

# Christ the Lord is risen today

Text: Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

Music: anon, Lyra Davidica, 1708

EASTER HYMN 77.77 with alleluias

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music, each with a set of lyrics and guitar chords indicated above the staff. The chords are: C, F, C, F, C/G, G7, C for the first staff; F, Dm7, G, C, F, C/G, G7, C for the second; G, C, G, D7, G for the third; and G, C, F, C, F, C/G, G7, C for the fourth. The lyrics are arranged in four systems, each corresponding to a staff. The first system has four numbered lines of lyrics. The second and third systems have three lines each. The fourth system has three lines. The lyrics are: 1 Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day! 2 Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia 3 Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, 4 Soar we now where Je - sus led, All crea - a - tion join to say: fought the fight, the bat - tle won. Al - le - lu - ia where, O death, is now thy sting? fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head. Raise your joys and tri - umphs high: Al - le - lu - ia Death in vain for - bids him rise, Dy - ing once, he all doth save, Made like Christ, with Christ we rise, Sing, O heav'n, and earth re - ply: Al - le - lu - ia Christ has o - pened par - a - dise. where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

C F C F C/G G7 C

1 Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day!  
2 Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia  
3 Lives a - gain our glo - rious King,  
4 Soar we now where Je - sus led,

F Dm7 G C F C/G G7 C

All crea - a - tion join to say:  
fought the fight, the bat - tle won. Al - le - lu - ia  
where, O death, is now thy sting?  
fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head.

G C G D7 G

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high:  
Death in vain for - bids him rise, Al - le - lu - ia  
Dy - ing once, he all doth save,  
Made like Christ, with Christ we rise,

G C F C F C/G G7 C

Sing, O heav'n, and earth re - ply:  
Christ has o - pened par - a - dise. Al - le - lu - ia  
where thy vic - to - ry, O grave?  
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.