

# 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

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# 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 skep - 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, 1945–2022

Tune: Stephen R. Johnson, 1966

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# The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

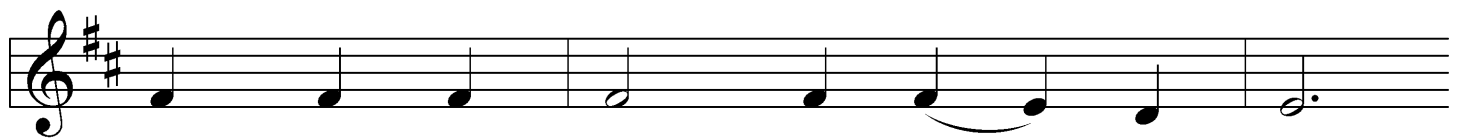
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Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!



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