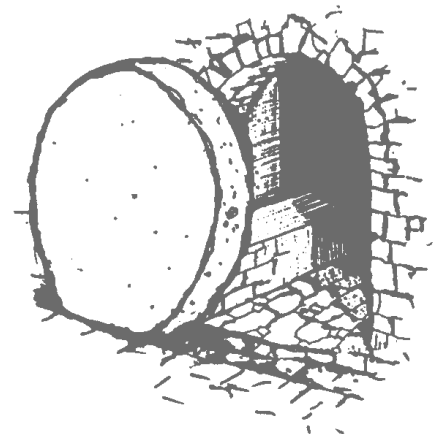


Hymns for Easter

- 1. There Is a Green Hill Far Away*
- 2. Come, Ye Saints, Behold and Wonder*
- 3. Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay*
- 4. Christ Our King Is Risen This Day*
- 5. I Know That My Redeemer Lives*
- 6. O Ye That Are Weary*
- 7. Saviour, Redeemer of My Soul*
- 8. What Will We Give?*
- 9. The Earth Was Still That Easter Morn*
- 10. What Sacred, Holy Hour Is This*



There Is a Green Hill Far Away

(John 19:16-20 ; Hebrews 13:12)

Lyrics by Cecil F. Alexander (1818-1895), alt.

Music by Andrew Moore

Reverently ♩ = 112

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains he had to bear,
 3. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin.

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved! And we must love him too,

And trust in his re - deem - ing blood, And try his works to do.

Come, Ye Saints, Behold and Wonder

Jubilant ♩ = 108

*Lyrics by Thomas Kelly (1769-1855), alt.
Music by Andrew Moore*

1. Come, ye saints, be - hold and won - der See the place where Je - sus lay:
 2. Je - sus tri - umphs! sing ye prais - es By His death He o - ver - came;
 3. Je - sus tri - umphs! count-less le - gions Come from Heav'n to meet their King;

He has burst His bands a - sun - der; He has borne our sins a - way;
 Thus the Lord His glo - ry rais - es, Thus His foes are filled with shame;
 Soon, in yon - der bless - ed re - gions, They shall join His praise to sing:

Joy - ful ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, Yes, the Lord has ris'n to - day!
 Sing ye prais - es, sing ye prais - es, Prais - es to the Vic - tor's Name!
 Songs e - ter - nal, songs e - ter - nal, Shall through Heav'n's high arch - es ring!

Joy - ful ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, Yes, the Lord has ris'n to - day!
 Sing ye prais - es, sing ye prais - es, Prais - es to the Vic - tor's Name!
 Songs e - ter - nal, songs e - ter - nal, Shall through Heav'n's high arch - es ring!

Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay

(Luke 24 : 1-8)

Lyrics by Thomas Kelly (1769-1855), alt.

Music by Andrew Moore

Resolutely $\text{♩} = 60$

1. Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an - gel - ic
 2. O joy - ful sound! O glo - rious hour, When by His own al -
 3. The first be - got - ten of the dead, For us He rose, our
 4. No more they trem - ble at the grave, For Je - sus will their

watch - ers say, "He lives, _____ who once _____ was slain: _____
 might - y pow'r He rose _____ and left _____ the grave! _____
 glo - rious Head, Im - mor - - - tal life _____ to bring: _____
 spir - its save, And raise _____ their slum - - - b'ring dust _____

Why seek the liv - ing 'midst the dead? Re - mem - ber how the
 Now let our songs His tri - umph tell, Who burst the bands of
 What though the saints like Him shall die, They share their lead - er's
 O ris - en Lord, in Thee we live, To Thee our ran - somed

Sav - iour said That He _____ would rise _____ a - gain."
 death and hell, And ev - - - er lives _____ to save.
 vic - to - ry, And tri - - - umph with _____ their King.
 souls we give, To Thee _____ our hearts _____ en - trust.

Christ Our King Is Risen This Day

Verses 1 & 4: Jubilant $\bullet = 94$
 Verses 2 & 3: Reverently

Lyrics & Music by
 Andrew Moore

1. Christ our King is ris'n this day, Re - jice! Re - jice, 'tis Ea - ster morn.
 2. In the gar - den Je - sus knelt in fer - vent prayer to God a - bove,
 3. On the cross they cru - ci - fied our be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Je - sus Christ.
 4. Christ, our Sav - iour lives this day, our re - sur - rec - ted Lord and Friend.

