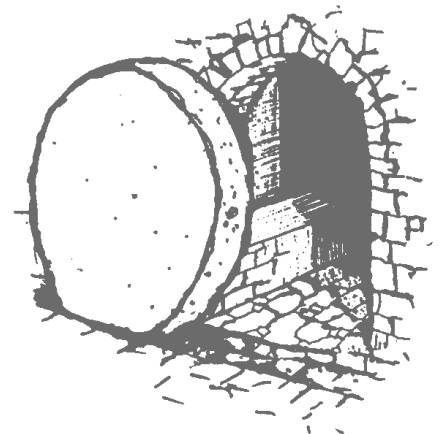


Hymns for Easter

A selection of Easter-themed hymns to new musical settings.

- 1. There Is a Green Hill Far Away*
- 2. Come, Ye Saints, Behold and Wonder*
- 3. Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay*
- 4. Christ Our King Is Risen This Day*
- 5. I Know That My Redeemer Lives*
- 6. O Ye That Are Weary*
- 7. Saviour, Redeemer of My Soul*
- 8. What Will We Give?*
- 9. The Earth Was Still That Easter Morn*
- 10. What Sacred, Holy Hour Is This*



There Is a Green Hill Far Away

(John 19:16-20 ; Hebrews 13:12)

Lyrics by Cecil F. Alexander (1818-1895), alt.

Music by Andrew Moore

Reverently ♩ = 112

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains he had to bear,
 3. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin.

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved! And we must love him too,

And trust in his re - deem - ing blood, And try his works to do.

Come, Ye Saints, Behold and Wonder

Jubilant ♩ = 108

*Lyrics by Thomas Kelly (1769-1855), alt.
Music by Andrew Moore*

1. Come, ye saints, be - hold and won - der See the place where Je - sus lay:
 2. Je - sus tri - umphs! sing ye prais - es By His death He o - ver - came;
 3. Je - sus tri - umphs! count-less le - gions Come from Heav'n to meet their King;

He has burst His bands a - sun - der; He has borne our sins a - way;
 Thus the Lord His glo - ry rais - es, Thus His foes are filled with shame;
 Soon, in yon - der bless - ed re - gions, They shall join His praise to sing:

Joy - ful ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, Yes, the Lord has ris'n to - day!
 Sing ye prais - es, sing ye prais - es, Prais - es to the Vic - tor's Name!
 Songs e - ter - nal, songs e - ter - nal, Shall through Heav'n's high arch - es ring!

Joy - ful ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, Yes, the Lord has ris'n to - day!
 Sing ye prais - es, sing ye prais - es, Prais - es to the Vic - tor's Name!
 Songs e - ter - nal, songs e - ter - nal, Shall through Heav'n's high arch - es ring!

Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay

(Luke 24 : 1-8)

Lyrics by Thomas Kelly (1769-1855), alt.

Music by Andrew Moore

Resolutely $\text{♩} = 60$

1. Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an - gel - ic
 2. O joy - ful sound! O glo - rious hour, When by His own al -
 3. The first be - got - ten of the dead, For us He rose, our
 4. No more they trem - ble at the grave, For Je - sus will their

watch - ers say, "He lives, _____ who once _____ was slain: _____
 might - y pow'r He rose _____ and left _____ the grave! _____
 glo - rious Head, Im - mor - - - tal life _____ to bring: _____
 spir - its save, And raise _____ their slum - - - b'ring dust _____

Why seek the liv - ing 'midst the dead? Re - mem - ber how the
 Now let our songs His tri - umph tell, Who burst the bands of
 What though the saints like Him shall die, They share their lead - er's
 O ris - en Lord, in Thee we live, To Thee our ran - somed

Sav - iour said That He _____ would rise _____ a - gain."
 death and hell, And ev - - - er lives _____ to save.
 vic - to - ry, And tri - - - umph with _____ their King.
 souls we give, To Thee _____ our hearts _____ en - trust.

