

Welcome to Vespers for the **Fridays of the Season of Easter**. The Service for Vespers is on p142-153 in the Lutheran Book of Worship (LBW). The Psalm for this evening is **Psalm 8 on p217-8**. The hymn is #147.

**PSALM 8**            (*The cantor will sing / speak the antiphon. The psalm will be sung / spoken in unison.*)

ANTIPHON

*We see Jesus, who for a little while was made lower | than the angels,\*  
now crowned with glory and honor, | alleluia.*

<sup>1</sup>O | LORD our Lord,\*  
how exalted is your name in | all the world!

<sup>2</sup>Out of the mouths of in- | fants and children\*  
your majesty is praised a- | bove the heavens.

<sup>3</sup>You have set up a stronghold against your | adversaries,\*  
to quell the enemy and | the avenger.

<sup>4</sup>When I consider your heavens, the work | of your fingers,\*  
the moon and the stars you have set | in their courses,

<sup>5</sup>what is man that you should be mind- | ful of him,\*  
the son of man that you should | seek him out?

<sup>6</sup>You have made him but little lower | than the angels;\*  
you adorn him with glo- | ry and honor;

<sup>7</sup>you give him mastery over the works | of your hands;\*  
you put all things un- | der his feet:

<sup>8</sup>all | sheep and oxen,\*  
even the wild beasts | of the field,

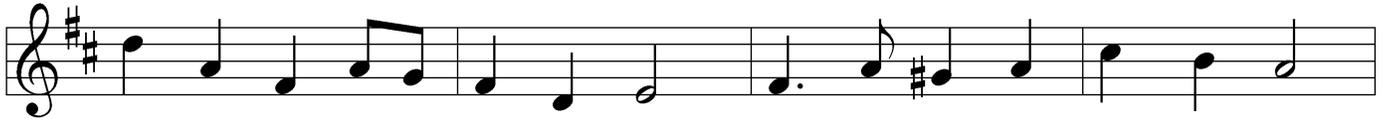
<sup>9</sup>the birds of the air, the fish | of the sea,\*  
and whatsoever walks in the paths | of the sea.

<sup>10</sup>O | LORD our Lord,\*  
how exalted is your name in | all the world!

ANTIPHON

*We see Jesus, who for a little while was made lower | than the angels,\*  
now crowned with glory and honor, | alleluia.*

# Hallelujah! Jesus Lives!



1 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives! He is now the Liv - ing One;  
2 Je - sus lives! Why do you weep? Why that sad and mourn - ful sigh?  
3 Je - sus lives! And thus, my soul, life e - ter - nal waits for you;  
4 Je - sus lives! Let all re - joice. Praise him, ran - somed of the earth.  
5 Hal - le - lu - jah! An - gels, sing! Join with us in hymns of praise.



from the gloom - y halls of death Christ, the con - quer - or, has gone,  
He who died our broth - er here lives our broth - er still on high,  
joined to him, your liv - ing head, where he is, you shall be too;  
Praise him in a no - bler song, cher - u - bim of heav'n - ly birth.  
Let your cho - rus swell the strain which our fee - bler voic - es raise:



bright fore - run - ner to the skies of his peo - ple, yet to rise.  
lives for - ev - er to be - stow bless - ings on his church be - low.  
with the Lord, at his right hand, as a vic - tor you shall stand.  
Praise the vic - tor king, whose sway sin and death and hell o - bey.  
glo - ry to our God a - bove and on earth his peace and love!

Text: Carl B. Garve, 1763–1841; tr. Jane Borthwick, 1813–1897, alt.  
Music: FRED TIL BOD, Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812–1887

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