Spread the word through - out each na - tion; joy - ous news for - ev - er - more.
 There a - toned for all man - kind; the price of sin, He paid, through love.
 On the cross He bled and died; A self - less act of sac - ri - fice.
 He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Death no more shall be the end.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Prais - es sing to Fa - ther in Heav'n,
 In our striv - ings for per - fec - tion, through our Lord's re - deem - ing — grace,
 In the tomb His bod - y lay, where mor - tal hands would harm no — more.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Proph - ec - ies of old, ful - filled.

To His child - ren, through His Son, the gift of life is giv'n.
 Life e - ter - nal, ex - alt - a - tion, may our souls ob - tain.
 Through His pow'r to con - quer death, great works con - ti - nue forth.
 Jus - tice served and mer - cy shown if we now do His will.

I Know That My Redeemer Lives

(Job 19:25, Psalm 104:33-34)

Lyrics by Samuel Medley (1738-1799)

Music by Andrew Moore

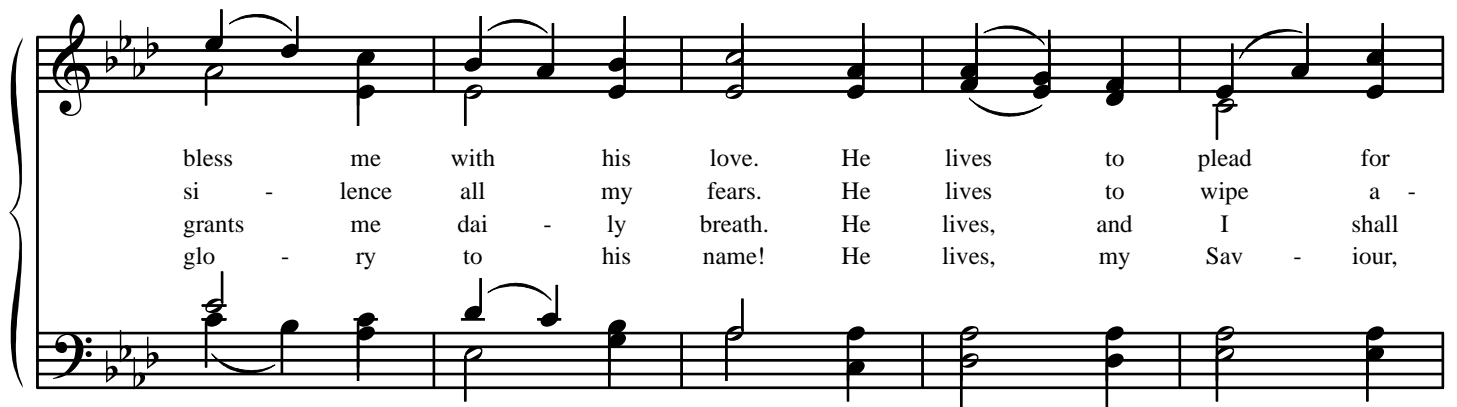
Earnestly ♩ = 92

I know that my Re - deem - er lives. What com - fort
 He lives to grant me rich sup - ply. He lives to
 He lives, my kind, wise heav'n - ly Friend. He lives and
 He lives! All glo - ry to his name! He lives, my

this sweet sen - tence gives! He lives, he lives, who once was
 guide me with his eye. He lives to com - fort me when
 loves me to the end. He lives, and while he lives, I'll
 Sav - iour, still the same. Oh, sweet the joy this sen - tence

dead. He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head. He lives to
 faint. He lives to hear my soul's com - plaint. He lives to
 sing. He lives, my Proph - et, Priest, and King. He lives and
 gives: "I know that my Re - deem - er lives!" He lives! All

I Know That My Redeemer Lives - 2



bless me with his love. He lives to plead for
si - lence all my fears. He lives to wipe a -
grants me dai - ly breath. He lives, and I shall
glo - ry to his name! He lives, my Sav - iour,



me a - bove. He lives my hun - gry soul to
way my tears. He lives to calm my trou - bled
con - quer death. He lives my man - sion to pre -
still the same. Oh, sweet the joy this sen - tence



feed. He lives to bless in time of need.
heart. He lives all bless - ings to im - part.
pare. He lives to bring me safe - ly there.
gives: "I know that my Re - deem - er lives!"

O Ye That Are Weary

(Matthew 11:28)

Lyrics by Francis Bottome (1823-1894), alt.

