

Christ the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain.
Hark, angelic voices cry,
singing evermore on high, *Alleluia*.

He who gave for us his life,
who for us endured the strife,
is our paschal Lamb today;
we too sing for joy, and say *Alleluia*.

He who bore all pain and loss
comfortless upon the cross,
lives in glory now on high,
pleads for us, and hears our cry: *Alleluia*.

He who slumbered in the grave
is exalted now to save;
now through Christendom it rings
that the Lamb is King of kings. *Alleluia*.

Now he bids us tell abroad
how the lost may be restored,
how the penitent forgiven
how we too may enter heaven. *Alleluia*.

Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, thy ransomed people feed;
take our sins and guilt away:
let us sing by night and day *Alleluia*.

*Michael Weisse (c.1480-1534),
translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)*

Love's redeeming work is done;
fought the fight, the battle won:
lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
lo, he sets in blood no more!

The hymns are from Ancient & Modern: Hymns and Songs for Refreshing Worship

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
following our exalted Head;
made like him, like him we rise;
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
thee we greet triumphant now;
hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Christ is alive! Let Christians sing.

The cross stands empty to the sky.
Let streets and homes with praises ring.
Love, drowned in death, shall never die.

Christ is alive! No longer bound
to distant years in Palestine,
but saving, healing, here and now,
and touching every place and time.

In every insult, rift, and war,
where colour, scorn, or wealth divide,
Christ suffers still, yet loves the more,
and lives, where even hope has died.

Women and men, in age and youth,
can feel the Spirit, hear the call,
and find the way, the life, the truth,
revealed in Jesus, freed for all.

Christ is alive, and comes to bring
good news to this and every age,
till earth and sky and ocean ring
with joy, with justice, love, and praise.

Brian Wren (b.1936)

Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky;

heaven thunders forth its victor-cry:

Alleluia, alleluia.

The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
and groaning hell makes wild reply:

*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia, alleluia.*

That Eastertide with joy was bright,
the sun shone out with fairer light,

Alleluia, alleluia.

when, to their longing eyes restored,
the glad apostles saw their Lord:

*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia, alleluia.*

He bade them see his hands, his side,
where yet the glorious wounds abide;

Alleluia, alleluia.

the tokens true which made it plain
their Lord indeed was risen again:

*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia, alleluia.*

Jesu, the King of gentleness,
do thou thyself our hearts possess,

Alleluia, alleluia.

that we may give thee all our days
the tribute of our grateful praise:

*Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,
alleluia, alleluia.*

All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
from death to endless life restored;

Alleluia, alleluia.

all praise to God the Father be
and Holy Ghost eternally:

John Mason Neale (1818-1866)