

THIRD SUNDAY OF EASTER

Battle is o'ver, hell's armies flee:
raise we the cry of victory
with abounding joy resounding,
alleluia, alleluia.

Christ Who endured the shameful tree,
o'er death triumphant welcome we,
our adoring praise outpouring,
alleluia, alleluia.

On the third morn from death rose He,
clothed with what light in heaven shall be,
our unswerving faith deserving,
alleluia, alleluia.

Hell's gloomy gates yield up their key,
paradise door thrown wide we see;
never-tiring be our choring,
alleluia, alleluia.

Lord, by the stripes they laid on Thee,
grant us to live from death set free,
this our greeting still repeating,
alleluia, alleluia.

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He is risen, tell the story
to the nations of the night;
from their sin and from their blindness,
let them walk in Easter light.
Now begins a new creation,
now has come our true salvation.
Jesus Christ, the Son of God!

Mary goes to tell the others
of the wonders she has seen;
John and Peter come a'running
what can all this truly mean?
O Rabboni, Master holy,
to appear to one so lowly!
Jesus Christ, the Son of God!

He has cut down death and evil,
He has conquered all despair;
He has lifted from our shoulders,
all the weight of anxious care.
Risen Brother, now before You,
we will worship and adore You.
Jesus Christ, the Son of God!

Now get busy, bring the message,
so that all may come to know
there is hope for saint and sinner,
for our God has loved us so.
Ev'ry church bell is a'ringing,
ev'ry Christian now is singing.
Jesus Christ, the Son of God!

Godhead here in hiding, whom I do adore,
Masked by these bare shadows,
shape and nothing more,
See, Lord, at thy service low lies here a heart
Lost, all lost in wonder at the God thou art.

Seeing, touching, tasting are in thee deceived:
How says trusty hearing? that shall be believed;
What God's Son has told me, take for truth I do;
Truth himself speaks truly or there's nothing true.

On the cross thy Godhead made no sign to men,
Here thy very manhood steals from human ken:
Both are my confession, both are my belief,
And I pray the prayer of the dying thief.

I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,
But can plainly call thee Lord and God as he;
Let me to a deeper faith daily nearer move,
Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

O thou our reminder of Christ crucified,
Living Bread, the life of us for whom he died,
Lend this life to me then: feed and feast my mind,
There be thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

Jesu, whom I look at shrouded here below,
I beseech thee send me what I thirst for so,
Some day to gaze on thee face to face in light
And be blest for ever with thy glories sight.

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To God be the glory, great things he has done!
So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
and opened the life gate that we may go in.

Refrain:

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
let the earth hear his voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father thro' Jesus the Son,
and give him the glory, great things he has done!*

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!
To ev'ry believer the promise of God;
the vilest offender who truly believes,
that moment from Jesus forgiveness receives.

[Refrain]

Great things he has taught us,
great things he has done,
and great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
but purer and higher and greater will be
our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

[Refrain]