

Hymns and Songs – Easter Sunday, 2024

Jesus Christ is risen today; Hallelujah!

Our triumphant holy day; Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross; Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss; Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing; Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King; Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave; Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save; Hallelujah!

But the pains which he endured; Hallelujah!
Our salvation have procured; Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King; Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing; Hallelujah!

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.

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.

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 lend,
for Christ the Lord is risen,
our joy that hath no end.

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!

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty (c) 2005

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,

And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and
I danced on the earth:
At Bethlehem I had My birth.

*"Dance, then, wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the Dance," said He,
"And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance,"
said He.*

"I danced for the scribe and the pharisee,
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow
Me.

I danced for the fishermen, for James and John -
They came with Me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame;
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped
and they hung Me on high,
And they left Me there on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil
on your back.
They buried My body and they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance, and I still go on.

They cut Me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never, never die.
I'll live in you if you'll live in Me;
I am the Lord of the dance, said He.

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 thou!

He is alive! He is alive! He is alive!

He is alive and he's shown me the way,
He gives me joy to begin every day.
He is alive and he's opened the door,
He gives me hope to live life evermore.
He is alive and so I celebrate,
This is the story that I must relate.
He is alive and I love him!
I am alive and he loves me!
Ahhh!
Hallelujah, halle-
Hallelujah!

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!*

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!*

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;
Lead us in Thy triumph
To Thy home above.

*Thine be the glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won!*