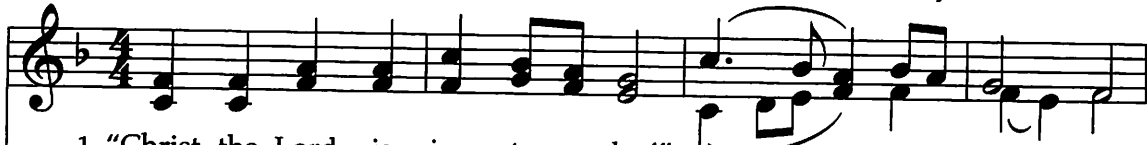


245 Christ the Lord Is Risen Today!



1 "Christ the Lord is risen to - day!"
 2 Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3 Lives a - gain our glo - rious King,
 4 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!



All cre - a - tion, join to say:
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won,
 Where, O death, is now your sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Praise to you by both be given,



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high,
 Death in vain for - bids him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Je - sus died, our souls to save,
 Ev - ery knee to you shall bow,

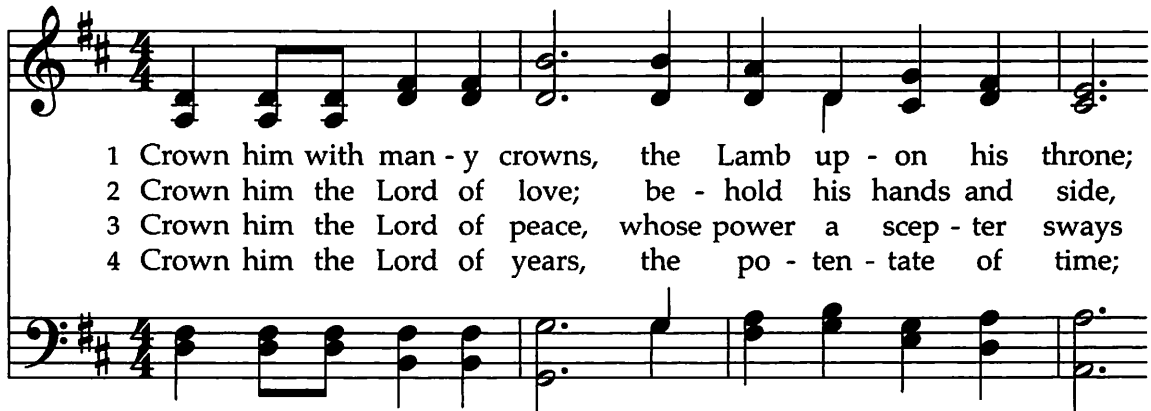


Sing, O heavens, and earth re - ply,
 Christ has o - pened par - a - dise. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where your vic - to - ry, O grave?
 Ris - en Christ, tri - um - phant now.

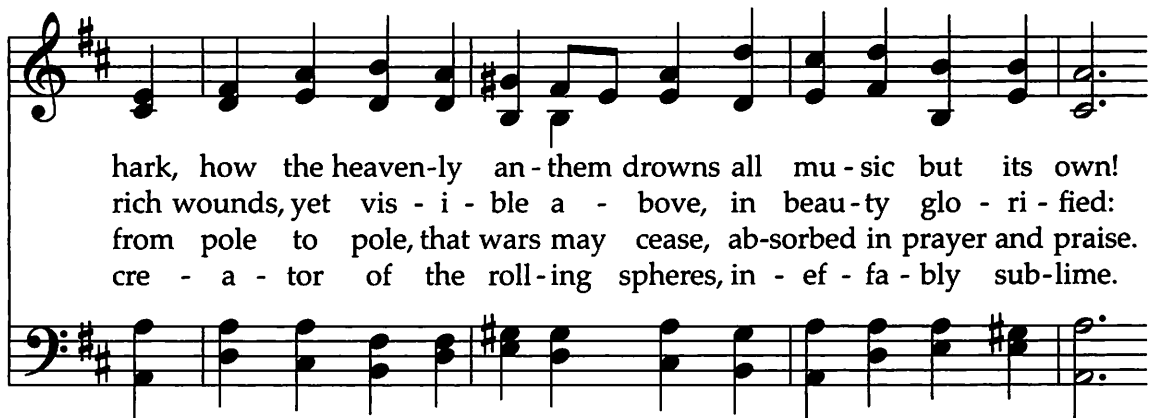


Originally printed as eleven four-line stanzas without alleluias, this Easter text was written during the first year following the author's life-changing conversion experience, yet it already shows his enduring emphasis on the theme of love. This lively Welsh tune sets it well.

