



Geoffrey Bingham

- 1. Oh Father! Oh Father! we come in
our wonder,
To join with the angels who sang
at His birth.
We learn the great anthem they
sang from the glory
To shepherds who trembled with
joy on the earth.**

- 2. You sent Your great angel to
speak to the virgin,
You took the sweet maiden You
chose in Your grace.
She bore our dear Sovereign—the
scion of Jesse—
Our loving Redeemer, the King of
our race.**



**3. To Mary and Joseph the angels
brought tidings,
The tidings the prophets had ever
foretold;
The hope of the ages was born in a
manger,
The news of His coming was heard
in the fold.**

**4. The sword of His sorrow pierced
Mary His mother,
The fire of baptism raged in His
soul.
The Cross and its suff'ring, the
Tomb and its silence,
The Father had planned as His
love's highest goal.**



**5. Come Mary and Joseph, come
Simon and Anna!
Come Magi and shepherds, come
heaven and earth!
Come all the new-born of all the
creation!
Shout praise to the Father for
Jesus' dear birth!**

**6. Raise louder and louder the
anthem of wonder:
All creatures cry 'Glory!' to
Yahweh's great grace!
All nations fall down to the praise
of His glory,
Cry, 'Jesus is born the King of our
race!'**

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**Johann Heerman, 1585–1647
tr. Robert Seymour Bridges, 1844–1930**

- 1. Ah, holy Jesu,
How hast Thou offended,
That man to judge Thee,
Hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided,
By Thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.**

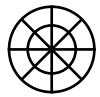
- 2. Who was the guilty?
Who brought this upon Thee?
Alas, my treason,
Jesu, hath undone Thee;
'Twas I, Lord Jesu,
I it was denied Thee:
I crucified Thee.**



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- 3. Lo, the good Shepherd
For the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinnèd,
And the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement,
While he no thing heedeth,
God intercedeth.**

 - 4. For me, kind Jesu,
Was Thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow,
And Thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish
And Thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.**

 - 5. Therefore, kind Jesu,
Since I cannot pay Thee,
I do adore Thee,
And will ever pray Thee,
Think on my pity
And Thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.**



Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

- 1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?**

- 2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!**

- 3. Well might the sun in darkness
hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker
died
For man the creature's sin.**



**4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear Cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.**

**5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.**

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Charles Wesley, 1707–88, alt.

1. **All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should
die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow
like His.**

2. **For what you have done
His blood must atone:
The Father hath given for you His dear
Son:
The Lord, in the day
Of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb and He bore
them away.**



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- 3. He answered for all:
O come at His call,
And low at His cross with
 astonishment fall.
But lift up your eyes
At Jesus' cries:
Impassive He suffers; immortal He dies.**
- 4. He dies to atone
For sins not His own.
Your debt He hath paid, and your work
 He hath done:
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession: 'My Father,
 forgive.'**
- 5. For you and for me
He prayed on the tree:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is
 free.
The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not
 deny.**



**6. My pardon I claim;
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace;
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in
my place!**

**7. His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath
answered for me:
My ransom He was
When He bled on the cross:
And by losing His life He has carried
my cause.**



Geoffrey Bingham

**1. Angel wings, beating my face,
Forcing me into grace.
Dear eyes, loving my soul,
Drawing me to the goal.**

***Strong Word, piercing my brain,
Bringing me holy shame.
Pain's cry, welling within,
Lifting me out of sin.***

**2. Red hands, clotted with blood,
Thrusting me up to God.
Angel wings, beating my face,
Forcing me into grace.**

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Anon., Italian, c. 1815
tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78, alt.

- 1. Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.**

- 2. Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.**

- 3. Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Did the world redeem.**

- 4. Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.**



- 5. Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.**

- 6. Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.**

- 7. Let us lift our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.**



Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 1. God of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in Thy passion find:
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the Friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.**

- 2. Endless scenes of wonder rise
From that mysterious Tree,
Crucified before our eyes,
Where we our Maker see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast Thou
done?
Publish we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never love like Thine!**



**3. Never love nor sorrow was
Like that my Saviour showed:
See Him stretched on yonder
Cross,
And crushed beneath our load!
Now discern the Deity,
Now His heavenly birth declare!
Faith cries out: 'Tis He, 'tis He,
My God, that suffers there!**

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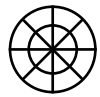


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**Kay Carney (nee Robinson)
Ephesians 2:13ff.**

