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Christ the Lord Is Risen Today!

1 "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day!" All on earth with an - gels say;
 2 Love's re-deem-ing work is done, fought the fight, the bat - tle won.
 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ has burst the gates of hell.
 4 Lives a - gain our glo - rious king! Where, O death, is now your sting?

raise your joys and tri - umphs high; sing, O heav'ns; and earth, re - ply.
 Lo! The sun's e - clipse is o'er. Lo! He sets in blood no more.
 Death in vain for - bids his rise; Christ has o - pened par - a - dise.
 Once he died our souls to save; where your vic - to - ry, O grave?

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n.
 Thee we greet triumphant now:
 hail, the resurrection, thou!

6 King of glory, soul of bliss,
 everlasting life is this:
 thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
 thus to sing, and thus to love!

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Blest Be the Tie That Binds

1 Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2 Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne we pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3 We share our mu - tual woes, our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
 4 From sor - row, toil, and pain, and sin we shall be free;

the u - ni - ty of heart and mind is like to that a - bove.
 our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our com - forts and our cares.
 and of - ten for each oth - er flows the sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 and per - fect love and friend - ship reign through all e - ter - ni - ty.

Text: John Fawcett, 1740–1817, alt.
 Music: Johann G. Nägeli, 1773–1836, adapt.

DENNIS
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Rise, O Sun of Righteousness

1 Rise, O Sun of righ - teous - ness; with your
 2 Rouse our hearts from slum - ber deep; may your
 3 Gath - er in your scat - tered flock; give us
 4 Burst the bars of stub - born pride; make the
 5 Hon - or, praise, and glo - ry be to the

might cre - a - tion bless. Shine up - on your church to - day,
 word with - in us leap. Give us voic - es to pro - claim
 wa - ter from the rock. Bless the u - ni - ty we share
 heav'n - ly path - way wide. Raise us up from sin and death
 ho - ly Trin - i - ty! May your gra - cious will be done:

Text: Christian David, et al.; tr. Frank W. Stoldt, b. 1958
 Music: Bohemian Brethren, *Kirchengeseng*, 1566
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SONNE DER GERECHTIGKEIT
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Come, Let Us Eat

Leader or All



1 Come, let us eat, for now the feast is spread,
 2 Come, let us drink, for now the wine is poured,
 3 In Je - sus' pres - ence now we meet and rest,
 4 Rise, then, to spread a - broad God's might - y word,

All



come, let us eat, for now the feast is spread.
 come, let us drink, for now the wine is poured.
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Leader or All



Our Lord's bod - y let us take to - geth - er,
 Je - sus' blood poured let us drink to - geth - er,
 In the pres - ence of our Lord we gath - er,
 Je - sus ris - en will bring in the king - dom,

All



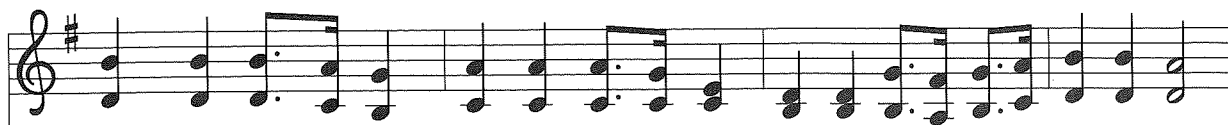
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 Je - sus' blood poured let us drink to - geth - er.
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Text: Billema Kwillia, b. 1925, sts. 1–3; Gilbert E. Doan Jr., b. 1930, st. 4, alt.; tr. Margaret D. Miller, b. 1927, sts. 1–3, alt.
 Music: A VA DE, Billema Kwillia, adapt.
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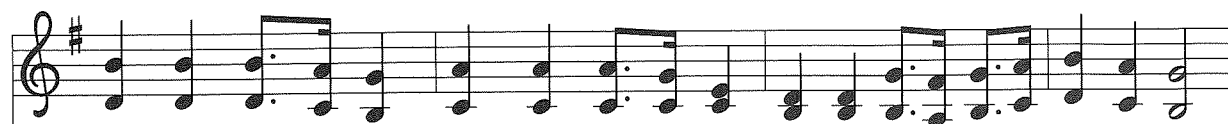
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What a Fellowship, What a Joy Divine

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms



- 1 What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
- 2 Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
- 3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear, lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms?



what a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.



Refrain



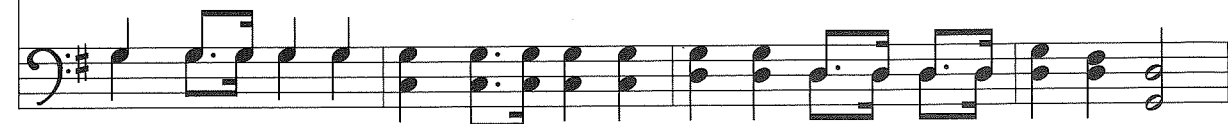
Lean - ing, lean - ing, safe and se-cure from all a - larms;



Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,




lean - ing, lean - ing, lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.




lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

Thine Is the Glory


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1 Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring Son; end - less is the
 2 Lo, Je - sus meets thee, ris - en from the tomb! Lov - ing - ly he
 3 No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of life; life is naught with-



vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won! An - gels in bright rai - ment
 greets thee, scat - ters fear and gloom; let his church with glad - ness
 out thee; aid us in our strife; make us more than con-qu'rors,




rolled the stone a - way, kept the fold - ed grave - clothes
 hymns of tri - umph sing, for the Lord now liv - eth;
 through thy death - less love; bring us safe through Jor - dan

Refrain



where thy bod - y lay.
 death hath lost its sting! Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring
 to thy home a - bove.



Son; end - less is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won!