

First hymn:

The Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
the Passover of gladness,
the Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
from earth unto the sky,
our Christ hath brought us over
with hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
that we may see aright
the Lord in rays eternal
of resurrection light;
and, listening to his accents,
may hear so calm and plain
his own 'All hail,' and, hearing,
may raise the victor-strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful
and earth her song begin,
the round world keep high triumph
and all that is therein;
let all things seen and unseen
their notes of gladness blend,
for Christ the Lord hath risen,
our joy that hath no end.

St John of Damascus c.750

Tune: Ellacombe

The Choir sing Psalm 16 - we all sing the response

In your presence, O Lord, is the fullness of joy.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Ye sons and daughters, of the King,
whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
today the grave hath lost its sting
Alleluia!

on that first morning of the week,
before the day began to break,
the Marys went their Lord to seek

An angel bade their sorrow flee,
for thus he spake unto the three:
“Your Lord is gone to Galilee”

That night the Apostles met in fear,
amidst them came their Lord most dear,
and said: “Peace be unto you here!”

When Thomas afterwards had heard
that Jesus had fulfilled his word,
he doubted if it were the Lord.

Love’s redeeming work is done;

Offertory hymn:

“Thomas, behold my side,” saith he,
“my hands, my feet, my body see;
and doubt not, but believe in me.”

No longer Thomas then denied;
he saw the feet, the hands, the side;
“Thou art my Lord and God,”
he cried.

Blessed are they that have not seen,
and yet whose faith hath constant been
in life eternal they shall reign.

On this most holy day of days,
to God your hearts and voices raise
in laud, and jubilee, and praise.

And we with Holy church unite,
as evermore is just and right,
in glory to the King of light.

Jean Tisserand d. 1419 Music O Filii et Filiae

Communion Hymn

Soar we now where Christ has led,
follo’wing our exalted Head;
made like him, like him we rise;
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

fought the fight, the battle won:
lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
lo, he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
where thy victory, O grave?

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!

C. Wordsworth 1807-85

Music: Lux Eoi