
Fulfilled in Christ, the Man, for He lives,
Christ is risen from the dead!

See Mary weeping: 'Where is He laid?
As in sorrow she turns from the empty tomb;
Hears a voice speaking, calling her name:
It's the Master, the Lord raised to life again!
The voice that spans the years,
Speaking life, stirring hope,
Bringing peace to us,
Will sound till He appears,
For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

One with the Father, Ancient of Days,
Through the Spirit
Who clothes faith with certainty,
Honour and blessing, glory and praise
To the King crowned
With power and authority!
And we are raised with Him,
Death is dead, love has won
Christ has conquered;
And we shall reign with Him,
For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

- 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...

- 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 Jordon to Thy home above.

Thine be the glory...