

Opening Hymn

"Christ Has Arisen, Alleluia" *LSB 466*



1 Christ has a - ris - en, al - le - lu - ia.
 2 For three long days the grave did its worst
 3 The an - gel said to them, "Do not fear!
 4 "Go spread the news: He's not in the grave;
 5 Christ has a - ris - en; He sets us free;



Re - joice and praise Him, al - le - lu - ia.
 Un - til its strength by God was dis - persed.
 You look for Je - sus who is not here.
 He has a - ris - en this world to save.
 Al - le - lu - ia, to Him prais - es be.



For our Re - deem - er burst from the tomb,
 He who gives life did death un - der - go;
 See for your - selves the tomb is all bare;
 Je - sus' re - deem - ing la - bors are done;
 Je - sus is liv - ing! Let us all sing;



E - ven from death, dis - pel - ling its gloom.
 And in its con - quest His might did show.
 On - ly the grave cloths are ly - ing there."
 E - ven the bat - tle with sin is won."
 He reigns tri - um - phant, heav - en - ly King.

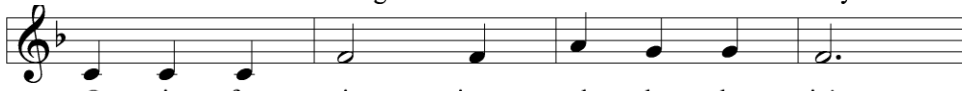
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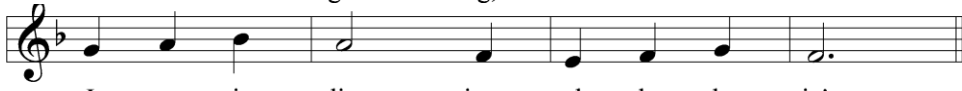
Let us sing praise to Him with end - less joy;



Death's fear - ful sting He has come to de - stroy.



Our sin for - giv - ing, al - le - lu - ia!



Je - sus is liv - ing, al - le - lu - ia!

Hymn

“O Sons and Daughters of the King” *LSB 470*



1 O sons and daugh - ters of the King, Whom heav'n - ly
 2 That Eas - ter morn, at break of day, The faith - ful
 3 An an - gel clad in white they see, Who sits and
 4 That night the a - pos - tles met in fear; A - mong them



hosts in glo - ry sing, To - day the grave has lost its sting!
 wom - en went their way To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.
 speaks un - to the three, “Your Lord will go to Gal - i - lee.”
 came their mas - ter dear And said, “My peace be with you here.”



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

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

6 “My piercèd side, O Thomas, see,
 And look upon My hands, My feet;
 Not faithless but believing be.”
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

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Hymn of the Day

“O Sons and Daughters of the King” *LSB 470*



7 No long - er Thom - as then de - nied; He saw the
 8 How blest are they who have not seen And yet whose
 9 On this most ho - ly day of days Be laud and



feet, the hands, the side; “You are my Lord and God!” he cried.
 faith has con - stant been, For they e - ter - nal life shall win.
 ju - bi - lee and praise: To God your hearts and voic - es raise.



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Text and tune: Public domain

Offering

"Come, You Faithful, Raise the Strain" LSB 487



1 Come, you faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri - um-phant glad - ness!
 2 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst His pris - on
 3 Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
 4 For to - day a - mong His own Christ ap - peared, be - stow - ing
 5 Al - le - lu - ia! Now we cry To our King im - mor - tal,



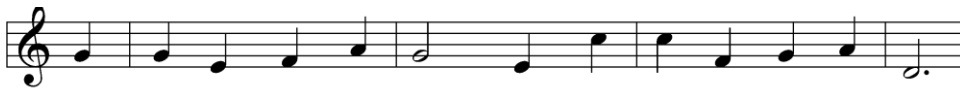
God has brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness,
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun has ris - en;
 With the roy - al feast of feasts Comes its joy to ren - der;
 His deep peace, which ev - er - more Pass - es hu - man know - ing.
 Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal.



Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters,
 All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
 Comes to glad - den faith-ful hearts Which with true af - fec - tion
 Nei - ther could the gates of death Nor the tomb's dark por - tal
 Come, you faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness!



Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His light, to whom is giv'n Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 Wel - come in un - wea - ried strain Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion!
 Nor the watch - ers nor the seal Hold Him as a mor - tal.
 God has brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness!



1 The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad,
 2 Let hearts be purged of e - vil That we may see a - right
 3 Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful, Let earth its song be - gin,
 △ 4 All praise to God the Fa - ther, All praise to God the Son,



The pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The pass - o - ver of God.
 The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light
 Let all the world keep tri - umph And all that is there - in.
 All praise to God the Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One!



From death to life e - ter - nal, From sin's do - min - ion free,
 And, lis - t'ning to His ac - cents, May hear, so calm and plain,
 Let all things, seen and un - seen, Their notes of glad - ness blend;
 Let all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the throne



Our Christ has brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
 His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
 For Christ the Lord has ris - en, Our joy that has no end!
 And hon - or, pow'r, and glo - ry As - cribe to God a - lone!