- 1. He is our peace, Jesus is our
peace,
For He's broken down the wall of
hostility:
He is our peace.**

- 2. You, who once were far off,
you, who once were far off,
Are brought near in the blood of
Christ Jesus:
He is our peace.**

- 3. He has reconciled us, He has
reconciled us.
Through the Cross He brought us
back to the Father:
He is our peace.**

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Charles Homer Gabriel, 1856–1932

- 1. I stand amazed in the presence
Of Jesus the Nazarene,
And wonder how He could love me,
A sinner, condemned, unclean.**

***How marvellous! how wonderful!
And my song shall ever be;
How marvellous! how wonderful!
Is my Saviour's love for me!***

- 2. For me it was in the garden
He prayed, 'Not My will, but Thine,'
He had no tears for His own griefs,
But sweat drops of blood for mine.**

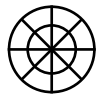
- 3. In pity angels beheld Him,
And came from the world of light
To comfort Him in the sorrows
He bore for my soul that night.**



**4. He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calv'ry,
And suffered and died alone.**

***How marvellous! how wonderful!
And my song shall ever be;
How marvellous! how wonderful!
Is my Saviour's love for me!***

**5. When with the ransomed in glory
His face I at last shall see,
'Twill be my joy through the ages
To sing of His love for me.**



Geoffrey Bingham

**1. Is it nothing to you—all you who
pass by,
Is it nothing to you I am God?
Is it nothing to you I am Man
among men,
Who open the tide of My blood?
Is it nothing to you I created the
worlds,
Breathed the spirit of life into
clay?
Set the oceans apart and made the
dry land,
Created the night and the day?
Created the night and the day?**



**2. Is it nothing to you that My Father
and I**

**Were one in our counsel as God,
And planned this sad day in the
face of your sin,**

**When all you deserved was His
Rod?**

**Is it nothing to you, as now you
pass by,**

**That I am the curse of your guilt,
The sin of your souls, and the filth
of your mind,**

**For which My heart's blood is now
spilt?**

**For which My heart's blood is now
spilt?**



**3. Is it nothing to you that I bear all
the wrath**

**Of the God who is holy and pure
On sin that defiles, on sin that
destroys,**

**That its judgement is what I
endure?**

**Is it nothing to you that His love is
in Me,**

**That this pain is the proof of My
love,**

**That I bear in My heart the hate of
your mind,**

To bring you to Father above?

To bring you to Father above?



**4. Do you see in My wounds the
wounds of your heart,
In My eyes the sorrows of sin,
The grief of your evil, the balm for
your shame,
The healing of all that's within?
Will you pass by this Cross, cry
'Cursèd of God!'
Ignore all the mercy of Love,
Ignore too, His wrath that in mercy
is poured
Through the tide of My very
heart's blood?
Through the tide of My very
heart's blood?**



**5. Oh! Stay at this Cross, gaze fully
thereon,
See all that is yours to receive,
Cry, ‘Dear Lamb of God, I give all I
am,
Now Saviour, I fully believe.’
Is it nothing to you—you others
who pass,
Whilst I hang for your sin and your
guilt?
Is it nothing to you I am Man
amongst men,
Whose blood for your cleansing is
spilt?
Whose blood for your cleansing is
spilt?**

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William Walsham How, 1823–97

- 1. It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come
from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.**

- 2. And yet I know that it is true;
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And toiled and suffered pain and
died
For love of those who loved Him
not.**

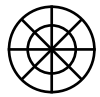
- 3. I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.**



**4. It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.**

**5. And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.**

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Philip P. Bliss, 1838–76

- 1. ‘Man of sorrows,’ wondrous name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!**

- 2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!**

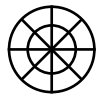
- 3. Guilty, vile, and helpless, we:
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
‘Full atonement!’—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!**

- 4. ‘Lifted up’ was He to die,
‘It is finished!’ was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!**



**5. When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!**

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Brian Arthur

- 1. Our Lord was lifted up
As serpent, filled with sin,
Sin's blackest night was His,
That holy love be born:
O Lord our God,
Your grace and love
Has taken flesh
And vict'ry won.**

- 2. Dear Lord, we hear Your cry,
Forsaken from on high;
What horror filled Your heart!
What vile cup You drained!
O Lord our God,
Our anger stops,
Sin's dry extremes
Have lost their hold.**

