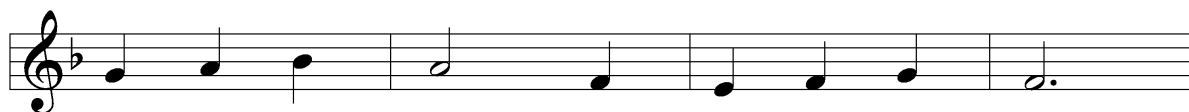


# Christ Has Arisen, Alleluia

LSB 466



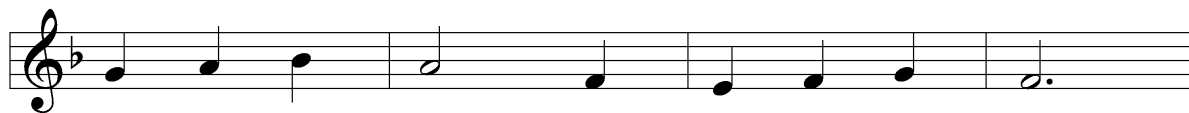
1 Christ has a - ris - en, al - le - lu - ia.  
2 For three long days the grave did its worst  
3 The an - gel said to them, "Do not fear!  
4 "Go spread the news: He's not in the grave;  
5 Christ has a - ris - en; He sets us free;



Re - joice and praise Him, al - le - lu - ia.  
Un - til its strength by God was dis - persed.  
You look for Je - sus who is not here.  
He has a - ris - en this world to save.  
Al - le - lu - ia, to Him prais - es be.

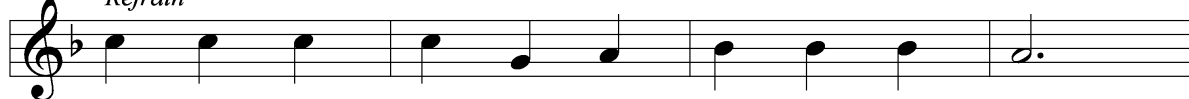


For our Re - deem - er burst from the tomb,  
He who gives life did death un - der - go;  
See for your - selves the tomb is all bare;  
Je - sus' re - deem - ing la - bors are done;  
Je - sus is liv - ing! Let us all sing;



E - ven from death, dis - pel - ling its gloom.  
And in its con - quest His might did show.  
On - ly the grave cloths are ly - ing there."  
E - ven the bat - tle with sin is won."  
He reigns tri - um - phant, heav - en - ly King.

## *Refrain*



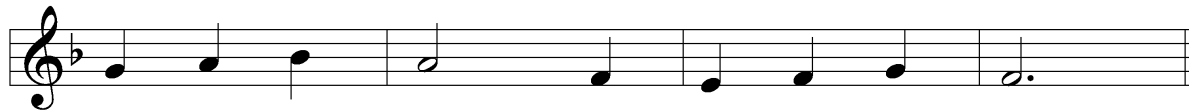
Let us sing praise to Him with end - less joy;



Death's fear - ful sting He has come to de - stroy.



Our sin for - giv - ing, al - le - lu - ia!



Je - sus is liv - ing, al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Bernard Kyamanywa, 1938–2021; tr. Howard S. Olson, 1922–2010

Tune: Tanzanian

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Tune: Public domain

# At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

LSB 633



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 - um-phant 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!

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!

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!

△ 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!

# The Gifts Christ Freely Gives

LSB 602



1 The gifts Christ free - ly gives He gives to you and me  
2 The gifts flow from the font Where He calls us His own;  
3 The gifts of grace and peace From ab - so - lu - tion flow;  
4 The gifts are there each day The ho - ly Word is read;



To be His Church, His bride, His cho - sen, saved and free!  
New life He gives that makes Us His and His a - lone.  
The pas - tor's words are Christ's For us to trust and know.  
God's chil - dren lis - ten, hear, Re - ceive, and they are fed.



Saints blest with these rich gifts Are chil - dren who pro - claim  
Here He for - gives our sins With wa - ter and His Word;  
For - give - ness that we need Is grant - ed to us there;  
Christ fills them with Him - self, Blest words that give them life,



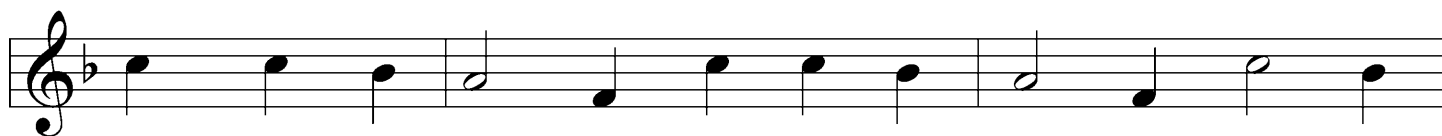
That they were won by Christ And cling to His strong name.  
The tri - une God Him - self Gives pow'r to call Him Lord.  
The Lord of mer - cy sends Us forth in His blest care.  
Re - stor - ing and re - fresh - ing Them for this world's strife.

5 The gifts are in the feast,  
Gifts far more than we see;  
Beneath the bread and wine  
Is food from Calvary.  
The body and the blood  
Remove our ev'ry sin;  
We leave His presence in  
His peace, renewed again.

6 All glory to the One  
Who lavishes such love;  
The triune God in love  
Assures our life above.  
His means of grace for us  
Are gifts He loves to give;  
All thanks and praise for His  
Great love by which we live!

# In Thee Is Gladness

LSB 818



1 In Thee is glad - ness A - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus,  
2 Since He is ours, \_\_\_\_\_ We fear no pow - ers, Not of



sun - shine of my heart. By Thee are giv - en The gifts of  
earth nor sin nor death. He sees and bless - es In worst dis -



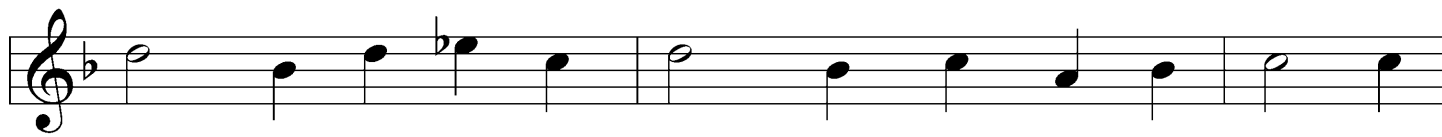
heav - en, Thou the true Re - deem - er art. Our souls Thou  
tress - es; He can change them with a breath. Where - fore the



wak - est, Our bonds Thou break - est; Who trusts Thee sure - ly Has built se -  
sto - ry Tell of His glo - ry With hearts and voic - es; All heav'n re -



cure - ly; He stands for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are  
joic - es In Him for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for



pin - ing To see Thy shin - ing, Dy - ing or liv - ing  
glad - ness, Tri - umph o'er sad - ness, Love Him and praise Him



To Thee are cleav - ing; Naught can us sev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!  
And still shall raise Him Glad hymns for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!