

Hymn Lyrics – Large Font

Hymn 265 – Hail the day that sees Christ rise

1. Hail the day that sees Christ rise, hallelujah! To the throne in paradise hallelujah! Christ the Lamb for sinners given, hallelujah! Enters now the highest heaven. hallelujah!
2. Christ, for you high triumph waits, hallelujah! Lift your heads, eternal gates; hallelujah! You have conquered death and sin: hallelujah! Enter, Sovereign, enter in. hallelujah!
3. See the nail-marked hands above, hallelujah! Signs of God's redeeming love; hallelujah! Hark, Christ's words our hearts assure, hallelujah! "I will send a Comforter!" hallelujah!
4. Christ, for us still intercede; hallelujah! By your suffering for us plead; hallelujah! Near yourself prepare a place, hallelujah! As the first-fruits of God's grace. hallelujah!
5. Now, though parted from our sight, hallelujah! In the depths of starry night, hallelujah! May God raise us up again, hallelujah! Heirs of your eternal reign. hallelujah!

Hymn 332- O Lord my God!/ How great thou art

1. O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder consider all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, thy power throughout the universe displayed, then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee, How great thou art! How great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee, How great thou art! How great thou art!
2. When through the woods and forest glades I wander and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees, when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur and hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze, then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee, How great thou art! How great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee, How great thou art! How great thou art!
3. And when I think that God his Son not sparing, sent him to die, I scarce can take it in, that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing, he bled and died to take away my sin, then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee, How great thou art! How great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee, How great thou art! How great thou art!
4. When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in humble adoration, and there proclaim, my God, how great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee, How great thou art! How great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee, How great thou art! How great thou art!

Hymn 368 – Let Christian faith and hope dispel

1. Let Christian faith and hope dispel the fears of guilt and woe; the Lord Almighty is our friend, and who can prove a foe?
2. The savior died, but rose again triumphant from the grave, and pleads our cause at God's right hand, omnipotent to save.
3. Who then can e'er divide us more from Jesus' saving love, or break the sacred chain that binds the earth to heaven above?
4. Let troubles rise and terrors frown, and days of darkness fall; through Christ all dangers we'll defy, and more than conquer all.
5. Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell, nor time's destroying sway can e'er erase us from his heart or make his love decay.
6. Each future period that will bless as it has blessed the past; Christ loved us from the first of time; Christ loves us to the last.

Hymn 258 – Thine be the glory

1. Thine be the glory, risen, conquering son, endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won; angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away, kept the folded grave clothes, where thy body lay. Thine be the glory, risen, conquering son; endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.
2. Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb; lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom; let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing, for her Lord now liveth; death has lost its sting. Thine be the glory, risen, conquering son, endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.
3. No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life; life is nought without thee: aid us in our strife; make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love: bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above. Thine be the glory, risen, conquering son; endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.