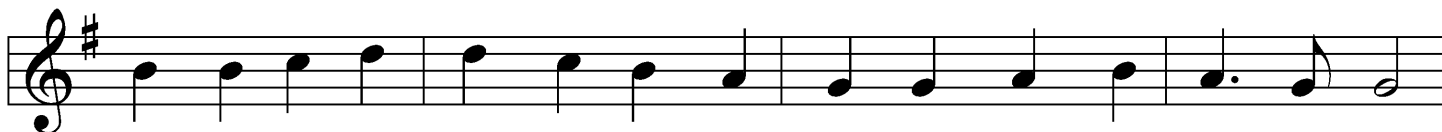


# Alleluia, Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven

LSB 477



1 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise:  
2 Al - le - lu - ia, Christ is ris - en! Death at last has met de - feat:  
△ 3 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high:



Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
See the an-cient pow'rs of e - vil In con - fu - sion and re - treat;  
Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - ior Who has gained the vic - to - ry;



He who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled—  
Once He died, and once was bur-ied: Now He lives for - ev - er - more,  
Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty!



Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.  
Je - sus Christ, the world's Re - deem - er, Whom we wor - ship and a - dore.  
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia To the tri - une Maj - es - ty!

Text (sts. 1, 3): Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85; (st. 2): rev. The Jubilate Group

Tune: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770–1827; adapt. Edward Hodges, 1796–1867

Text (st. 2): © 1982 The Jubilate Group, admin. Hope Publishing Co. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110000749

Text (sts. 1, 3) and tune: Public domain

# O Sons and Daughters of the King

LSB 470 sts. 1, 4–8



1 O sons and daugh - ters of the King, Whom heav'n - ly  
4 That night the a - pos - tles met in fear; A - mong them  
5 When Thom - as first the tid - ings heard That they had  
6 "My pierc - ed side, O Thom - as, see, And look up -



hosts in glo - ry sing, To - day the grave has lost its sting!  
came their mas - ter dear And said, "My peace be with you here."  
seen the ris - en Lord, He doubt - ed the dis - ci - ples' word.  
on My hands, My feet; Not faith - less but be - liev - ing be."



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!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;  
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;  
"You are my Lord and God!" he cried.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen  
And yet whose faith has constant been,  
For they eternal life shall win.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

# These Things Did Thomas Count as Real

LSB 472



1 These things did Thom - as count as real: The  
2 The vi - sion of his skept - tic mind Was  
3 His rea - soned cer - tain - ties de - nied That  
4 May we, O God, by grace be - lieve And



warmth of blood, the chill of steel, The grain of wood, the  
keen e-nough to make him blind To an - y un - ex -  
one could live when one had died, Un - til his fin - gers  
thus the ris - en Christ re - ceive, Whose raw im - print - ed



heft of stone, The last frail twitch of flesh and bone.  
pect - ed act Too large for his small world of fact.  
read like braille The mark - ings of the spear and nail.  
palms reached out And beck - oned Thom - as from his doubt.

Text: Thomas H. Troeger, 1945

Tune: Stephen R. Johnson, 1966

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# He's Risen, He's Risen

LSB 480



1 He's ris - en, He's ris - en, Christ Je - sus, the Lord;  
2 The foe was tri - um - phant when on Cal - va - ry  
3 But short was their tri - umph; the Sav - ior a - rose,  
4 O, where is your sting, death? We fear you no more;  
△ 5 Then sing your ho - san - nas and raise your glad voice;



He o - pened death's pris - on, the in - car - nate, true Word.  
The Lord of cre - a - tion was nailed to the tree.  
And death, hell, and Sa - tan He van - quished, His foes.  
Christ rose, and now o - pen is fair E - den's door.  
Pro - claim the blest tid - ings that all may re - joice.



Break forth, hosts of heav - en, in ju - bi - lant song  
In Sa - tan's do - main did the hosts shout and jeer,  
The con - quer - ing Lord lifts His ban - ner on high;  
For all our trans - gres - sions His blood does a - tone;  
Laud, hon - or, and praise to the Lamb that was slain:



And earth, sea, and moun - tain their prais - es pro - long.  
For Je - sus was slain, whom the e - vil ones fear.  
He lives, yes, He lives, and will nev - er - more die.  
Re - deemed and for - giv - en, we now are His own.  
With Fa - ther and Spir - it He ev - er shall reign.

Text: C. F. W. Walther, 1811–87, abr.; tr. Anna M. Meyer, 1867–1941, alt.

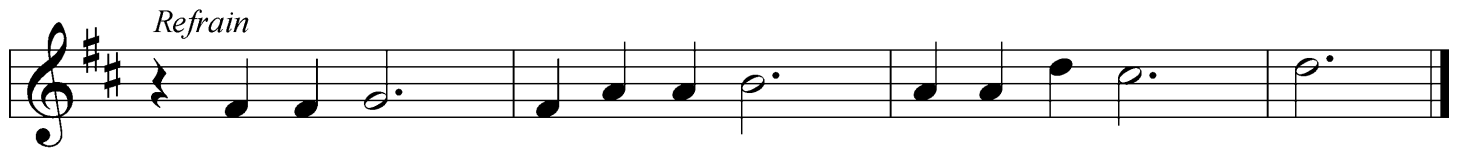
Tune: C. F. W. Walther, 1811–87

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# The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

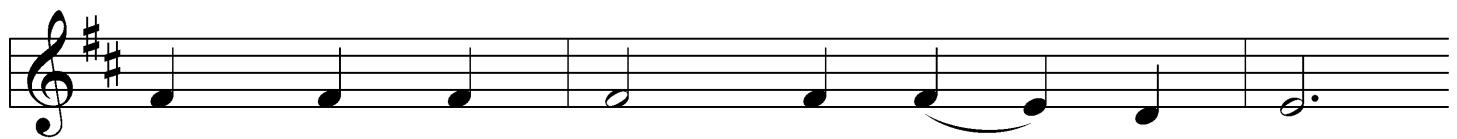
LSB 464



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.



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