Music by Andrew Moore

Peacefully ♩ = 80

1. O ye that are wea - ry and lad - en of soul,
 2. Oh, cease from your an - guish, ye toil - ers for life,
 3. Then come to the Sav - iour, ye wea - ry and worn,
 4. My rest, bless - ed Sav - iour! oh, sweet rest at last,

Now come to the foun - tain that mak - eth you whole;
 For vain is your la - bour and fruit - less your strife;
 Your bur - dens and sor - rows for you He hath borne;
 Like calm on the o - cean when tem - pest is past:

There is peace in be - liev - ing, there's rest in His name,
 No — hope can they bring you, no joy to your heart;
 No — an - guish that pierc - eth but pierced Him be - fore,
 The morn - ing light break - eth in joy from a - bove,

There's heal - ing for all in the blood of the Lamb.
 For none but the Sav - iour can rest - ing im - part.
 No thorn is so sharp as the crown which He wore.
 And light - eth my soul with His rain - bow of love!

Saviour, Redeemer of My Soul

Lyrics by Orson F. Whitney (1855-1931)
 Music by Andrew Moore

Reverently ♩ = 88

1. Sav - iour, Re - deem - er of my soul, Whose might - y
 2. Nev - er can I re - pay thee, Lord, But I can
 3. O'er - rule mine acts to serve thine ends. Change frown - ing

hand hath made me whole, Whose won - drous pow'r hath raised me
 love thee. Thy pure word, Hath it not been my one de -
 foes to smil - ing friends. Chas - ten my soul till I shall

up And filled with sweet my bit - ter cup! What tongue my
 light, My joy by day, my dream by night? Then let my
 be In per - fect har - mo - ny with thee. Make me more

grat - i - tude can tell, O gra - cious God of Is - ra - el.
 lips pro - claim it still, And all my life re - flect thy will.
 wor - thy of thy love, And fit me for the life a - bove.

What Will We Give?

Lyrics by Susan Noyes Anderson

Music by Andrew Moore

Solemnly ♩ = 68

1. The Sav - ior in Geth - sem - a - ne con - sumed our sins on
 2. Christ sealed His gift in grief and pain, re - newed each heart in
 3. His tem - ples pierced by thorn - y crown, He laid His tor - tured
 4. The tomb re - ceived Him as her own; dis - ci - ples wa - vered,

bend - ed knee, took eve - ry sor - row, eve - ry loss and
 sa - cred rain of Liv - ing Wa - ter, life - blood spilled. The
 bod - y down. The sa - cred flesh, a - bused and torn, roused
 left a - lone, for - get - ting prom - is - es pro - found: The

broke them on the rough - hewn cross.
 ran - som, paid. The law, ful - filled.
 heav'n and earth to weep, to mourn.
 ties of death would be un - bound.

verses 1-5 verse 6 only

5. For Christ the Lord atoned for all;
 no grave could hold Him, nor forestall
 the blessings of eternity.
 He lived! He lives! to set men free.

6. A Brother gave Himself in love.
 The risen Lord now waits above.
 What will we give? May our lives be
 reflections of His charity.

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The Earth Was Still That Easter Morn

Reverently ♩ = 88-92

Lyrics by Emily Middleton Doegey

Music by Andrew Moore

1. The earth was still that East - er morn, When Christ our
 2. For us His blood was free - ly shed, A sac - ri -
 3. He freed our spir - its from the grave, And broke the
 4. This self - less act of love for us, Tran - scends through

Sav - ior rose a - gain. He o - ver - came the
 fice no man could make. He gave His bod - y
 bonds of death and hell, If we would come with
 end - less time and space. A tes - ta - ment to

sting of death, And paid the debt for hu - man sin.
 and His will, To God the Fa - ther for our sake.
 bro - ken heart And take His name up - on our - selves.
 all man - kind, Who come to en - ter heav - en's gate.

What Sacred, Holy Hour Is This

Lyrics by John V. Pearson
Music by Andrew Moore

Reverently ♩ = 92 - 98

1. What sa - cred, ho - ly hour was this When Je - sus met with
2. What sa - cred, ho - ly hour was this When Je - sus pled with
3. What sa - cred, ho - ly hour was this When Je - sus was un -
4. What sa - cred, ho - ly hour is this As we, dis - ci - ples

cho - sen friends And washed their feet, and prayed for those Who'd
all His soul? Which words were meant for men to hear And
just - ly tried And scourged, and scorned, and crowned with thorns, And
of the Lord U - nite with Him and take a - gain These

love Him to the end? _____ How great the hour when Je - sus gave His
which for God a - lone? _____ What sa - cred ho - ly hour was this? What
mocked and cru - ci - fied? _____ What soul was ran - somed by this life? What
to - kens of His love? _____ What sa - cred ho - ly hour is this? We

