

# This Easter Celebration

Carolyn Winfrey Gillette, 2020

Aurelia

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864

1. This Eas - ter ce - le - bra - tion is not like ones we've known.  
2. No gath-ered choirs are sing - ing; no ban-ners lead the way.  
3. Our joy won't come from wor - ship that's in a crowd-ed room  
4. In all the grief and suf-fering, may we re-mem-ber well:  
5. We thank you that on Eas - ter, your church is blessed to be

We pray in i - so - la - tion, we sing the hymns a - lone.  
O God of love and prom - ise, where's joy this Eas - ter Day?  
but from the news of wom - en who saw the emp - ty tomb.  
Christ suf - fered cru - ci - fix - ion and faced the powers of hell.  
a scat - tered, faith - ful bo - dy that's do - ing mi - ni - stry.

We're dis - tant from our neigh - bors— from wor - ship lead - ers, too.  
With sanc - tu - a - ries emp - ty, may homes be - come the place  
Our joy comes from di - sci - ples who ran with haste to see—  
Each Eas - ter bears the pro - mise: Christ rose that glo - rious day!  
In homes and in the pla - ces of help and heal - ing, too,

No flo - wers grace the chan - cel to set a fes - tive mood.  
we pon - der re - sur - rec - tion and ce - le - brate your grace.  
who heard that Christ is ris - en, and then, by grace, be - lieved.  
Now no - thing in cre - a - tion can keep your love a - way.  
we live the Eas - ter mes - sage by glad - ly serv - ing you.

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## The strife is o'er

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VICTORY 888 with alleluias

Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia!

1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done,  
 2 The pow'rs of death have done their worst,  
 3 The three sad days have quick - ly sped.  
 4 Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed thee,

the vic - to - ry of life is won.  
 but Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed.  
 He ris - es glo - rious from the dead.  
 from death's dread sting thy ser - vants free,

D.S.  
 The song of tri - umph has be - gun: Al-le - lu - ia!  
 Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst: Al-le - lu - ia!  
 All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al-le - lu - ia!  
 that we may live and sing to thee: Al-le - lu - ia!

Text: *Finita jam sunt praelia*, *Symphonia Sirenum Selectarum*, 1695; tr. Francis Pott, *Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*, 1861

Music: Giovanni P. da Palestrina, *Magnificat in the Third Mode*, 1591; adapted by William H. Monk, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861

# 275 Lift your glad voices

RESURRECTION 11 11 11 11 (Irregular)

1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,  
 2 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,  
 3 Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy;  
 4 But Je - sus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,

for Je - sus hath ris - en, and we shall not die.  
 re - splend - ent in glo - ry, to live and to save.  
 the be - ing he gave us, death can - not de - stroy.  
 and bade us, im - mor - tal, to heav - en as - cend.

Vain were the ter - rors that gath - ered a - round him,  
 Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high,  
 Sad were the life we may part with to - mor - row,  
 Lift then your voices in triumph on high,

and short the do - min - ion of death and the grave.  
 the Sav - ior hath ris - en, and we shall not die.  
 if tears were our birth - right, and death were our end.  
 for Je - sus hath ri - sen, and we shall not die.

## Thine is the glory

JUDAS MACCABEUS 55. 65. 65. 65 with refrain

1 Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring Son!  
 2 Lo! Je - sus meets us. Ris - en from the tomb,  
 3 No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of life!

End - less is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won.  
 lov - ing - ly he greets us, scat - ters fear and gloom.  
 Life is naught with - out thee; aid us in our strife.

An - gels in bright rai - ment rolled the stone a - way,  
 Let his church with glad - ness hymns of tri - umph sing,  
 Make us more than con-qu'rors, through thy death-less love.

kept the fold - ed grave - clothes where thy bod - y lay.  
 for our Lord now liv - eth; death hath lost its sting.  
 Bring us safe through Jor - dan to thy home a - bove.

Refrain

Thine is the glo - ry, ris - en, con-qu'ring Son!

End - less is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won.



# 273 Low in the grave he lay

CHRIST AROSE 11 10 with refrain

1 Low in the grave he lay, Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day,  
2 Vain-ly they watch his bed, Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead,  
3 Death can-not keep its prey, Je-sus, my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a-way,

Refrain  
Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave he a - rose, with a he a-rose,

might - y tri-umph o'er his foes! He a - rose a vic - tor from the He a-rose!

dark do - main, and he lives for - ev - er with his saints to reign! He a -

rose! He a - rose! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ a - rose! He a-rose! He a-rose!