Christ Our King Is Risen This Day

Verses 1 & 4: Jubilant $\bullet = 94$
 Verses 2 & 3: Reverently

Lyrics & Music by
 Andrew Moore

1. Christ our King is ris'n this day, Re - jice! Re - jice, 'tis Ea - ster morn.
 2. In the gar - den Je - sus knelt in fer - vent prayer to God a - bove,
 3. On the cross they cru - ci - fied our be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Je - sus Christ.
 4. Christ, our Sav - iour lives this day, our re - sur - rec - ted Lord and Friend.

Spread the word through - out each na - tion; joy - ous news for - ev - er - more.
 There a - toned for all man - kind; the price of sin, He paid, through love.
 On the cross He bled and died; A self - less act of sac - ri - fice.
 He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Death no more shall be the end.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Prais - es sing to Fa - ther in Heav'n,
 In our striv - ings for per - fec - tion, through our Lord's re - deem - ing — grace,
 In the tomb His bod - y lay, where mor - tal hands would harm no — more.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Proph - ec - ies of old, ful - filled.

To His child - ren, through His Son, the gift of life is giv'n.
 Life e - ter - nal, ex - alt - a - tion, may our souls ob - tain.
 Through His pow'r to con - quer death, great works con - ti - nue forth.
 Jus - tice served and mer - cy shown if we now do His will.

I Know That My Redeemer Lives

(Job 19:25, Psalm 104:33-34)

Lyrics by Samuel Medley (1738-1799)

Music by Andrew Moore

Earnestly ♩ = 92

I know that my Re - deem - er lives. What com - fort
 He lives to grant me rich sup - ply. He lives to
 He lives, my kind, wise heav'n - ly Friend. He lives and
 He lives! All glo - ry to his name! He lives, my

this sweet sen - tence gives! He lives, he lives, who once was
 guide me with his eye. He lives to com - fort me when
 loves me to the end. He lives, and while he lives, I'll
 Sav - iour, still the same. Oh, sweet the joy this sen - tence

dead. He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head. He lives to
 faint. He lives to hear my soul's com - plaint. He lives to
 sing. He lives, my Proph - et, Priest, and King. He lives and
 gives: "I know that my Re - deem - er lives!" He lives! All

I Know That My Redeemer Lives - 2

bless me with his love. He lives to plead for
si - lence all my fears. He lives to wipe a -
grants me dai - ly breath. He lives, and I shall
glo - ry to his name! He lives, my Sav - iour,

me a - bove. He lives my hun - gry soul to
way my tears. He lives to calm my trou - bled
con - quer death. He lives my man - sion to pre -
still the same. Oh, sweet the joy this sen - tence

feed. He lives to bless in time of need.
heart. He lives all bless - ings to im - part.
pare. He lives to bring me safe - ly there.
gives: "I know that my Re - deem - er lives!"

O Ye That Are Weary

*(Matthew 11:28)**Lyrics by Francis Bottome (1823-1894), alt.**Music by Andrew Moore**Peacefully* ♩ = 80

1. O ye that are wea - ry and lad - en of soul,
 2. Oh, cease from your an - guish, ye toil - ers for life,
 3. Then come to the Sav - iour, ye wea - ry and worn,
 4. My rest, bless - ed Sav - iour! oh, sweet rest at last,

Now come to the foun - tain that mak - eth you whole;
 For vain is your la - bour and fruit - less your strife;
 Your bur - dens and sor - rows for you He hath borne;
 Like calm on the o - cean when tem - pest is past:

There is peace in be - liev - ing, there's rest in His name,
 No — hope can they bring you, no joy to your heart;
 No — an - guish that pierc - eth but pierced Him be - fore,
 The morn - ing light break - eth in joy from a - bove,

There's heal - ing for all in the blood of the Lamb.
 For none but the Sav - iour can rest - ing im - part.
 No thorn is so sharp as the crown which He wore.
 And light - eth my soul with His rain - bow of love!

