

Entrance Hymn 369

“Christ the Lord Is Risen Today; Alleluia!”

Stanza 1 – All 2 – Women; all sing “alleluias” 3 – Men; all sing “alleluias” 4 – All



1 Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day; Al - le - lu - ia!
 2 For the sheep the Lamb has bled, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3 Christ, the vic - tim un - de - filed, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4 Chris-tians, on this ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!



Chris-tians, has - ten on your way; Al - le - lu - ia!
 sin - less in the sin - ner's stead. Al - le - lu - ia!
 God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled, Al - le - lu - ia!
 all your grate - ful hom - age pay; Al - le - lu - ia!



of - fer praise with love re - plete, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Al - le - lu - ia!
 when con - tend - ing death and life, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Al - le - lu - ia!



at the pas - chal vic - tim's feet. Al - le - lu - ia!
 now he lives, no more to die. Al - le - lu - ia!
 met in strange and awe - some strife. Al - le - lu - ia!
 now he lives, no more to die. Al - le - lu - ia!



1 My Shep - herd, you sup - ply my need; most ho - ly is your name.
 2 When I walk through the shades of death, your pres - ence is my stay;
 3 The sure pro - vi - sions of my God at - tend me all my days;



In pas - tures fresh you make me feed, be - side the liv - ing stream.
 one word of your sup - port - ing breath drives all my fears a - way.
 oh, may your house be my a - bode and all my work be praise.



You bring my wan - d'ring spir - it back when I for - sake your ways,
 Your hand, in sight of all my foes, does still my ta - ble spread;
 Here would I find a set - tled rest, while oth - ers go and come;



and lead me, for your mer - cy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.
 my cup with bless - ings o - ver - flows, your oil a - noints my head.
 no more a strang - er or a guest, but like a child at home.



1 O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der con - sid - er
 2 When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der, I hear the
 3 But when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, sent him to
 4 When Christ shall come, with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion, and take me



all the works thy hand hath made, I see the stars, I hear the might - y
 birds sing sweet - ly in the trees; when I look down from loft - y moun - tain
 die, I scarce can take it in, that on the cross my bur - den glad - ly
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -



thun - der, thy pow'r through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played;
 gran - deur and hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze;
 bear - ing he bled and died to take a - way my sin;
 ra - tion and there pro - claim, “My God, how great thou art!”

Refrain



Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to thee, how great thou



art! How great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to



thee, how great thou art! How great thou art!



1 The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness
 2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, my ran - somed
 3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, but yet in
 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill, with thee, dear



fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 soul he lead - eth and, where the ver - dant
 love he sought me, and on his shoul - der
 Lord, be - side me, thy rod and staff my



I am his and he is mine for - ev - er.
 pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 com - fort still; thy cross be - fore to guide me.

5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight;
 thine unction grace bestoweth;
 and, oh, what transport of delight
 from thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so, through all the length of days,
 thy goodness faileth never.
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
 within thy house forever.