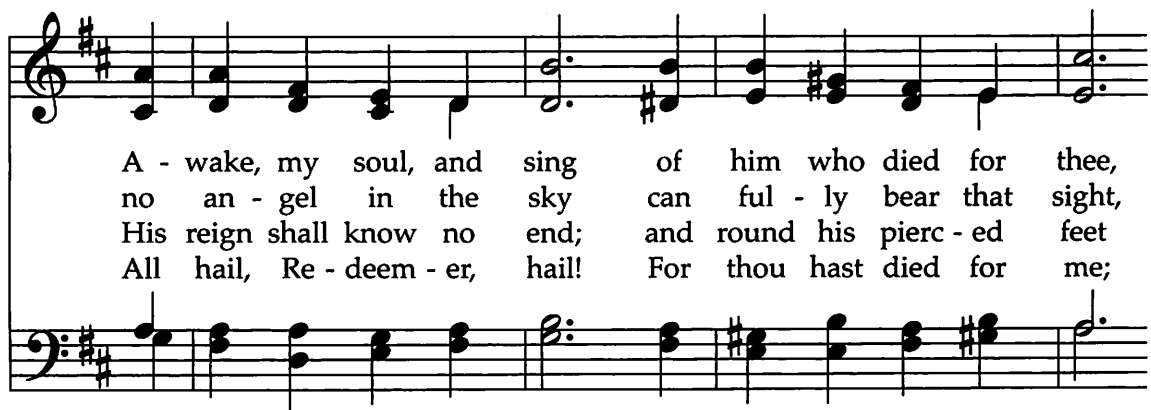
Crown Him with Many Crowns 268



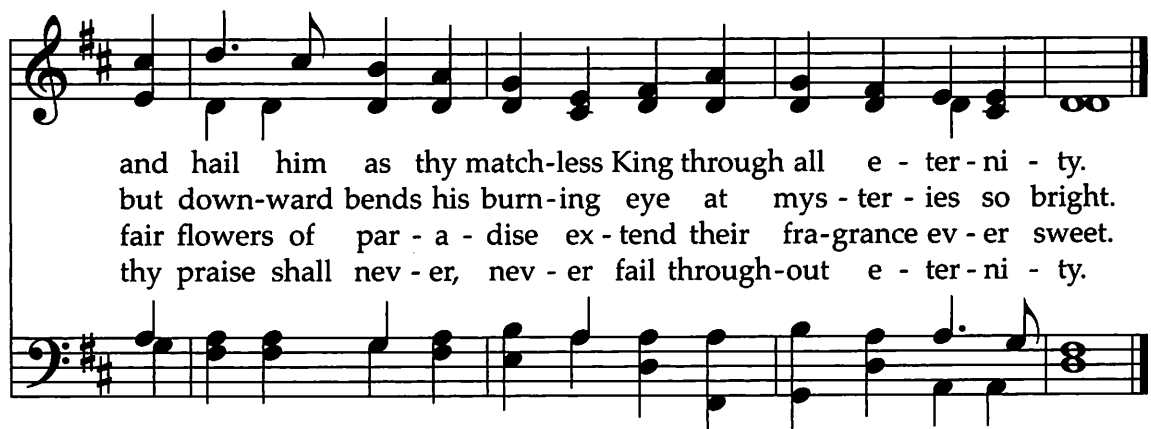
1 Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2 Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
 3 Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scep - ter sways
 4 Crown him the Lord of years, the po - ten - tate of time;



hark, how the heaven-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own!
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise.
 cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.



A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end; and round his pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For thou hast died for me;



and hail him as thy match-less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 but down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

This text is so familiar that it is easy to miss all its paradox, mystery, suffering, and beauty; it rewards careful reading and meditation outside corporate worship. The tune's composer, chapel organist at Windsor Castle, had much experience in creating a royal sound.

Christ Arose

CHRIST AROSE
Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1 Low in the grave He lay,
Je - sus, my Sav - ior!
Wait - ing the Vain - ly they
Je - sus, my Sav - ior!
He tore the

2 Vain - ly they watched His bed,
Je - sus, my Sav - ior!
3 Death could not keep his prey,
Je - sus, my Sav - ior!

1 com - ing day,
Je - sus, my Lord!
2 sealed the dead,
Je - sus, my Lord!
3 bars a - way,
Je - sus, my Lord!

He a - rose,
Up from the grave He a - rose,

With a might - y tri - umph o'er His foes;
He a - rose a vic - tor from the
He a - rose;

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

rose!
He a - rose!
He a - rose!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - - rose!