

Opening Hymn

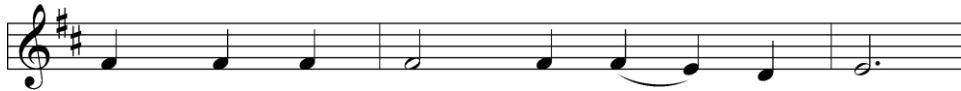
“The Strife Is O’er, the Battle Done” *LSB 464*



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



1 The strife is o’er, the bat - tle done;
 2 The pow’rs of death have done their worst,
 3 The three sad days have quick - ly sped,



Now is the vic - tor’s tri - umph won;
 But Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed.
 He ris - es glo - rious from the dead.

The Refrain is repeated after st. 5.



Now be the song of praise 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!

4 He broke the age-bound chains of hell;
 The bars from heav’n’s high portals fell.
 Let hymns of praise His triumph 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! Refrain

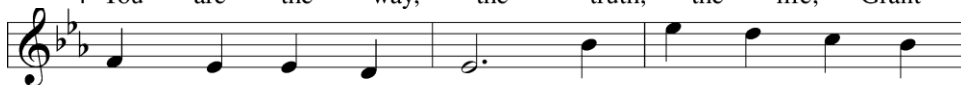
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Hymn of the Day

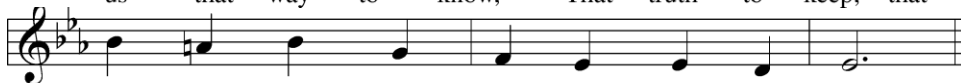
“You Are the Way; through You Alone” *LSB 526*



1 You are the way; through You a - lone Can
 2 You are the truth; Your Word a - lone True
 3 You are the life; the emp - ty tomb Pro -
 4 You are the way, the truth, the life; Grant



we the Fa - ther find; In You, O Christ, has
 wis - dom can im - part; You on - ly can in -
 claims Your con - qu’ring arm, And those who put their
 us that way to know, That truth to keep, that



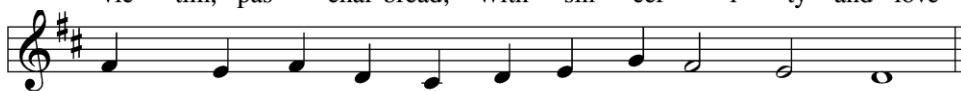
God re - vealed His heart and will and mind.
 form the mind And pu - ri - fy the heart.
 trust in You Not death nor hell shall harm.
 life to win Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.



1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to
 2 Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His
 3 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dread
 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal



our vic - to - rious King, Who has washed us in the tide
 sa - cred blood for wine, Gives His bod - y for the feast—
 an - gel sheathes the sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - umphant go
 vic - tim, pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i - ty and love



Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Eat we man - na from a - bove. Al - le - lu - ia!

5 Mighty Victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath You lie;
 You have conquered in the fight,
 You have brought us life and light.
 Alleluia!

6 Now no more can death appall,
 Now no more the grave enthrall;
 You have opened paradise,
 And Your saints in You shall rise.
 Alleluia!

7 Easter triumph, Easter joy!
 This alone can sin destroy From sin's pow'r,
 Lord, set us free,
 Newborn souls in You to be.
 Alleluia!

△8 Father, who the crown shall give,
 Savior, by whose death we live,
 Spirit, guide through all our days:
 Three in One, Your name we praise.
 Alleluia!

“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!

Closing Hymn

“All the Earth with Joy Is Sounding” *LSB* 462



1 All the earth with joy is sound - ing: Christ has ris - en
 2 Christ, the dev - il's might un - wind - ing, Leaves be - hind His
 3 Je - sus, au - thor of sal - va - tion, Shared in our hu -
 4 Praise the Lord, His reign com - menc - es, Reign of life and



from the dead! He, the great - er Jo - nah, bound - ing
 bor - rowed tomb. Strong - er He, the strong man bind - ing,
 man - i - ty; Crowned with ra - diant ex - al - ta - tion,
 lib - er - ty— Pas - chal Lamb, for our of - fens - es,



From the grave, His three - day bed, Wins the prize:
 Takes, dis - arms his house of doom; In the rout
 Now He shares His vic - to - ry! From His face
 Slain and raised to set us free! Ev - er - more



Death's de - mise— Songs of tri - umph fill the skies.
 Cast - ing out Pow'rs of dark - ness, sin, and doubt.
 Shines the grace Meant for all our fall - en race.
 Bow be - fore Christ, the Lord of Life a - dore!