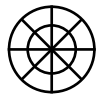


**3. Deep into guilt's black pit—
Where conscience knows no
rest—
Your Word has brought its cure,
And all our strivings cease.
O Lord our God,
Your rest complete,
Your finished cry
Our hearts will keep.**

**4. So now our hearts rejoice,
Your love-song fills the earth.
Never was love like Yours,
Never was grace so clear:
O Lord our God,
Before Your throne
We all our days
Will gladly spend.**

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Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855

- 1. Stricken, smitten and afflicted,
See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected,
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
'Tis the long expected Prophet,
David's Son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis the true and faithful Word.**

- 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,
Was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause
 disowning,
Foes insulting His distress;
Many hands were raised to wound
 Him,
None would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced
 Him
Was the stroke that Justice gave.**



- 3. Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of Man, and Son of God.**
- 4. Here we have a firm foundation,
Here the refuge of the lost,
Christ's the Rock of our salvation:
His the name of which we boast;
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Him their hope have built.**



Horatius Bonar, 1806–89

- 1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom save Thee,
Who canst alone for sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?**

- 2. Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.
To whom save Thee,
Who canst alone for sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?**



**3. Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God.**

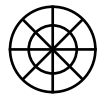
**To whom save Thee,
Who canst alone for sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?**

**4. Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.**

**To whom save Thee,
Who canst alone for sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?**

**5. Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.**

**To whom save Thee,
Who canst alone for sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?**

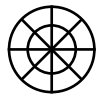


Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 1. 'Tis finished! the Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not His own:
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.**
- 2. 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement
made;
God for a guilty world hath died.**
- 3. The veil is rent in Christ alone;
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.**
- 4. The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.**



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- 5. The reign of sin and death is o'er,
And all may live from sin set free;
Satan hath lost his mortal power;
'Tis swallowed up in victory.**
- 6. Saved from the legal curse I am,
My Saviour hangs on yonder tree:
See there the meek, expiring
Lamb!
'Tis finished! He expires for me.**
- 7. Accepted in the Well-beloved,
And clothed in righteousness
divine,
I see the bar to heaven removed;
And all Thy merits, Lord, are mine.**
- 8. Death, hell, and sin are now
subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And lo, I plead the atoning blood,
And in Thy right I claim Thy
heaven!**



Anne Ross Cousin, 1824–1906

- 1. To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing;
For He the lonely winepress trod,
Our cup of joy to bring.
His glorious Arm the strife
 maintained,
He marched in might from far;
His robes were with the vintage
 stained,
Red with the wine of war.**

- 2. To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing;
For He invaded Death's abode,
And robbed him of his sting.
The house of dust enthral's no
 more,
For He, the Strong to save,
Himself doth guard that silent
 door,
Great Keeper of the grave.**



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- 3. To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing;
For He hath crushed beneath His
rod
The world's proud rebel king.
He plunged in His imperial
strength
To gulfs of darkness down;
He brought His trophy up at
length,
The foiled usurper's crown.**
- 4. To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing;
For He redeemed us with His
Blood
From every evil thing.
Thy saving strength His Arm
upbore,
The Arm that set us free;
Glory, O God, for evermore
Be to Thy Christ and Thee.**



Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855

- 1. We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride:
For this we count the world but loss.**

- 2. Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters: God is love.
He bears our sins upon the tree:
He brings us mercy from above.**

- 3. The Cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.**

- 4. It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.**



**5. The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.**

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Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

- 1. When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.**

- 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me
 most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.**

- 3. See from His head, His hands, His
 feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled
 down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a
 crown?**



**4. His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.**

**5. Were the whole realm of nature
mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.**

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Michael Weisse, 1480–1534
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78

1. **Christ the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain:
Hark! the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high:
*Hallelujah!***

2. **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:
*Hallelujah!***

3. **He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
*Hallelujah!***



- 4. He whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell,
Who the strong man armed hath
bound,
Now in highest heaven is crowned:
*Hallelujah!***

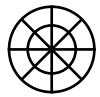
- 5. He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
*Hallelujah!***

- 6. Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven:
*Hallelujah!***



**7. Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, today Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye:
*Hallelujah!***

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Charles Wesley, 1707–88

1. **‘Christ the Lord is risen today,’
Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say!
Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.
*Hallelujah!***

2. **Love’s redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun’s eclipse is o’er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!**

3. **Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.**



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- 4. Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?**
- 5. Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.**
- 6. King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.**



