

#235: *All Glory, Laud, and Honor*

1. Low in the grave he lay—
Jesus, my Savior,
waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord.

Refrain:

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 forever with his saints to reign.
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2. Vainly they watch his bed—
Jesus, my Savior;
vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord. [Refrain]

3. Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Savior;
he tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord. [Refrain]

#455: *And Can It Be That I Should Gain (stanzas 1, 3, 4, & 5)*

1. And can it be that I should gain
an int'rest in the Savior's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

Refrain:

Amazing love! How can it be
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

3 He left his Father's throne above
(so free, so infinite his grace!),
humbled himself (so great his love!)
and bled for all his chosen race!
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
for, O my God, it found out me! [Refrain]

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's night;
thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
my chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed thee. [Refrain]

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
and clothed in righteousness divine,
bold I approach th'eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own. [Refrain]

#271: *Sing, Choirs of New Jerusalem*

1. Sing, choirs of new Jerusalem,
your sweetest notes employ,
your sweetest notes employ
the paschal victory to hymn
in songs of holy joy,
in songs of holy joy,
in songs of holy joy!

2. For Judah's Lion burst his chains
and crushed the serpent's head,
and crushed the serpent's head;
Christ cries aloud through death's domains
to wake th'imprisoned dead,
to wake th'imprisoned dead,
to wake th'imprisoned dead.

3. Triumphant in his glory now -
to him all pow'r is giv'n,
to him all pow'r is giv'n;
to him in one communion bow
all saints in earth and heav'n,
all saints in earth and heav'n,
all saints in earth and heav'n.

4. All glory to the Father be,
all glory to the Son,
all glory to the Son,
all glory to the Spirit be
while endless ages run,
while endless ages run,
while endless ages run.

#277: *Christ the Lord is Risen Today*

1. "Christ the Lord is ris'n today," Alleluia!
sons of men and angels say; Alleluia!
raise your joys and triumphs high; Alleluia!
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth, reply. Alleluia!

2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Alleluia!
Christ has burst the gates of hell: Alleluia!
death in vain forbids his rise; Alleluia!
Christ has opened paradise. Alleluia!

3. Lives again our glorious King; Alleluia!
where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Once he died, our souls to save; Alleluia!
where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!
foll'wing our exalted Head; Alleluia!
made like him, like him we rise: Alleluia!
ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia!

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!

#30: *Our God, Our Help in Ages Past*

1. Our God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of your throne
your saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is your arm alone,
and our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting you are God,
to endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in your sight
are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
with all their lives and cares,
are carried downward by your flood,
and lost in foll'wing years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all its sons away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 Our God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come:
O be our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.

#531: *Savior, Blessed Savior*

1. Savior, blessed Savior, listen while we sing;
hearts and voices raising praises to our King:
all we have we offer, all we hope to be,
body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to thee.
- 2 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ we draw to thee,
deep in adoration, bending low the knee;
thou for our redemption cam'st on earth to die;
thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater, are thy mercies here;
true and everlasting are the glories there,
where no pain nor sorrow, fear nor care, is known,
where the angel legions circle round thy throne.
- 4 Higher then, and higher, bear the ransomed soul,
earthly toils forgotten - Savior, to its goal;
where, in joys unthought of, saints with angels sing,
never weary, raising praises to their King.

#690: *I Know That My Redeemer Lives*

1. I know that my Redeemer lives,
and ever prays for me;
a token of his love he gives,
a pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
he brings salvation near;
his presence makes me free indeed
and he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be:
who can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
he surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon your Word:
I steadfastly believe
you will return and claim me, Lord,
and to yourself receive.

#402: *Abide with Me: Fast Falls the Eventide*

1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide:
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
when other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes:
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.