

## Christ Has Arisen, Alleluia



*M - fu - ra - hi - ni, ha - le - lu - ya,*  
 1 Christ has a - ris - en, al - le - lu - ia.  
 2 For three long days the grave did its worst  
 3 The an - gel said to them, "Do not fear.



*m - ko - mbo - zi a - me - fu - fu - ka.*  
 Re - joice and praise him, al - le - lu - ia.  
 un - til its strength by God was dis - persed.  
 You look for Je - sus who is not here.



*A - me - fu - fu - ka, ha - le - lu - ya,*  
 For our re - deem - er burst from the tomb,  
 He who gives life did death un - der - go,  
 See for your - selves the tomb is all bare.



*m - si - fu - ni sa - sa yu ha - i.*  
 e - ven from death, dis - pel - ling its gloom.  
 and in its con - quest his might did show.  
 On - ly the grave - clothes are ly - ing there."

*Refrain*



*Tu - mwi - mbi - e so - te kwa fu - ra - ha.*  
 Let us sing praise to him with end - less joy.



*Ye - su a - me - to - ka ka - bu - ri - ni.*  
 Death's fear - ful sting he has come to de - stroy.



*Ka - shi - nda ki - fo, ha - le - lu - ya;*  
 Our sin for - giv - ing, al - le - lu - ia!



*ha - le - lu - ya, Ye - su yu ha - i.*  
 Je - sus is liv - ing, al - le - lu - ia!

# I Love to Tell the Story



1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove,  
2 I love to tell the sto - ry: how pleas - ant to re - peat  
3 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best



of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his love.  
what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet!  
seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know it's true;  
I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard  
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.  
the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly word.  
I'll sing the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

## *Refrain*



I love to tell the sto - ry; 'twill be my theme in glo - ry



to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

Text: Katherine Hankey, 1834-1911

Music: HANKEY, William E. Fischer, 1849-1936

# One Bread, One Body



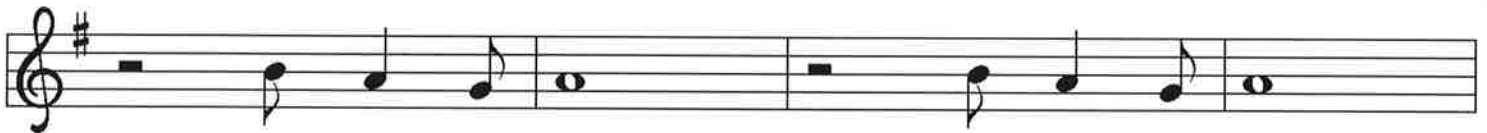
One bread, one bod-y, one Lord of all; one cup of



bless-ing which we bless, and we, though man-y



through-out the earth, we are one bod - y in this one Lord.



1	Gen - tile	or	Jew,	ser - vant	or	free,
2	Man - y	the	gifts,	man - y	the	works,
3	Grain for	the	fields,	scat - tered	and	grown,



wom - an	or	man,	no	more.
one	in	the	of	all.
gath - ered	to	one	for	all.

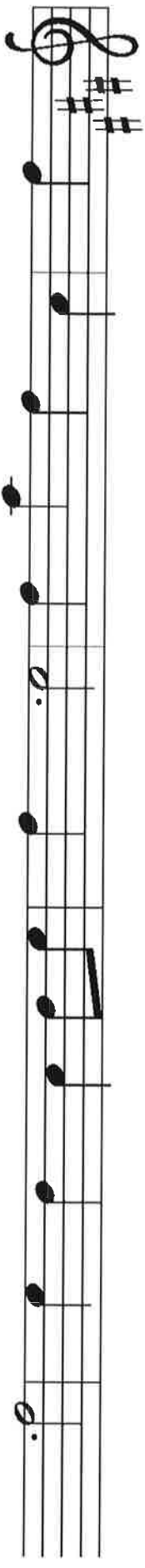
Text: John Foley, SJ, b. 1939

Music: ONE BREAD, ONE BODY, John Foley, SJ

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# Rise Up, O Saints of God!



- 1 Rise up, O saints of God! From vain am - bi - tions turn;
- 2 Speak out, O saints of God! De - spair en - gulf's earth's frame;
- 3 Rise up, O saints of God! The king - dom's task em - brace;
- 4 Give heed, O saints of God! Cre - a - tion cries in pain;
- 5 Com - mit your hearts to seek the paths which Christ has trod;



Christ rose tri - um - phant that your hearts with no - bler zeal might burn.  
 as heirs of God's hap - tis - mal grace, the word of hope pro - claim.  
 re - dress sin's cru - el con - se - quence; give jus - tice larg - er place.  
 stretch forth your hand of heal - ing now, with love the weak sus - tain.  
 and, quick - ened by the Spir - it's pow'r, rise up, O saints of God!

Text: Norman O. Forness, b. 1936

Music: FESTAL SONG, William H. Walter, 1825-1893

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