

First hymn

The Lord is risen indeed!
Now is his work performed;
now is the mighty captive freed,
and death's strong castle stormed.

The Lord is risen indeed!
Then hell has lost his prey;
with him is risen the ransomed seed
to reign in endless day.

The Lord is risen indeed!
he lives, to die no more;
he lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
whose curse and shame he bore.

Thomas Kelly 1769-1844 Music: Narenza NEH 118

Psalm Response

O Lord, my God, I will give you thanks for ever

Offertory hymn:

I cannot tell why he, whom angels worship,
should set his love upon the sons of men,
or why, as Shepherd, he should seek the
wanderers,
to bring them back, they know not how or
when.

But this I know, that he was born of Mary,
when Bethlehem's manger was his only home,
and that he lived at Nazareth and laboured,
and so the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is
come.

I cannot tell how silently he suffered,
as with his peace he graced this place of tears,
or how his heart upon the cross was broken,
the crown of pain to three-and-thirty years.
But this I know, he heals the broken-hearted,
and stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
and lifts the burden from the heavy-laden,

for yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is here.

I cannot tell how he will win the nations,
how he will claim his earthly heritage,
how satisfy the needs and aspirations
of east and west, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see his glory,
and he shall reap the harvest he has sown,
and some glad day his sun shall shine in splendour,
when he the Saviour, Saviour of the world is known.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
when, at his bidding, every storm is stilled,
or who can say how great the jubilation
when all the hearts of men with love are filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
and myriad, myriad human voices sing,
and earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer:
"At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!"

W. Y. Fullerton 1857-1932

Tune Londonderry Air

Final Hymn

Alleluia, alleluia!

 hearts to heaven and voices 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.

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,
ripened by his glorious sunshine
from the furrows of the grave.

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 we, Lord, with hearts in heaven
here on earth may fruitful be,
and by angel-hands be gathered,
and be ever safe with thee.

Alleluia, alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
to the Father and the Saviour
who has gained the victory;
glory to the Holy Spirit,
fount of love and sanctity;
alleluia, alleluia
to the triune Majesty!

Christopher Winkworth 1807 - 85 tune Lux Eoi NEH 103