

Song Sheet for PCC – Sunday, April 21, 2019

Christ The Lord Is Risen Today

Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia. Sons of men and angels say: Alleluia.
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia. Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply, Alleluia.

Lives again our glorious king: Alleluia. Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia.
Dying once, He all doth save: Alleluia. Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia.

Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia. Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia.
Death in vain forbids Him rise, Alleluia. Christ has opened Paradise. Alleluia.

Soar we now, where Christ has led, Alleluia. Following our exalted Head; Alleluia.
Made like Him, like Him we rise, Alleluia. Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia.

O Praise The Name (Anástasis)

I cast my mind to Calvary where Jesus bled and died for me
I see His wounds, His hands, His feet; my Savior on that cursed tree
His body bound and drenched in tears; they laid Him down in Joseph's tomb
The entrance sealed by heavy stone; Messiah still and all alone

*O praise the Name of the Lord our God; O praise His Name forever - more
For endless days, we will sing Your praise; oh Lord, oh Lord our God*

Then on the third, at break of dawn, the Son of heaven rose again
O trampled death, where is your sting? The angels roar for Christ the King

He shall return in robes of white; the blazing sun shall pierce the night
And I will rise among the saints; my gaze transfixed on Jesus' face

Resurrecting

The head that once was crowned with thorns is crowned with glory now
The Savior knelt to wash our feet, now at His feet we bow
The One who wore our sin and shame, now robed in majesty
The radiance of perfect love, now shines for all to see

*Your name, Your name is victory; all praise will rise to Christ our King
Your name, Your name is victory; all praise will rise to Christ our King*

The fear that held us now gives way, to Him who is our peace
His final breath upon the cross, is now alive in me

*By Your Spirit I will rise from the ashes of defeat
The resurrected King is resurrecting me
In Your name I come alive to declare Your victory
The resurrected King is resurrecting me*

The tomb where soldiers watched in vain, was borrowed for three days
His body there would not remain; our God has robbed the grave;
Our God has robbed the grave!

Come, Behold The Wondrous Mystery

Come behold the wondrous mystery in the dawning of the King
He the theme of heaven's praises, robed in frail humanity
In our longing, in our darkness, now the light of life has come
Look to Christ, who condescended, took on flesh to ransom us

Come behold the wondrous mystery, He the perfect Son of Man
In His living, in His suffering, never trace nor stain of sin
See the true and better Adam come to save the hell-bound man
Christ the great and sure fulfillment of the law; in Him we stand

Come behold the wondrous mystery, Christ the Lord upon the tree
In the stead of ruined sinners hangs the Lamb in victory
See the price of our redemption, see the Father's plan unfold
Bringing many sons to glory; grace unmeasured, love untold

Come behold the wondrous mystery, slain by death the God of life
But no grave could e'er restrain Him; praise the Lord; He is alive!
What a foretaste of deliverance, how unwavering our hope
Christ in power resurrected as we will be when he comes

Christ Is Risen

Let no one caught in sin remain inside the lie of inward shame
But fix our eyes upon the cross and run to Him who showed great love
And bled for us, freely You bled for us

*Christ is risen from the dead, trampling over death by death
Come awake, come awake, come and rise up from the grave
Christ is risen from the dead, we are one with Him again
Come awake, come awake, come and rise up from the grave*

Beneath the weight of all our sin You bowed to none but heaven's will
No scheme of hell, no scoffer's crown, no burden great can hold you down
In strength You reign, forever let Your church proclaim

*O death, where is your sting; O hell, where is your victory
O church, come stand in the light, the glory of God has defeated the night
Singing O death, where is your sting; O hell, where is your victory
O church, come stand in the light; our God is not dead, He's alive, He's alive*