

ALLELUIA! HEARTS TO HEAVEN AND VOICES RAISE

Christopher Wordsworth


Hyfrydol
Setting by Richard Hillert

Soprano
Alto




1. Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia! Hearts to heaven and voic- es raise.
2. Christ is ri- sen, we are ri- sen; Shed up- on us heav- en-ly grace,
3. Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia! Glo- ry be to God on high.


Bass



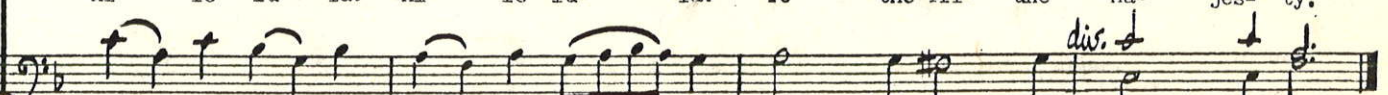
Sing to God a hymn of glad- ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.
Rain and dew and gleams of glo- ry From the bright- ness of Thy face.
To the Fa- ther and the Sav- ior, Who has gained the vic- to- ry.



He who on the cross a vic- tim For the world's sal- va- tion bled,
That we, Lord, with hearts in heav- en Here on earth may fruit- ful be,
Glo- ry to the Ho- ly Spir- it, Fount of love and sanc- ti- ty.



Je- sus Christ, the King of glo- ry, Now is ri- sen from the dead,
And by an- gel- hands be gath- ered, And be ev- er safe with thee.
Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia! To the Tri- une Ma- jes- ty.



div.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE

Anonymous, 1695
Trans. Francis Pott, alt.

Erstanden ist der heilige Christ
Setting by Richard Hillert

S
A

1. The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done; Now is the Vic-tor's
3. On the third morn he rose a-gain Glo-rious in maj-es-
5. Lord, by the stripes that wound-ed thee From death's dread sting thy

B

tri-umph won; Now is the song of praise be-gun; Al-
ty to reign; O let us swell the joy-ful strain; Al-
ser-vants free That we may live and sing to thee; Al-

2. Death's might-iest powers have
4. He closed the yawn-ing
6. In this our East-er

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

2. Death's might, death's
4. He closed, He
6. In this, in

done gates joy their of we worst, hell; raise And The To Je- bars Tri- sus from une has heaven's God his high our

might- iest powers have done their worst, And Je- sus has his
closed the yawn- ing gates of hell; The bars from heaven's high
this our East- er joy we raise To Tri- une God our

And Je- sus has his
The bars from heaven's high
To Tri- une God our

foes dis- persed; Let shouts of praise and joy
por- tals fell; Let hymns of praise his tri-
song of praise, Who shows to us his sav-

foes dis- persed; Let shouts of praise and joy out-
por- tals fell; Let hymns of praise his tri- umph
song of praise, Who shows to us his sav- ing

foes dis- persed; Let shouts of praise and
por- tals fell; Let hymns of praise his
song of praise, Who shows to us his

out- burst: Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia!
umph tell: Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia!
ing ways: Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia!

burst:
tell:
ways: Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le-

joy out- burst: Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le-
tri- umph tell:
sav- ing ways:

lu- ia!

lu- ia!

PRAISE THE LORD OF HEAVEN

Thomas Browne Browne
Psalm 148

Laus tibi Christe
Setting by Richard Hillert

Praise him,
Rocks and
Praise him,

1. Praise the Lord of heav- en, Praise him in the height, Praise him all ye
2. Praise the Lord, ye foun- tains Of the deeps and seas, Rocks and hills and
3. Praise him, fowls and cat- tle, Prin- ces and all kings; Praise him, men and

all ye an- gels, Praise him, stars and light;
hills and moun- tains, Ce- dars and all trees;
men and maid- ens, All cre- a- ted things;

Praise him, skies and wa- ters,
Praise him, clouds and va- pors,
For the name of God is

an- gels, Praise him, stars and light; Praise him, skies and
moun- tains, Ce- dars and all trees; Praise him, clouds and
maid- ens, All cre- a- ted things; For the name of

Which a-bove the skies, a-bove the skies, When his word com-mand-
 Snow and hail and fire, snow, hail, and fire, Storm-y wind, ful-fil-
 Ex-cel-lent a-lone, is ex-cel-lent, O-ver earth his foot-

wa- ters, Which a-bove the skies, When his word com-mand-
 va- pors, Snow and hail and fire, Storm-y wind ful-fil-
 God is Ex-cel-lent a-lone, O-ver earth his foot-

When his word com-
 Storm-y wind, ful-
 O-ver earth his

ed, Stab-lished did a-rise.
 ling On-ly his de-sire.
 stool, O-ver heaven his throne.

ed, Stab-lished did a-rise.
 ling On-ly his de-sire.
 stool, O-ver heaven his throne.

man-ed, Stab-lished did a-rise.
 fil-ling On-ly his de-sire.
 foot-stool, O-ver heaven his throne.