

Good Friday

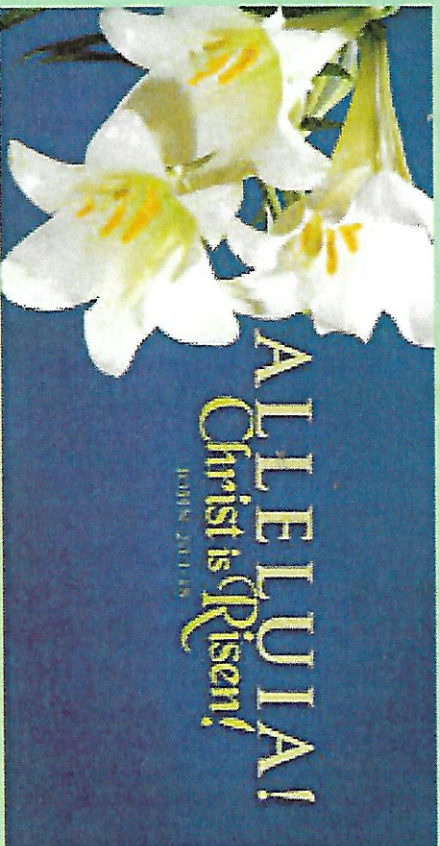
There is a green hill far away

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where our dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us,
He hung and suffered there.

There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate,
Of heav'n and let us in.

Oh dearly, dearly has he loved!
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.



Easter Sunday

Thine be the Glory

Thine be the glory,
Risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment
Rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes
Where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won!*

Lo, Jesus meets us,
Risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us,
Scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness
Hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth,
Death hath lost its sting.

*Thine be the glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won!*

No more we doubt thee,
Glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without thee:
Aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors
Through thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan
To thy home above:
*Thine be the glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won!*