

*Surrexit Christus Hodie:
Festive Hymns for Eastertide*

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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 Love's redeeming work is done; Alleluia!
fought the fight, the battle won; Alleluia!
death in vain forbids him rise; Alleluia!
Christ hath opened paradise. Alleluia!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Alleluia!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Alleluia!
death in vain forbids him rise; Alleluia!
Christ hath opened paradise. Alleluia!

4 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!

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

6 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!

I Know that My Redeemer Lives

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
what comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all-glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing;
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

7 He lives and grants me daily breath;
He lives and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there.

8 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same.
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

Alleluia! The Strife is O'er

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;
the victory of life is won;
the song of triumph has begun. Alleluia!

2 The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
but Christ their legions hath dispersed:
let shouts of holy joy outburst. Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
he rises glorious from the dead:
all glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
the bars from heav'n's high portals fell:
let hymns of praise his triumphs tell. Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
from death's dread sting thy servants free,
that we may live and sing to thee. Alleluia!

Be Joyful, Mary

1 Be joyful, Mary, heav'nly Queen, gaude Maria.
Thy son who died was living seen, Alleluia!
Laetare, O Maria!

2 The Son thou bar'st by heaven's grace, gaude Maria.
didst all our guilt and sin erase, Alleluia!
Laetare, O Maria!

3 The Lord hath risen from the dead, gaude Maria.
He rose in glory as he said, Alleluia!
Laetare, O Maria!

4 Now pray to God, O Virgin fair, gaude Maria.
That he our souls to heaven bear, Alleluia!
Laetare, O Maria!

O Sons and Daughters

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

1 O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heav'n, the glorious King,
o'er death today rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

2 That Easter morn at break of day,
the faithful women went their way
to seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
who sat and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

4 That night th'apostles met in fear;
amidst them came their Lord most dear,
and said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
how they had seen the risen Lord,
he doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;
my hands, my feet, I show to thee;
not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
he saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
and yet whose faith hath constant been;
for they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days,
to God your hearts and voices raise
in laud and jubilee and praise.
Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

At the Lamb's High Feast

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd Side;
Praise we Him, whose love divine,
Gives His sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

Christ the Lord is Risen Today (Victimae Paschali)

1 Christ the Lord is ris'n today,
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet,
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
Christ is ris'n today, we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

2 Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled,
Whilst in fierce and bloody strife,
Met together death and Life.
Christians, on this happy day,
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
Christ is ris'n today, we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

3 Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns forevermore.
Hail! eternal Hope on high!
Hail! Thou King of Victory!
Hail! Thou Prince of Life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord!

This Joyful Eastertide

1. This joyful Eastertide,
away with sin and sorrow!
My Love, the Crucified,
hath sprung to life this morrow.

Refrain:

Had Christ, that once was slain,
ne'er burst his three-day prison,
our faith had been in vain;
but now is Christ arisen,
arisen, arisen, arisen.

2. Death's flood hath lost its chill,
since Jesus crossed the river:
Lover of souls, from ill
my passing soul deliver. (Refrain)

3. My flesh in hope shall rest,
and for a season slumber,
till trump from east to west
shall wake the dead in number. (Refrain)

Good Christian Men, Rejoice and Sing

1 Good Christian men, rejoice and sing!
Now is the triumph of our King:
To all the world glad news we bring:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

2 The Lord of Life is risen for ay:
Bring flowers of song to strew his way;
Let all mankind rejoice and say:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

3 Praise we in songs of victory
That Love, that Life, which cannot die,
And sing with hearts uplifted high:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

4 Thy name we bless, O risen Lord,
And sing today with one accord
The life laid down, the life restored:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

1 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Let them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

A Hymn of Glory Let Us Sing

1 A hymn of glory let us sing;
New songs throughout the world shall ring:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ, by a road before untrod.
Ascendeth to the throne of God.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

2 The holy apostolic band
Upon the Mount of Olives stand;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
And with His followers they see
Jesus' resplendent majesty.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 To whom the angels, drawing nigh,
"Why stand and gaze upon the sky?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This is the Savior," thus they say;
"This is His noble triumph-day."
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 "Again shall ye behold Him so
As ye today have seen Him go.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
In glorious pomp ascending high
Up to the portals of the sky."
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

5 Oh, grant us thitherward to tend
And with unwearied hearts ascend,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Unto Thy kingdom's throne, where Thou,
As is our faith, art seated now.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

6 Be Thou our Joy and strong Defense,
Who art our future Recompense:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
So shall the light that springs from Thee
Be ours through all eternity.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

7 O risen Christ, ascended Lord,
All praise to Thee let earth accord,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Who art, while endless ages run,
With Father and with Spirit One.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Come, Holy Ghost

1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry
To Thee, the gift of God most high,
The fount of life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.
The soul's anointing from above.

3 The seven-fold gifts of grace are Thine,
O finger of the hand divine;
True promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost the tongue with speech endow.
Who dost the tongue with speech endow.

4 Thy light to every thought impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate.
With deathless might invigorate.

5 Drive far away our wily foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.
No evil can our steps betide.

6 Make Thou to us the Father known;
Teach us th'eternal Son to own,
And Thee, whose name we ever bless,
Of both the Spirit, to confess.
Of both the Spirit, to confess.

7 Praise we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One:
And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

Jesus Christ is Risen Today

1 Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day; Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

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