

Processional Hymn #231
That Eastertide with Joy Was Bright

*That Eastertide with joy was bright;
the sun shone out with fairer light,
alleluia, alleluia!*
*when, to their longing eyes restored,
the apostles saw their risen Lord.*
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

*He bade them see his hands, his side,
where yet the glorious wounds abide;
alleluia, alleluia!*
*the tokens true which made it plain
their Lord indeed was risen again.*
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

*From every weapon death can wield
thine own redeemed forever shield:
alleluia, alleluia!*
*O Lord of all, with us abide
in this our joyful Eastertide.*
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

*Jesus, the king of gentleness,
do thou thyself our hearts possess,
alleluia, alleluia!*
*that we may give thee all our days
the tribute of our grateful praise.*
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Gradual Hymn #218 Rejoice, Angelic Choirs, Rejoice

*Rejoice, angelic choirs, rejoice!
Rejoice now, all creation!
Let trumpets loudly raise their voice
to hail the Lord's salvation;
let all Christ's holy people sing
the triumph of their mighty King
in festive celebration!*

*O earth, exult in radiance bright,
illumined by Christ's splendour!
Your darkness now is put to flight;
to him due praises render!
Be glad, O church! Sing out your songs!
Your temples fill with shouting throngs
to hail the glorious victor!*

*Let all who gather round this flame,
the sign of Christ's arising,
the deathless light of Christ acclaim,
his saving mercy prizing;
that all may live by faith in him
who conquered death, despair, and sin
to make us his forever.*

Offertory Hymn #215
Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

*Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
of triumphant gladness;
God hath ransomed 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.*

*'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 that Light, to whom we give
laud and praise undying.*

*Now the queen of seasons, bright
with the day of splendour,
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!*

*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 the twelve
thou dost stand, bestowing
that thy peace which evermore
passeth human knowing.*

*Alleluia now we cry
to our King immortal,
who triumphant, burst the bars
of the tomb's dark portal;
alleluia, with the Son
God the father praising;
alleluia yet again
to the Spirit raising.*

Communion Hymn #224
Awake, Arise, Lift Up Your Voice

*Awake, arise, lift up your voice,
let Easter music swell;
rejoice in Christ, again rejoice
and on his praises dwell.*

*Oh, with what gladness and surprise
the saints their Saviour greet;
nor will they trust their ears and eyes
but by his hands and feet:*

*those hands of liberal love indeed
in infinite degree,
those feet still free to move and bleed
for millions and for me.*

*His enemies had sealed the stone
as Pilate gave them leave,
lest dead and friendless and alone
he should their skill deceive.*

*O Dead arise! O Friendless stand
by seraphim adored!
O Solitude again command
your host from heaven restored!*

Recessional Hymn #372
Praise to the Holiest in the Height

*Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all His words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.*

*O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight,
and to the rescue came.*

*O generous love! That flesh and blood,
which did in Adam fail,
should strive afresh against the foe,
should strive and should prevail;*

*and that the highest gift of grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and essence all-divine;*

*who in the garden secretly,
and on the cross on high,
should teach his followers, and inspire
to suffer and to die.*

*Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise,
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.*