Anon., *Lyra Davidica*, 1708
based on a 14th cent. MS, alt.
v. 4: Charles Wesley, 1707–88

1. **Jesus Christ is risen today,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah!
Who so lately on the cross
Hallelujah!
Suffered to redeem our loss,
*Hallelujah!***

2. **Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly king,
Who endured the cross and grave
Sinners to redeem and save.**

3. **But the pain that He endured
Our salvation has procured;
Now exalted He is king,
And the angels ever sing:**



**4. Sing we to our God above
Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love;
Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Hallelujah!
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
*Hallelujah!***

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Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1715–69
tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1812–97

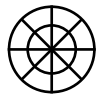
- 1. Jesus lives! thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
*Hallelujah!***
- 2. Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
*Hallelujah!***
- 3. Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
*Hallelujah!***



**4. Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life nor death nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
*Hallelujah!***

**5. Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
*Hallelujah!***

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Robert Lowry, 1826–99

1. **Low in the grave He lay,
Jesus, my Saviour;
Waiting the coming day,
Jesus, my Lord.**

***Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a victor from the dark
domain,
And He lives for ever with His saints
to reign:
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah!
Christ arose!***

2. **Vainly they watch His bed,
Jesus, my Saviour;
Vainly they seal the dead,
Jesus, my Lord.**



**3. Death cannot keep his prey,
Jesus, my Saviour;
He tore the bars away,
Jesus, my Lord.**

***Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a victor from the dark
domain,
And He lives for ever with His saints
to reign:
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah!
Christ arose!***



Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85

- 1. See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heav'nly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.**
- 2. Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the Cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose.
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.**



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- 3. While He lifts His hands in
blessing,
He is parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God and
pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.**
- 4. Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.**



**5. He has raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the Throne:
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,
We by faith behold our own.**

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**6. Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen,
And to see, beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory
Standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr army,
Succouring His faithful band;**



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- 7. See Him, who is gone before us,
Heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, who is ever pleading,
For us with prevailing prayer,
See Him who, with sound of
trumpet,
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to
judgement,
On the clouds will come again.**
- 8. Lift us up from earth to Heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds
uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel.**



**9. So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
Flocking round our Heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.**

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**10. Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To One God in Persons Three
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory be.**



Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum, 1695
tr. Francis Pott, 1832–1909

- 1. The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
Now be the song of praise begun,
*Hallelujah!***

- 2. The powers of death have done
their worst,
But Christ their legions hath
dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
*Hallelujah!***

- 3. The three sad days have quickly
sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
*Hallelujah!***



**4. He brake the age-bound chains of
hell;
The bars from heaven's high
portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph
tell.
*Hallelujah!***

**5. Lord, by the stripes which
wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy
servants free,
That we may live, and sing to
Thee,
*Hallelujah!***



Edmond Louis Budry, 1854–1932
tr. Richard Birch Hoyle, 1875–1939

**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 is living, 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.***



Edward Perronet, 1726–92
v. 7: John Rippon, 1751–1836

- 1. All hail the power of Jesu's name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.**
- 2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol Him in whose path ye trod,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.**
- 3. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.**

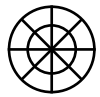


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- 4. Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.**

 - 5. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.**

 - 6. Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crownèd, crownèd, crownèd
Crownèd Lord of all.**

 - 7. O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all.**



Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 1. All thanks to the Lamb,
Who gives us to meet:
His love we proclaim,
His praises repeat;
We own Him our Jesus,
Continually near
To pardon and bless us
And perfect us here.**

- 2. In Him we have peace,
In Him we have power,
Preserved by His grace
Throughout the dark hour,
In all our temptation
He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation,
His fullness of love.**



**3. Through pride and desire
Unhurt we have gone,
Through water and fire
In Him we went on;
The world and the devil
Through Him we o'ercame,
Our Saviour from evil,
For ever the same.**

**4. O what shall we do
Our Saviour to love?
To make us anew,
Come, Lord, from above.
The fruit of Thy passion,
Thy holiness give,
Give us the salvation
Of all that believe.**



**5. Pronounce the glad word,
And bid us be free;
Ah! hast Thou not, Lord,
A blessing for me?
The peace Thou hast given
This moment impart,
And open Thy heaven
Of love in my heart.**

**6. Come, Jesus, and loose
The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us
The spiritual song;
Let us without ceasing
Give thanks for Thy grace,
And glory, and blessing,
And honour, and praise.**