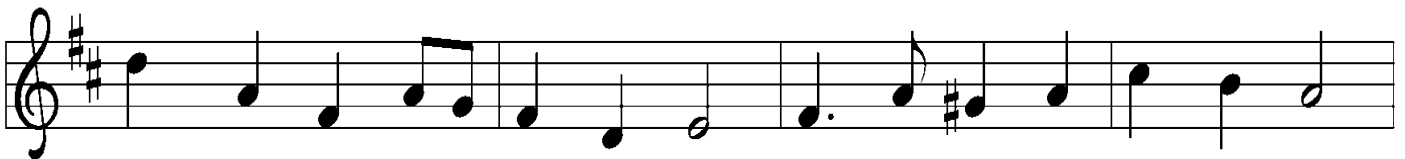


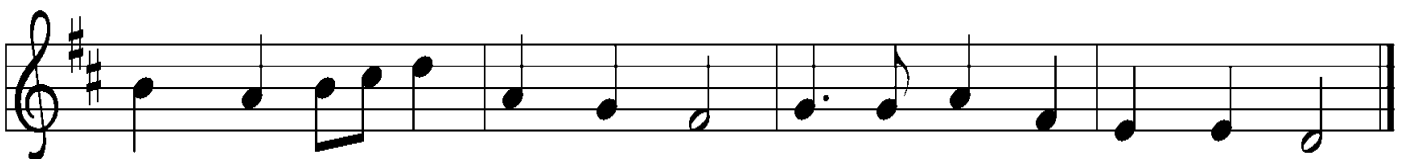
Hallelujah! Jesus Lives!



- 1 Hal-le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives! He is now the Liv - ing One;
- 2 Je - sus lives! Why do you weep? Why that sad and mourn - ful sigh?
- 3 Je - sus lives! And thus, my soul, life e - ter - nal waits for you;
- 4 Je - sus lives! Let all re - joice. Praise him, ran - somed of the earth.
- 5 Hal-le - lu - jah! An - gels, sing! Join with us in hymns of praise.



from the gloom-y halls of death Christ, the con - quer - or, has gone,
 Christ who died our broth - er here lives our broth - er still on high,
 joined to Christ, your liv - ing head, where he is, you shall be too;
 Praise him in a no - bler song, cher - u - bim of heav'n-ly birth.
 Let your cho - rus swell the strain which our fee - bler voic - es raise:



bright fore - run - ner to the skies of his peo - ple, yet to rise.
 lives for - ev - er to be - stow bless - ings on his church be - low.
 with the Lord, at God's right hand, as a vic - tor you shall stand.
 Praise the vic - tor king, whose sway sin and death and hell o - bey.
 Glo - ry to our God a - bove and on earth his peace and love!

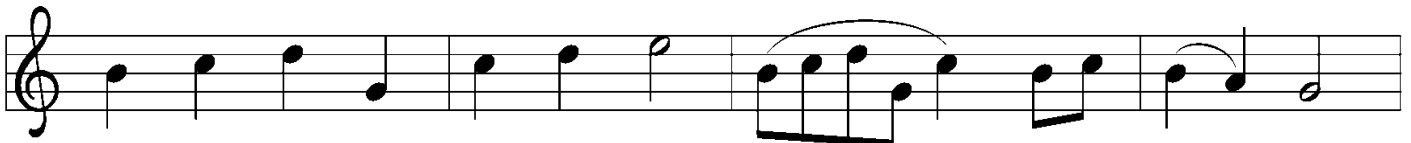
Jesus Christ Is Risen Today



1 Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3 But the pains which he en - dured, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4 Sing we to our God a - bove, Al - le - lu - ia!



our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 un - to Christ, our heav'n - ly king, Al - le - lu - ia!
 our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - le - lu - ia!
 praise e - ter - nal as his love; Al - le - lu - ia!



who did once up - on the cross, Al - le - lu - ia!
 who en - dured the cross and grave, Al - le - lu - ia!
 now a - bove the sky he's king, Al - le - lu - ia!
 praise him, all you heav'n - ly host, Al - le - lu - ia!



suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!
 sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - le - lu - ia!
 where the an - gels ev - er sing. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Al - le - lu - ia!

This Is My Father's World



1 This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-t'ning ears all
 2 This is my Fa-ther's world; the birds their car-ols raise; the
 3 This is my Fa-ther's world; oh, let me not for-get that,



na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
 morn - ing light, the lil - y white, de - clare their mak - er's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the rul - er yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought of
 This is my Fa-ther's world; he shines in all that's fair. In the
 This is my Fa-ther's world; why should my heart be sad? The

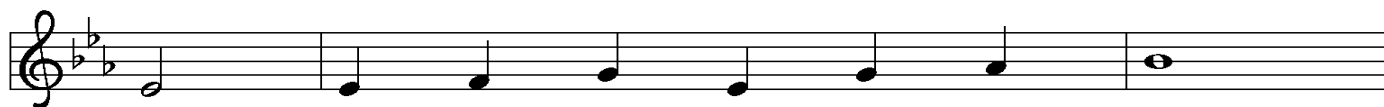


rocks and trees, of skies and seas; his hand the won - ders wrought.
 rus - tling grass I hear him pass; he speaks to me ev-'ry-where.
 Lord is king, let heav - en ring; God reigns, let earth be glad!