Saviour, Redeemer of My Soul

Lyrics by Orson F. Whitney (1855-1931)

Music by Andrew Moore

Reverently ♩ = 88

1. Sav - iour, Re - deem - er of my soul, Whose might - y
 2. Nev - er can I re - pay thee, Lord, But I can
 3. O'er - rule mine acts to serve thine ends. Change frown - ing

hand hath made me whole, Whose won - drous pow'r hath raised me
 love thee. Thy pure word, Hath it not been my one de -
 foes to smil - ing friends. Chas - ten my soul till I shall

up And filled with sweet my bit - ter cup! What tongue my
 light, My joy by day, my dream by night? Then let my
 be In per - fect har - mo - ny with thee. Make me more

grat - i - tude can tell, O gra - cious God of Is - ra - el.
 lips pro - claim it still, And all my life re - flect thy will.
 wor - thy of thy love, And fit me for the life a - bove.

What Will We Give?

Lyrics by Susan Noyes Anderson
 Music by Andrew Moore

Solemnly ♩ = 68

1. The Sav - ior in Geth - sem - a - ne con - sumed our sins on
 2. Christ sealed His gift in grief and pain, re - newed each heart in
 3. His tem - ples pierced by thorn - y crown, He laid His tor - tured
 4. The tomb re - ceived Him as her own; dis - ci - ples wa - vered,

bend - ed knee, took eve - ry sor - row, eve - ry loss and
 sa - cred rain of Liv - ing Wa - ter, life - blood spilled. The
 bod - y down. The sa - cred flesh, a - bused and torn, roused
 left a - lone, for - get - ting prom - is - es pro - found: The

broke them on the rough - hewn cross.
 ran - som, paid. The law, ful - filled.
 heav'n and earth to weep, to mourn.
 ties of death would be un - bound.

verses 1-5 verse 6 only

5. For Christ the Lord atoned for all;
 no grave could hold Him, nor forestall
 the blessings of eternity.
 He lived! He lives! to set men free.

6. A Brother gave Himself in love.
 The risen Lord now waits above.
 What will we give? May our lives be
 reflections of His charity.

The Earth Was Still That Easter Morn

Reverently ♩ = 88-92

Lyrics by Emily Rachel Middleton Doegey

Music by Andrew Moore

The earth was still that East - er morn, When Christ our
For us His blood was free - ly shed, A sac - ri -
He broke the bonds of death and hell, And freed our
This self - less act of love for us, Tran - scends through

Sav - ior rose a - gain. He o - ver - came the
fice no man could make. He gave His bod - y
spir - its from the grave, If we would come with
end - less time and space. A tes - ta - ment to

sting of death, And paid the debt for hu - man sin.
and His will, To God the Fa - ther for our sake.
bro - ken heart And take up - on our - selves His name.
all man - kind, Who come to en - ter heav - en's gate.

