The Easter Story

1. Sing of Christ, Proclaim His Glory

SATB

Words Adapted by Tom Fettke
from Williams J. Irons, 1812-1883, alt., and John Bakewell, 1721-1819, alt.

Written and Arranged by Tom Fettke & Thomas Grassi
Incorporating HOLY MANNA from The Columbian Harmony, 1825, attributed to William Moore

With intense anticipation $\frac{8}{4} = \text{ca. } 92$

* As an option, the whole notes in measure 1 may be played by keyboard (string patch) and held through measure 6.

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14 Faster $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{b}} = \text{ca. 108}$

18 $f$ majestically

21 $f$ brightly

24 SA $f$

TB $f$

Sing of Christ, proclaim His glory;
sing the resurrection song!

Death and sorrow, earth’s dark story,

to the former days belong.
Life eternal! Heav’n rejoices;
Je-sus lives who once was dead!
Join with all the heav’n-ly voic-es;
Children of God, lift up your heads!
He is worthy to receive.

Christ is worthy to receive.
Narrator 1: (begin at m. 5) Easter is the story of a King.

Narrator 2: But this King did not look or act like any other king. Most kings dress in royal robes, rich and luxurious, intentionally different than the daily dress of their people. This King took off His heavenly robes and dressed Himself in our flesh and blood. He put on the simple garments of the poor so that He could feel exactly how they feel. He had no palace, no throne, no wealth or power. But when the humble saw how great and kind He was, they loved Him and joyfully praised Him and asked Him to be their King.
* It is acceptable if the narration continues beyond the underscore. It is less desirable to end while the underscore is still playing. If you are using CD track, the audio engineer may have to stop the track if the narration goes beyond the underscore. Start the track immediately following: “asked Him to be their King.”
With energy

Ride on, King Jesus;

ride on in a majesty.

Je sus, ride on; You're gon-na set the sin-ner free.
Ride on, King Jesus; ride on in a stately majesty.

You're gonna set the sinner free.
Narrator 1: (begin at m. 5) Easter is a story of sacrifice.

Narrator 2: We cannot imagine all that King Jesus did for us. We have never seen the beauty He gave up—the warmth of the light, the perfect joy, the unbroken peace, the rich, all-engulfing love. And we will never experience what He suffered...

Stop for a moment and simply look up at Him. See His body, bloodied and broken. Look into His face, disfigured by pain and cruel abuse. What do you wish to say to your King?
End narration

When I survey the wondrous

cross on which the Prince

simile

of glory died, my richest
gain

I count but loss

poco rit.

and pour contempt

And pour contempt on all my

Slightly faster $\frac{d}{q} = \text{ca. 92}$
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast save in the death of Christ, my_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 

God! All the vain things.

God!
that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His head, see, from His head,

Slower, with some freedom \( \frac{\dot{\ddot{}}}{\dot{\ddot{}}} = \text{ca. 80} \)
feet, sorrow and love.

sorrow and love, sorrow and

flow mingled down. Did e'er such

love flow mingled down.

Did e'er such

love mingled down.

Did e'er such

love mingled down.

Did e'er such
Narrator 1: Easter is a story of darkness.

Narrator 2: The King of Glory is now the Man of Sorrows. The Sun of Righteousness is shrouded in blackness. Our tiny human candle of justice, kindness and enlightenment has been snuffed out by the raging storm of our bitterness and anger. *(start music)*

There He hangs, our self-giving Creator, engulfed at noon-day in the midnight of our sin. His searing pain—physical, emotional, and spiritual—is the awful fruit of our twisted self-centeredness.

For each of us, the truth is this: the death that grips Him now is the punishment of our sins.

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"Man of Sorrows," what a name for the Son of God who came articulate

ruined sinners to reclaim!

Bear-ing shame and scoffing rude, in my place condemned He stood,
sealed my pardon with His blood.  
Hal-le-lu-jah, praise Him!

Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Savior!  
Hal-le-lu-jah, praise Him!

Praise the name of Jesus!  
Hal-le-lu-jah!
26

Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!

23

31

Guilt-y, vile, and help-less, we, spot-less Lamb of God was He;

full a - tone - ment, can it be?
Lift-ed up was He to die; "It is fin-is hed!" was His cry;

Oo

now in heav’n ex-alt-ed high.

Hal-le-lu-jah, praise Him! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-ior!
Hal-le-lu-jah, praise Him!
Praise the name of Jesus!

Hal-le-lu-jah!
Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Savior!

more accented
Narrator 1: (begin at m. 4) Easter is a story of love.

Narrator 2: See Him there, the Transcendent God in all His magnificence. All the passion of His love, all the perfection of His wisdom, all the power of His sovereignty join together to will and to accomplish this one thing: our eternal oneness with Him.

