

First hymn

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.

'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.

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
Jesu's 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 thine own

thou didst stand, bestowing
that thy peace which evermore
passeth human knowing.

S. John of Damascus c.750 tr J.M. Neale (1816-66)

Music: Ave virgo virginum

Reading

*A Reading from the Acts of the Apostles (Chapter 9 :verses
1-6)*

Psalm Response

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

Gospel Acclamation

Christ has risen : he who created all things,
And has granted his mercy to all.

Gospel Reading

*The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to John
(21.1-19)*

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

Communion 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

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

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