

Third Sunday after Easter

May 8, 2022

HYMN 144 He is risen, He is risen

Neander

1. He is risen, he is risen! / Tell it out with joyful voice:
He has burst his three days' prison; / Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquer'd, man is free, / Christ has won the victory.
2. Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted, / With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed; / All his woes are over now,
And the passion that he bore: / Sin and pain can vex no more.
3. Come, with high and holy hymning, / Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming / Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple east, / Symbol of our Easter feast.
4. He is risen, he is risen! / He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison, / Risen to an holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam / On our longing eyes shall stream.

Text: Cecil Frances Alexander, 1846, alt. Tune: Joachim Neander, 1680.

SEQUENCE HYMN 626 Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry nation

Wachet Auf

1. Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry nation; / His holy arm hath wrought salvation;
Exalt him on his Father's throne.
Praise your King, ye Christian legions, / Who now prepares in heav'nly regions
Unfailing mansions for his own;
With voice and minstrelsy / Extol his majesty;
Alleluia!
His praise shall sound / All nature round,
Where'er the race of man is found.
2. Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious, / O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to thee belong;
We confess, proclaim, adore thee; / We bow the knee, we fall before thee;
Thy love henceforth shall be our song.
The cross meanwhile we bear, / The crown ere long to wear;
Alleluia!
Thy reign extend / World without end;
Let praise from all to thee ascend.

Text: Rhijnvis Feith, 1806; paraphrase James Montgomery, 1828. Tune: Philip Nicolai, 1599; arr. J.S. Bach 1731, alt.

COMMUNION HYMNS

296 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless

St. Agnes

1. Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless, / Thy chosen pilgrim flock
With manna in the wilderness, / With water from the rock.
2. We would not live by bread alone, / But by thy word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on, / To our abiding place.
3. Be known to us in breaking bread, / But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread / Thy table in our heart.
4. Lord, sup with us in love divine; / Thy Body and thy Blood,
That living bread, that heav'nly wine, / Be our immortal food.

Text: James Montgomery, 1825, alt. Tune: John B. Dykes, 1866.

264 O God, thy table now is spread

Rockingham

1. My God, thy table now is spread, / Thy cup with love doth overflow;
Be all thy children thither led, / And let them thy sweet mercies know.
2. O let thy table honor'd be, / And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see, / That here its sacred pledges tastes.
3. Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord, / In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board / The Bread that lives beyond the tomb.
4. Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest, / Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this Bread all men be blest, / Who see the light or feel the sun.

Text: Philip Doddridge, 1755, alt. Tune: adapted Edward Miller, 1790; arr. Samuel Webbe, 1820.

140 At the Lamb's high feast we sing

Salzburg

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing / Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide / Flowing from his pierced side;
Praise we him, whose love divine, / Gives his sacred Blood for wine,
Gives his Body for the feast, / Christ the victim, Christ the priest.
2. Where the Paschal blood is poured, / Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go / Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, / Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love / Eat we manna from above.

3. Mighty victim from the sky, / Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
 Though hast conquered in the fight, / Though hast brought us life and light:
 Now no more can death appall, / Now no more the grave enthrall;
 Thou hast opened paradise, / And in thee thy saints shall rise.
4. Easter triumph, Easter joy, / Sin alone can this destroy;
 From sin's power do thou set free, / Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.
 Hymns of glory, songs of praise, / Father, unto thee we raise:
 Risen Lord, all praise to thee / With the Spirit ever be.

Text: Latin, 1633; *tr.* Robert Campbell, alt. Tune: Jakob Hintze, 1678, alt.; arr. J. S. Bach (1685-1750).

ABLUTION HYMN **132** The strife is o'er, the battle done

Victory

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done;
 The victory of life is won;
 The song of triumph has begun. Alleluia!
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
 But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
 Let shout of holy joy outburst. Alleluia!
3. The three sad days are quickly sped;
 He rises glorious from the dead;
 All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!
4. He closed the yawning gates of hell;
 The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
 Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell! Alleluia!
5. Lord! by the stripes which wounded thee,
 From death's dread sting thy servants free,
 That we may live and sing to thee. Alleluia!

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Text: Latin, 1695. *tr.* Francis Pott, alt. Tune: Giovanni Perluigi da Palestrina, 1588; arr. William H. Monk, 1861.

1. Alleluia! sing to Jesus! / His the scepter, his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph, / His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion, / Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of ev'ry nation, / Hath redeemed us by his blood.
2. Alleluia! not as orphans / Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! he is near us, / Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received him, / When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise, / "I am with you evermore"?
3. Alleluia! Bread of Heaven, / Thou on earth our food, our stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful / Flee to thee from day to day:
Intercessor, friend of sinners, / Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless / Sweep across the crystal sea.
4. Alleluia! King eternal, / Thee the Lord of lords we own:
Alleluia! born of Mary, / Earth thy footstool, heav'n thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered, / Robed in flesh, our great High Priest:
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim / In the eucharistic feast.
5. Alleluia! sing to Jesus!, / His the scepter, his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph, / His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of holy Sion / Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation / Hath redeemed us by his blood.

Text: William Chatterton Dix, 1866. Tune: Rowland Hugh Prichard, ca. 1830