Look at His life. Look at His death. Listen to the gasp of His dying words. He loves us! With all He is, this suffering Savior loves us!
Slightly faster $\dot{=} \text{ca. } 50$

End narration

O love, how
deeper, how broader, how higher,
surpassing

thought and fantasy,
that He, the

Son of God, should take our mortal
form for mortals’ sake. For us to

evil pow’r betrayed, scourged, mocked, and

purple robe arrayed, He bore the
shameful cross and death; for us He gave His dying breath.
For us He rose from death again;

for us He went on high to reign;

for us He sent His holy Spirit here
to guide, to comfort and to

All glory to our

Glo-ry to our

Lord and God for love so deep,

Lord and God for love so
Narrator 1: Easter is a story of life. (start music after the word “without”—next line)

Narrator 2: Without our Creator’s life springing up within us, our existence is only physical, brief and shallow. When our bodies die, so does all our hope.

But in love, the King of Life died our death. Now the boundless, beautiful, irrepressible life of God is our life. We are alive in Him, deeply, fully, now and forever.

Reflectively \( \frac{32}{\text{quarter note}} \) \( \text{♩} = \text{ca. 116} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

End narration

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Triumphantly

\[ \text{mp cresc. poco a poco} \]

ff

Solo

\[ \text{mf} \]

*I know that my Redeemer lives;

SA

TB

*I Know That My Redeemer Lives: Music from The Sacred Harp;
Words by Samuel Medley, 1738–1799, alt.

55/1172&74L-50
What joy this blest as-
glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

sur-ance gives;
glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He____

He____
lives, He lives who once was dead; glory, hallelujah!
lives, He lives who once was dead; glory, hallelujah!
lives, He lives who once was dead; glory, hallelujah!
lives, He lives who once was dead; glory, hallelujah!
lives, He lives who once was dead; glory, hallelujah!
lives, He lives who once was dead; glory, hallelujah!

hallelujah! He lives, my everlasting head;
lullah! He lives, my everlasting head;
lullah! He lives, my everlasting head;
lullah! He lives, my everlasting head;
lullah! He lives, my everlasting head;
lullah! He lives, my everlasting head;

52
He lives all glory to His name;
He lives, my Savior still the same; lujah!

Glory, hallelujah! He lives, He lives who
once was dead; glory, hallelujah! He lives, my everlasting head; glory, hallelujah! He

once was dead; glory, hallelujah! He lives, my everlasting head; glory, hallelujah! He
Christ is risen! Hallelujah! Let the mighty

*Christ is risen! Hallelujah! Sing His praises! Hallelujah!

an them rise. Sing and shout halle-lu-jah to the

Let the music fill the skies. Sing and shout halle-lu-jah to the

*Christ Is Risen! Hallelujah!: Music from The Sacred Harp; Words by John S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875, freely adapted by Tom Fettke.
Narrator 1: Easter is the story of a mystery. (start music)

Narrator 2: We do not yet see the answers to all our questions. But we see Jesus. All God has been doing through all time is complete in Jesus Christ. In Him all God’s promises are fulfilled. In Him we share in the riches of God’s wisdom, His holiness, His glory, and His love.
I can-not tell why He, the Joy of

Peal harmonically

Heav-en, should give Him-self to suf-fer for my

sin, why Ho-ly God should love me in my

shame-ful-ness, why He should die to draw my soul to
Him. But this I know: that Christ the Lord is risen, and praise His name, He’s risen now in me! Because He lives, I’ll rise to life e-

poco rall.  a tempo

poco rall.  a tempo
ter-nal! He took my guilt-y heart, and I’m for-ev-er

free! I can-not

tell when He will rule the na-tions, how He will

Can-not tell when He will rule the na-tions,
8. Sing of Christ, Proclaim His Glory  
(Reprise)  
SATB

Words Adapted by Tom Fettke  
from Williams J. Irons, 1812-1883, alt.,  
and John Bakewell, 1721-1819, alt.  

Written and Arranged by  
Tom Fettke & Thomas Grassi  
Incorporating HOLY MANNA  
from The Columbian Harmony, 1825,  
attributed to William Moore

Narrator 1: Easter is the story of a coronation. (start music)

Narrator 2: Look at Him!...The Man of Sorrows is now the Lord of Lords. The dying Lamb is now the risen, glorified, all-conquering King.

Remember all He was, and see all He Is. Come to Him, bow to Him, worship, praise, and adore Him.  
Crown Him your Lord and Your King.
End narration

Sing of Christ, proclaim His glory; brightly

Sing the resurrection song!
22

Death and sorrow, earth’s dark story,

24

to the former days belong.

26

Life eternal! Heav’n rejoices;

Je - sus lives who
Once was dead!

Join with all the heav'n-ly voices;

Children of God, lift up your heads!

Chil-dren of God, lift up your heads!
Worship, honor, glory, blessing

He is worthy to receive.

Christ is worthy to receive.

He is worthy to receive.