Text: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1858–1901

Music: TERRA PATRIS, Franklin L. Sheppard, 1852–1930, adapt.

Now All the Vault of Heaven Resounds



1 Now all the vault of heav'n re - sounds
 2 E - ter - nal is the gift he brings,
 3 Oh, fill us, Lord, with daunt - less love;
 4 A - dor - ing prais - es now we bring



in praise of love that still a - bounds: "Christ has
 there - fore our heart with rap - ture sings: "Christ has
 set heart and will on things a - bove that we
 and with the heav'n - ly bless - ed sing: "Christ has



tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!" Sing, choirs of
 tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!" Now still he
 con - quer through your tri - umph; grant grace suf -
 tri - umphed! Al - le - lu - ia!" Be to the



an - gels, loud and clear! Re - peat their song of glo - ry
 comes to give us life and by his pres - ence stills all
 fi - cient for life's day that by our lives we tru - ly
 Fa - ther, and our Lord, to Spir - it blest, most ho - ly



here: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
 strife. "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
 say: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"
 God, all the glo - ry, nev - er end - ing!



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

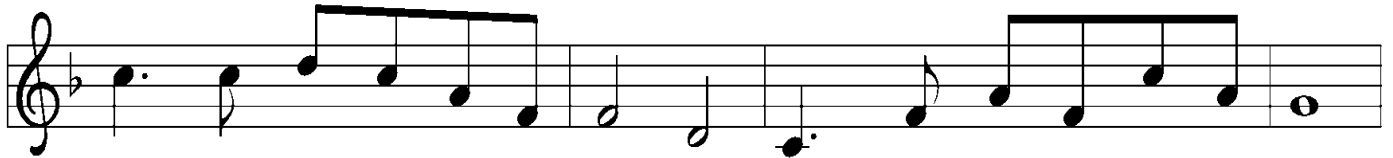
Text: Paul Z. Strodach, 1876–1947, alt.

Music: LASST UNS ERFREUEN, *Geistliche Kirchengesänge*, Köln, 1623

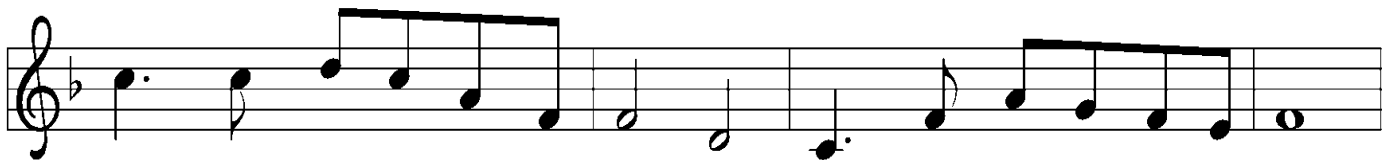
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What a Friend We Have in Jesus



- 1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
- 2 Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
- 3 Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en, cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged—take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge—take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit; oh, what need - less pain we bear—
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do your friends de - spise, for - sake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer.



all be - cause we do not car - ry ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness—take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield you; you will find a so - lace there.

Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee



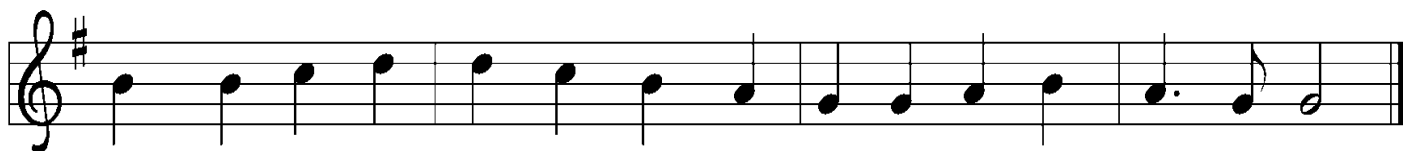
- 1 Joy - ful, joy - ful we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love!
- 2 All thy works with joy sur - round thee, earth and heav'n re - flect thy rays,
- 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,



Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore thee, prais - ing thee, their sun a - bove.
 stars and an - gels sing a - round thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean - depth of hap - py rest!



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, drive the gloom of doubt a - way.
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our broth - er, all who live in love are thine;



Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day.
 chant - ing bird, and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - joice in thee.
 teach us how to love each oth - er, lift us to the joy di - vine!