

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today vs. 1-4

UMH# 302

Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Al-le-lu-ia!
Earth and heaven in cho-rus say, Al-le-lu-ia!
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Al-le-lu-ia!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth re-ply, Al-le-lu-ia!

Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Al-le-lu-ia!
Fought the firght, the bat-tle won, Al-le-lu-ia!
Death in vain for-bids him rise, Al-le-lu-ia!
Christ has o-pened par-a-dise, Al-le-lu-ia!

Lives a-gain our glo-rious King, Al-le-lu-ia!
Where, O death, is now they sting? Al-le-lu-ia!
Once he died our souls to save, Al-le-lu-ia!
Where's thy vic-tory, boast-ing grave? Al-le-lu-ia!

Soar we now where Christ has led, Al-le-lu-ia!
Fol-lowing our ex-alt-ed Head, Al-le-lu-ia!
Made like him, like him we rise, Al-le-lu-ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al-le-lu-ia!

In Christ Alone

In Christ alone my hope is found He is my light, my strength, my song
This Cornerstone, this solid ground Firm through the fiercest drought
and storm
What heights of love, what depths of peace When fears are stilled, when
strivings cease
My Comforter, my All in All Here in the love of Christ I stand

In Christ alone, who took on flesh Fullness of God in helpless babe
This gift of love and righteousness Scorned by the ones He came to save
'Til on that cross as Jesus died The wrath of God was satisfied
For every sin on Him was laid Here in the death of Christ I live

(In Christ Alone continued)

There in the ground His body lay Light of the world by darkness slain
Then bursting forth in glorious Day Up from the grave He rose again
And as He stands in victory Sin's curse has lost its grip on me
For I am His and He is mine Bought with the precious blood of Christ

No guilt in life, no fear in death This is the power of Christ in me
From life's first cry to final breath Jesus commands my destiny
No power of hell, no scheme of man Can ever pluck me from His
hand
'til He returns or calls me home Here in the power of Christ I'll stand

Crown Him With Many Crowns, vs. 1-2,4

UMH# 327

Crown him with man-y crowns, the Lamb up-on his throne.
Hark! How the heaven-ly an-them drowns all mu-sic but its own.
A-wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy match-less King through all e-ter-ni-ty.

Crown him the Lord of life, who tri-umphed o'er the grave,
And rose vic-to-rious in the strife for those he came to save.
His glo-ries now we sing, who died, and rose on high,
Who died, e-ter-nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of love; be-hold his hands and side,
Those wounds, yet vis-i-ble a-bove, in beau-ty glo-ri-fied.
All hail, Re-deem-er, hail! For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise and glo-ry shall not fail through-out e-ter-ni-ty.