

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

# Hymns of Praise

Easter Sunday, 31 March 2024



### #243

Jesus Christ is risen today, hallelujah!  
Our triumphant holy day, hallelujah!  
Who did once upon the cross, hallelujah!  
Suffer to redeem our loss, hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing hallelujah!  
Unto Christ our heavenly King, hallelujah!  
Who endured the cross and grave, hallelujah!  
Sinners to redeem and save, hallelujah!

But the pains which he endured hallelujah!  
Our salvation have procured; hallelujah!  
Now above the sky he's King, hallelujah!  
Where the angels ever sing, hallelujah!

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!

### #256

Now the green blade rises  
from the buried grain  
wheat that in the dark earth  
many days has lain; love lives again,  
that with the dead has been:  
love is come again like  
wheat new-springing green.

In the grave they laid him,  
love by hatred slain,  
sure that he would never,  
never wake again, laid in the earth  
like grain that sleeps unseen:  
love is come again like  
wheat new-springing green.

Forth he came at Easter,  
like the risen grain,  
he that for these three days  
in the grave had lain; raised from the dead  
my living Lord is seen:  
love is come again like  
wheat new-springing green.

When our hearts are wintry,  
grieving or in pain,  
then your touch can call us  
back to life again, fields of our hearts  
that dead and bare have been:  
love is come again like  
wheat new-springing green.

### **#830 – Doxology**

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
praise him all creatures here below;  
praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

“Christ the Lord is risen today,”  
all creation join to say.  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
sing, ye heavens and earth, reply.  
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.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.  
Death in vain forbids him rise;  
Christ hath opened paradise.  
Lives again our glorious King:  
where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save;  
where thy victory, O grave?

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.  
Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to thee by both be given;  
every knee to thee shall bow,  
risen Christ triumphant now.

