

- 1 - O Splendor of God's glory bright,
from light eternal bringing light,
O Light, of light the fountain-spring,
O Day, all days illumining:

- 2 - Come, very Sun of truth and love,
pour down your radiance from above,
and shed the Holy Spirit's ray
on all we think or do today.

- 3 - Teach us to work with all our might,
put Satan's fierce assaults to flight;
turn all to good that seems most ill,
help us our calling to fulfill.

- 4 - O joyful be the passing day,
our thoughts as pure as morning ray,
our faith like noonday's glowing height,
our souls undimmed by shades of night.

- 5 - All praise to God the Father be,
all praise to Christ eternally,
whom with the Spirit we adore
forever and forevermore.

Psalm 118

Refrain

This is the day the Lord has made, let us re-joyce and be glad! This is the day the Lord has made, let us re-joyce and be glad!

Psalm tone

The LORD is my strength and my defense;*
he has become my salvation.
The LORD'S right hand is lifted high;*
the LORD'S right hand has done mighty things!
I will not die but live,*
and will proclaim what the LORD has done.

Refrain

I will give you thanks, for you answered me;*
you have become my salvation.
The stone the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone;*
the LORD has done this,
and it is marvelous in our eyes.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son*
and to the Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning,*
is now, and will be forever. Amen.

Refrain



1 He's ris - en, he's ris - en, Christ Je - sus, the Lord;
 2 The foe was tri - um - phant when on Cal - va - ry
 3 But short was their tri - umph; the Sav - ior a - rose,
 4 Oh, where is your sting, death? We fear you no more;
 5 Then sing your ho - san - nas and raise your glad voice;



He o - pened death's pris - on, the in - car - nate Word.
 The Lord of cre - a - tion was nailed to the tree.
 And death, hell, and Sa - tan he van - quished, his foes.
 Christ rose, and now o - pen is fair E - den's door.
 Pro - claim the blest tid - ings that all may re - joice.



Break forth, hosts of heav - en, in ju - bi - lant song
 In Sa - tan's do - main did the hosts shout and jeer,
 The con - quer - ing Lord lifts his ban - ner on high;
 For all our trans - gres - sions his blood does a - tone;
 Laud, hon - or, and praise to the Lamb that was slain,



And earth, sea, and moun - tain the prais - es pro - long.
 For Je - sus was slain, whom the e - vil ones fear.
 He lives, yes, he lives, and will nev - er - more die.
 Re - deemed and for - giv - en, we now are his own.
 Who now sits in glo - ry and ev - er shall reign.

563 My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less



1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus'
 2 When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I rest on
 3 His oath, his cov - e - nant and blood Sup - port me
 4 When he shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I



blood and right - eous - ness; I dare to make no oth -
 his un - chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm -
 in the rag - ing flood; When ev - 'ry earth - ly prop
 then in him be found, Clothed in his right - eous - ness



er claim But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 y gale My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
 gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore his throne.



On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All



oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Text: Edward Mote, 1797-1874, alt.
 Tune: MAGDALEN (88 88 88) John Stainer, 1840-1901.



1 The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad,
 2 Our hearts be pure from e - vil That we may see a - right
 3 Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful; Let earth her song be - gin.



The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
 The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light
 Let all the world keep tri - umph And all that is there - in.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,
 And, lis - t'ning to his ac - cents, May hear, so calm and plain,
 Let all things, seen and un - seen, Their notes of glad - ness blend;



Our Christ has brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
 His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
 For Christ the Lord has ris - en; Our joy shall have no end.

Text: John of Damascus, c. 696-c. 754; tr. John M. Neale, 1818-66, alt.
 Tune: LANCASHIRE (76 76 D) Henry T. Smart, 1813-79.