

Hymns for April 26-27, 2025

LSB 470 O Sons and Daughters of the King



1 O sons and daugh - ters of the King, Whom heav'n - ly
2 That Eas - ter morn, at break of day, The faith - ful
3 An an - gel clad in white they see, Who sits and
4 That night the a - pos - tles met in fear; A - mong them



hosts in glo - ry sing, To - day the grave has lost its sting!
wom - en went their way To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.
speaks un - to the three, "Your Lord will go to Gal - i - lee."
came their mas - ter dear And said, "My peace be with you here."



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard

That they had seen the risen Lord,

He doubted the disciples' word.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

6 "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see,

And look upon My hands, My feet;

Not faithless but believing be."

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;

He saw the feet, the hands, the side;

"You are my Lord and God!" he cried.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Continued —>.

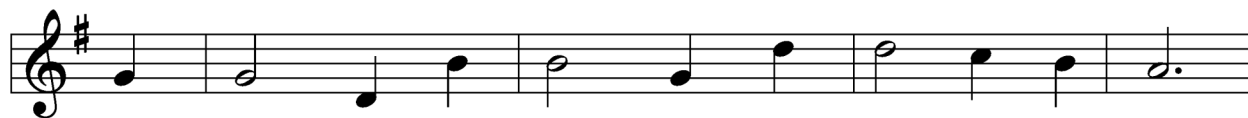
**8 How blest are they who have not seen
And yet whose faith has constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.**

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

**9 On this most holy day of days
Be laud and jubilee and praise:
To God your hearts and voices raise.**

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

LSB 480 He's Risen, He's Risen



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 O, where is your sting, death? We fear you no more;
 Δ 5 Then sing your ho - san - nas and raise your glad voice;



He o - pened death's pris - on, the in - car - nate, true 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 their 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.
 With Fa - ther and Spir - it He ev - er shall reign.

LSB 472 These Things Did Thomas Count as Real



1 These things did Thom - as count as real: The
2 The vi - sion of his skept - tic mind Was
3 His rea - soned cer - tain - ties de - nied That
4 May we, O God, by grace be - lieve And



warmth of blood, the chill of steel, The grain of wood, the
keen e-nough to make him blind To an - y un - ex -
one could live when one had died, Un - til his fin - gers
thus the ris - en Christ re - ceive, Whose raw im - print - ed



heft of stone, The last frail twitch of flesh and bone.
pect - ed act Too large for his small world of fact.
read like braille The mark - ings of the spear and nail.
palms reached out And beck - oned Thom - as from his doubt.