What Sacred, Holy Hour Is This

Lyrics by John V. Pearson
Music by Andrew Moore

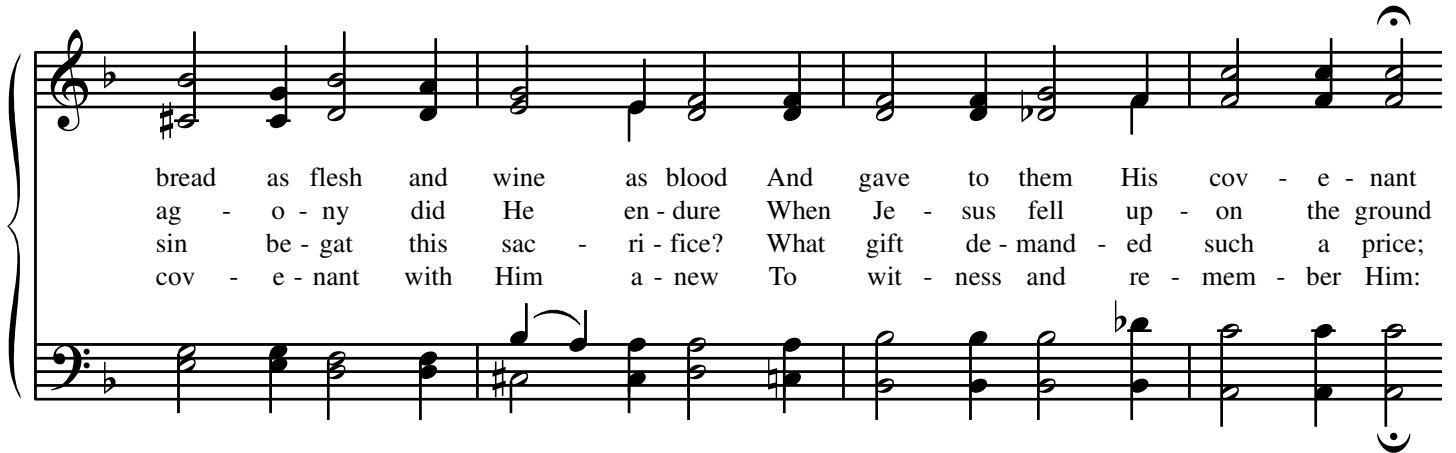
Reverently ♩ = 92

1. What sa - cred, ho - ly hour was this When Je - sus met with
2. What sa - cred, ho - ly hour was this When Je - sus pled with
3. What sa - cred, ho - ly hour was this When Je - sus was un -
4. What sa - cred, ho - ly hour is this As we, dis - ci - ples

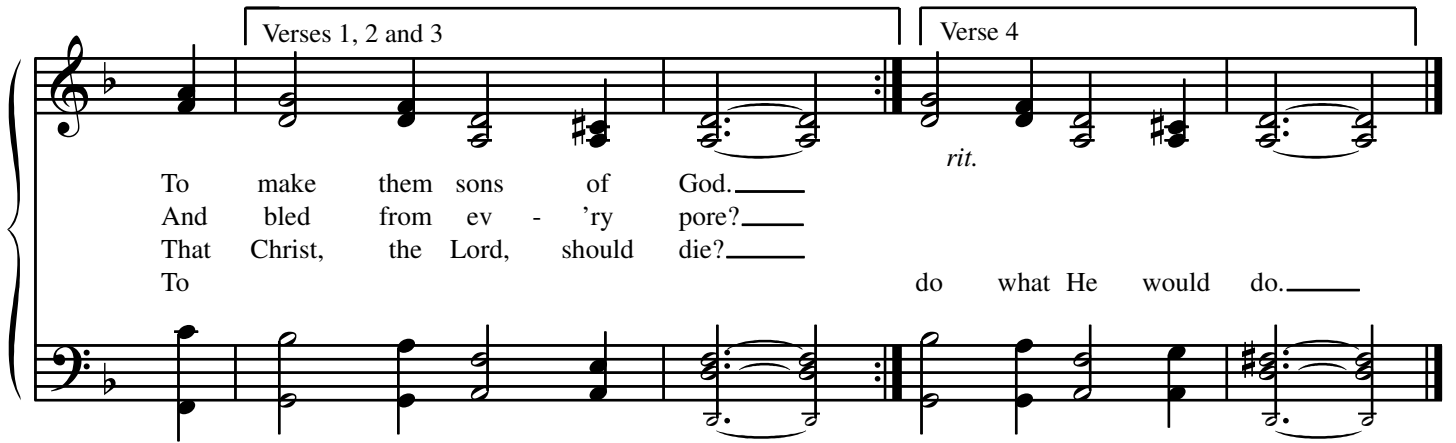
cho - sen friends And washed their feet, and prayed for those Who'd
all His soul? Which words were meant for men to hear And
just - ly tried And scourged, and scorned, and crowned with thorns, And
of the Lord U - nite with Him and take a - gain These

love Him to the end? _____ How great the hour when Je - sus gave His
which for God a - lone? _____ What sa - cred ho - ly hour was this? What
mocked and cru - ci - fied? _____ What soul was ran - somed by this life? What
to - kens of His love? _____ What sa - cred ho - ly hour is this? We

What Sacred, Holy Hour Is This - 2



bread as flesh and wine as blood And gave to them His cov - e - nant
ag - o - ny did He en - dure When Je - sus fell up - on the ground
sin be - gat this sac - ri - fice? What gift de - mand - ed such a price;
cov - e - nant with Him a - new To wit - ness and re - mem - ber Him:



Verses 1, 2 and 3 Verse 4

To make them sons of God. _____
And bled from ev - 'ry pore? _____
That Christ, the Lord, should die? _____
To do what He would do. _____

rit.