

First Sunday after Easter

April 24, 2022

PROCESSIONAL HYMN **137** Come ye Faithful raise the strain

St. Kevin

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain / Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought his Israel / Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke / Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot / Through the Red Sea waters.
2. 'Tis the spring of souls today; / Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death / As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins, / Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give / Laud and praise undying.
3. Now the queen of seasons, bright / With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts, / Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem, / Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains / Jesus' resurrection.
4. Neither might the gates of death, / Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal / Hold thee as a mortal:
But today amidst thine own / Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace which evermore / Passeth human knowing.

Text: John of Damascus, 8th cent.; Tr. J.M. Neale; Tune: Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1872.

SEQUENCE 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.

COMMUNION HYMNS

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).

422 O love, how deep, how broad, how high

Deus tuorum militum

1. O love, how deep, how broad, how high, / How passing thought and fantasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take / Our mortal form for mortals' sake.
2. For us baptized, for us he bore / His holy fast, and hunger'd sore;
For us temptations sharp he knew; / For us the tempter overthrew.
3. For us he prayed, for us he taught, / For us his daily works he wrought,
By words and signs and actions, thus / Still seeking not himself, but us.
4. For us to wicked men betrayed, / Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death; / For us gave up his dying breath.

5. For us he rose from death again, / For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here / To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
6. All glory to our Lord and God / For love so deep, so high, so broad;
The Trinity whom we adore / For ever and for evermore.

Text: Latin, 15th cent.; *tr.* Benjamin Webb, alt. Tune: *Grenoble Antiphoner*, 1753.

134 That Easter Day with joy was bright

Puer nobis

1. That Easter Day with joy was bright, / The sun shone out with fairer light,
When to their longing eyes restored, / The apostles saw their risen Lord.
2. His risen flesh with radiance glowed; / His wounded hands and feet he showed;
Those scars their solemn witness gave / That Christ was risen from the grave.
3. O Jesus, King of gentleness, / Do thou thyself our hearts possess
That we may give thee all our days / The willing tribute of our praise.
4. O Lord of all, with us abide / In this, our joyful Eastertide;
From ev'ry weapon death can wield / Thine own redeemed forever shield.
5. All praise, O risen Lord, we give / To thee, who dead, again dost live;
To God the Father equal praise, / And God the Holy Ghost, we raise.

Text: Latin, 5th cent., *tr.* *The Hymnal* (1940). Tune: adapted Michael Praetorius, 1609; arr. George R. Woodward, 1904.

ABLUTION HYMN Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts and voices heav'n-ward raise

Lux Eoi

1. Alleluia! Alleluia! / Hearts and voices heav'nward raise:
Sing to God a hymn of gladness / Sing to God a hymn of praise.
He, who on the cross a victim, / For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory, / Now is risen from the dead.
2. Now the iron bars are broken, / Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal, / On this holy Easter morn.
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer / By his mighty enterprise,
We with him to life eternal / By his resurrection rise.
3. Christ is risen, Christ the first fruits / Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance / At his second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest / Will their heads before him wave,
Ripen'd by his glorious sunshine / From the furrows of the grave.
4. Christ is risen, we are risen! / Shed upon us heav'nly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory / From the brightness of thy face;
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling, / We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered, / And be ever, Lord, with thee.

5. Alleluia! Alleluia! / Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour / Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit, / Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia! / To the Triune Majesty.

Words: Christopher Wordsworth, 1872. Music: Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1874.

RECESSIONAL 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.