

Jesus Christ is Risen Today

Jesus Christ is risen today,
Alleluia!

Our triumphant holy day;
Alleluia!

Who did once, upon the cross,
Alleluia!

Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

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!

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!

Sing we to our God above,
Alleluia!

Praise eternal as his love:
Alleluia!

Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Alleluia!

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

358 Because He Lives

Because I live, you also will live. John 14:19

1. God sent His Son— they called Him Je - sus; He came to
 2. How sweet to hold a new - born ba - by, And feel the
 3. And then one day I'll cross the riv - er; I'll fight life's

love, heal and for - give. He lived and died to buy my
 pride and joy he gives; But great - er still the calm as -
 fi - nal war with pain. And then, as death gives way to

par - don; An emp - ty grave is there to prove my Sav - ior lives.
 sur - ance: This child can face un - cer - tain days be - cause He lives.
 vic - t'ry, I'll see the lights of glo - ry and I'll know He reigns.

Refrain

Be - cause He lives I can face to - mor - row; Be - cause He

lives, all fear is gone. Be - cause I know He holds the

TEXT: Gloria Gaither and William J. Gaither
 MUSIC: William J. Gaither

RESURRECTION
 Irregular meter

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The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

Latin, pub. Cologne, c. 1695
Trans. by Francis Pott, 1861

VICTORY: 8. 8. 8. with Alleluia
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, 1591
Adapted by William H. Monk, 1861



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;
2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their le-gions hath dis-persed:
3. The three sad days have quick-ly sped; He ris - es glo - rious from the dead:
4. He closed the yawn-ing gates of hell; The bars from heaven's high por-tals fell:
5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy serv-ants free,



The song of tri - umph has be - gun.	Al - le - lu - ia!
Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst.	Al - le - lu - ia!
All glo - ry to our ris - en Head!	Al - le - lu - ia!
Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell.	Al - le - lu - ia!
That we may live and sing to Thee.	Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

